Florence Benjamin

The New Make Christ King

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The New Make Christ King

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Each person whose name appears above has had part in the compilation of this book. In making this book we believe we have not only made the best book possible for our own evangelistic meetings, but we believe that the use of this book will raise the standard of Christian Gospel song. We pray God's blessing upon its mission.

The Editors

The New Make Christ King

No. 1. O Worship the King.

Sir Robert Grant. Francis Joseph Haydn.

1. O wor-ship the King all-glo-rious a-bove, And grate-ful-ly
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun-ti-ful care what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we

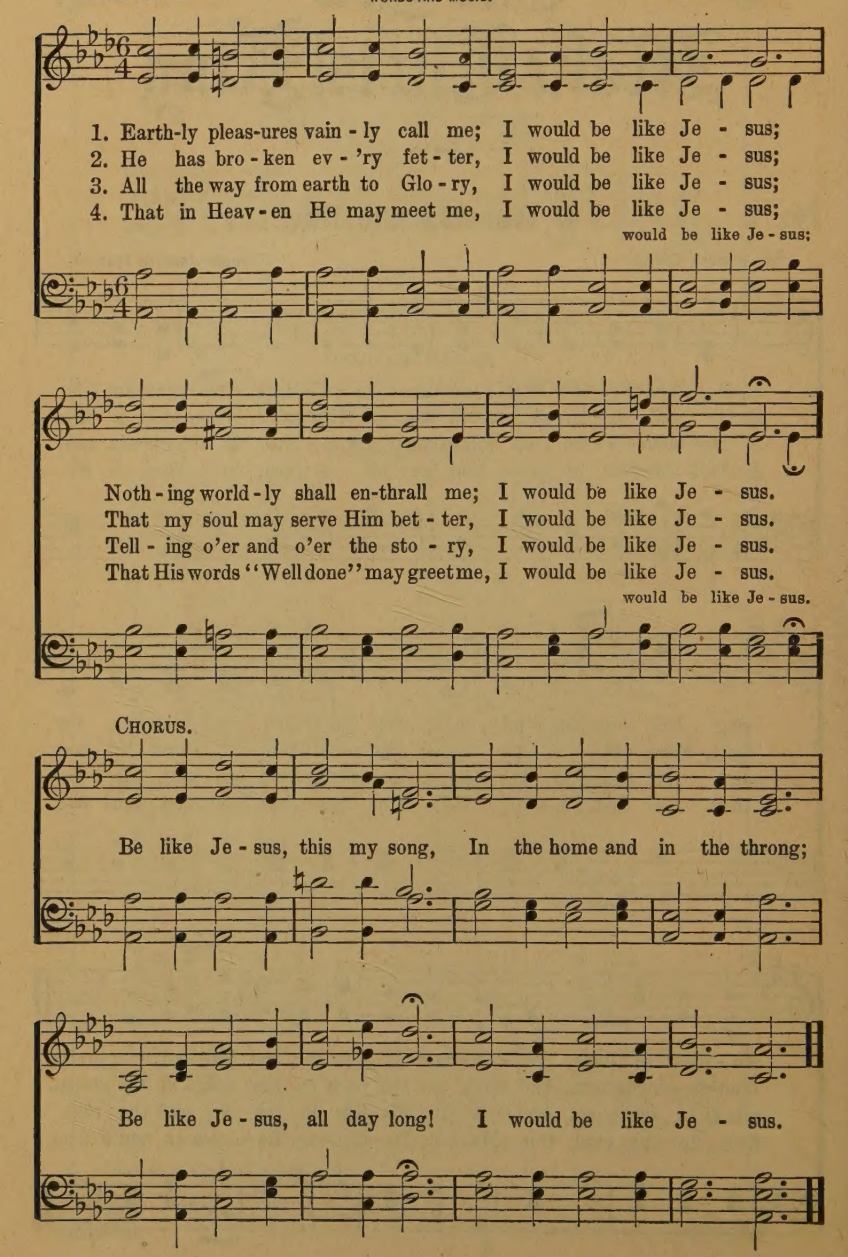
sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the
light, whose can-o-py space; His char-iots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies how ten-der! how

An-cient of days, Pa-vil-ioned in splendor, and gird-ed with praise.
thun-der-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis-tils in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Ma-ker, De-fend-er, Re-deem-er and Friend.

No. 2. I Would Be Like Jesus.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL. B. D. Ackley.

WORDS AND MUSIC.



No. 3. Just When I Need Him Most.

Rev. Wm. Pool.

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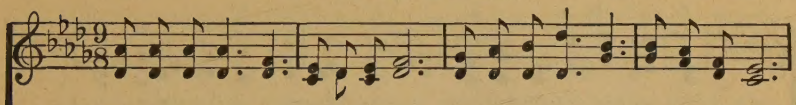
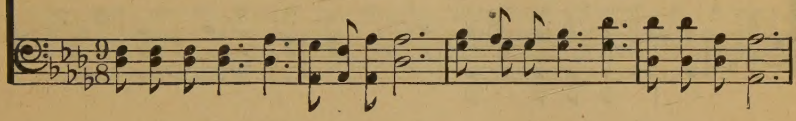
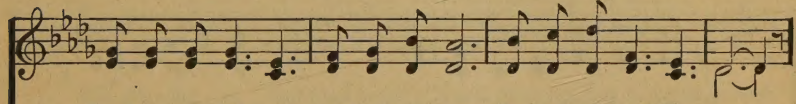
Chas. H. Gabriel.

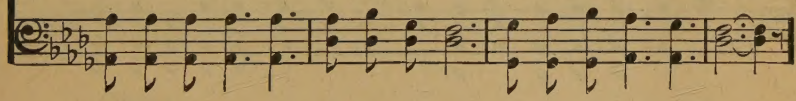


1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal - ter, just when I fear;
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak - ing all the way thro';
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bearing my bur-dens all the day long;
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-on Him I call;

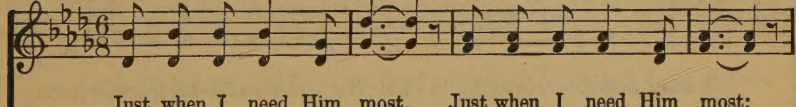




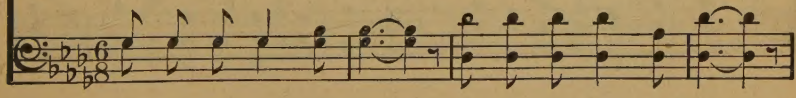
Read - y to help me, read - y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
Giv - ing for bur - dens pleasures a - new, Just when I need Him most.
For all my sor - row giv - ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
Ten - der - ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.

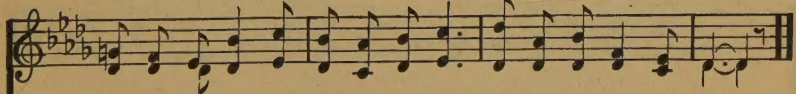


CHORUS.

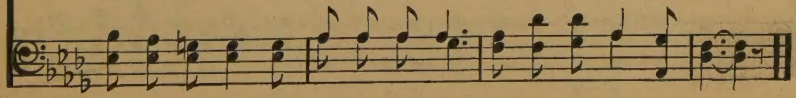


Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;





Je - sus is near to com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.



No. 4. More Than These.

Ina Duley Ogdon.

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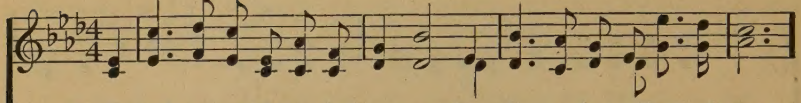
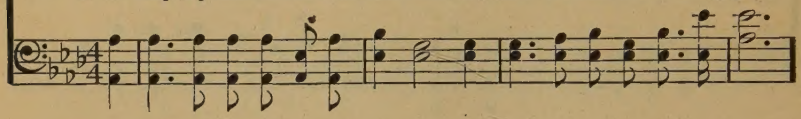
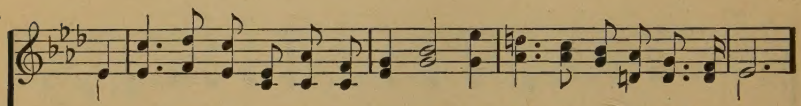
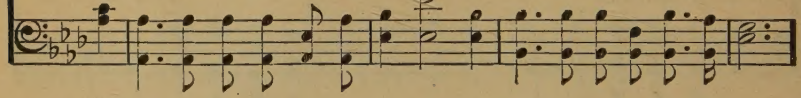


1. I need not trouble for the mor-row, For I am in my Fa-ther's care;
2. I need not ei-ther thirst or hun-ger; His grace will nev-er be de-nied;
3. I need not an a-bid-ing cit-y, For "I can tar-ry but a night;"
4. O may my faith increase be-fore Him, My serv-ice here His blessing gain;

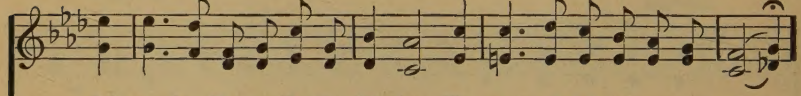




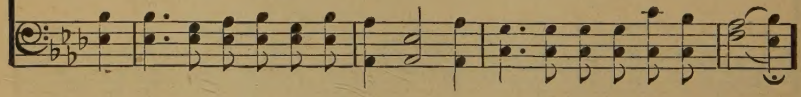
He will go with me as I jour-ney, For all my need He will pre-pare.
He leads me to the liv-ing wa-ters; His dai-ly man-na is sup-plied.
My heart, my treasures, are in Heav-en, My rai-ment is a robe of white.
Let me seek first my Fa-ther's kingdom, For all be-side must be in vain!

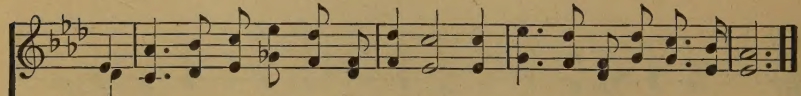


CHORUS.

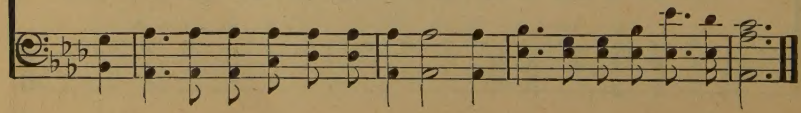


I know that He provides the lil-ies, His eye each fall-ing spar-row sees;





And so my soul will fear no e-vil, For I am more to Him than these.



No. 5.

Higher Ground.

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Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;

Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is higher ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."

CHORUS.

Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heav-en's ta-ble-land;

A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.

No. 6. The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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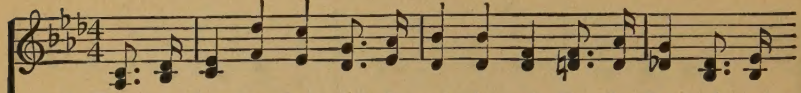
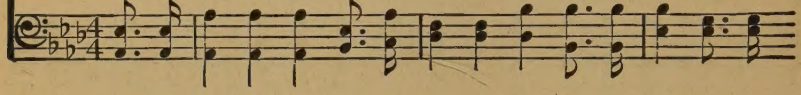
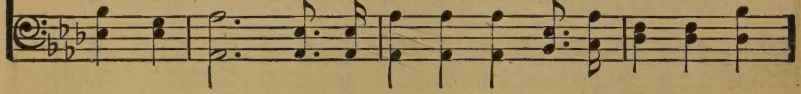
Henry P. Morton.



1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
3. When the way is dim, and I can-not see Thro' the mist of His
4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a-lone Where the pow-ers of

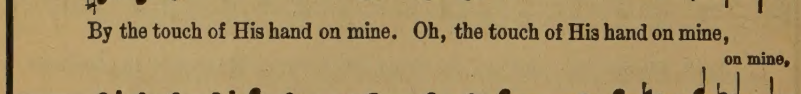


Friend Di-vine; But tho' dark-ness hide, He is there to guide
world I pine; But He draws me back to the up-ward track
wise de-sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re-turns
death com-bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul



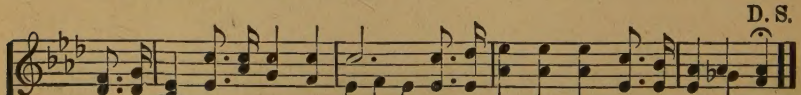
FINE. CHORUS.

By the touch of His hand on mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on mine,



on mine,

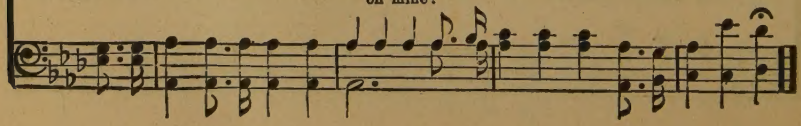
D. S.—*In the touch of His hand on mine*



D. S.

Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and pow'r, in the trying hour,

on mine!



No. 7. It Was His Love.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

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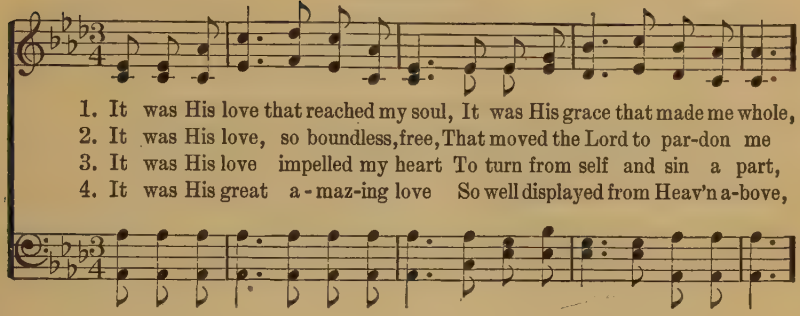
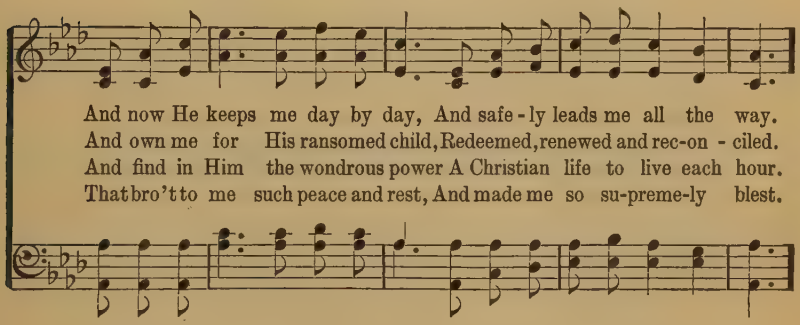
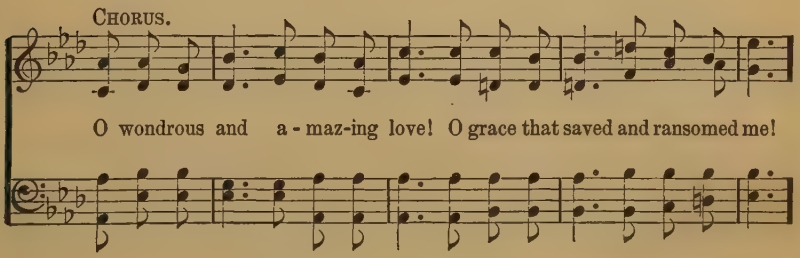
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. It was His love that reached my soul, It was His grace that made me whole,
2. It was His love, so boundless, free, That moved the Lord to par-don me
3. It was His love impelled my heart To turn from self and sin a part,
4. It was His great a-maz-ing love So well displayed from Heav'n a-bove,

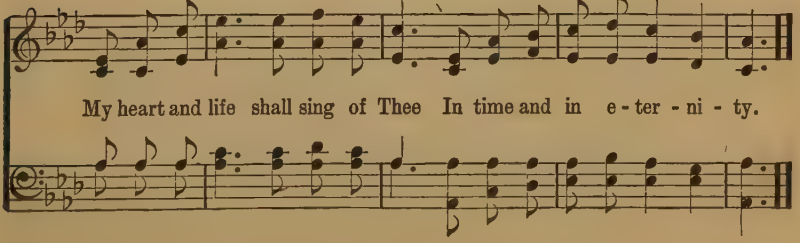


And now He keeps me day by day, And safe-ly leads me all the way.
And own me for His ransomed child, Redeemed, renewed and rec-on-ciled.
And find in Him the wondrous power A Christian life to live each hour.
That bro't to me such peace and rest, And made me so su-preme-ly blest.



CHORUS.

O wondrous and a-maz-ing love! O grace that saved and ransomed me!



My heart and life shall sing of Thee In time and in e-ter-ni-ty.

No. 8. Jesus Will Sustain You.

James Rowe.

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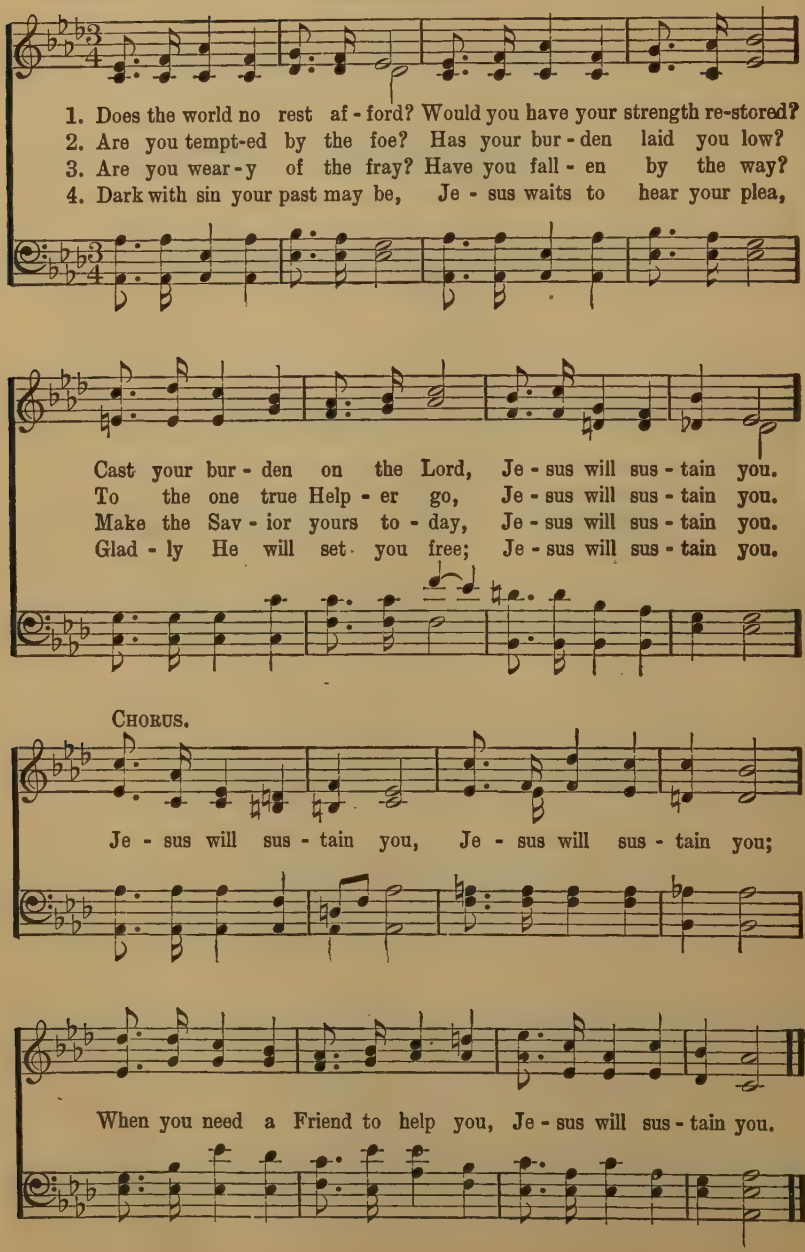
B. D. Ackley.



No. 9. The Gifts of God.

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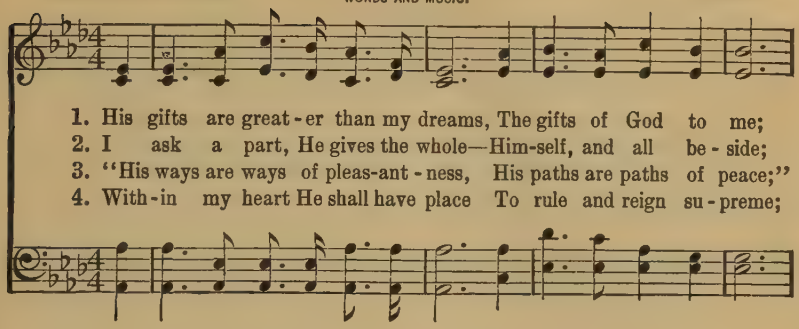
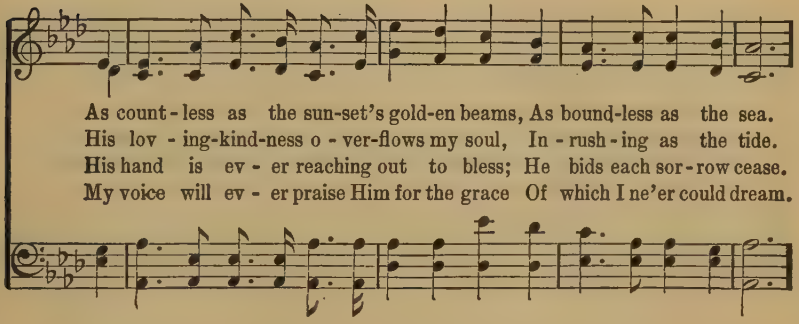
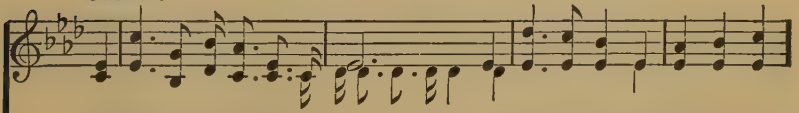
WORDS AND MUSIC.



1. His gifts are great-er than my dreams, The gifts of God to me;
2. I ask a part, He gives the whole—Him-self, and all be-side;
3. "His ways are ways of pleas-ant-ness, His paths are paths of peace;"
4. With-in my heart He shall have place To rule and reign su-preme;

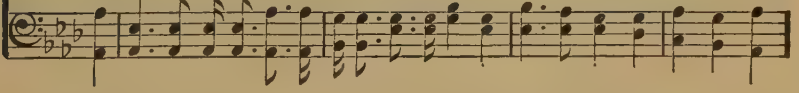


As count-less as the sun-set's gold-en beams, As bound-less as the sea.
His lov-ing-kind-ness o-ver-flows my soul, In-rush-ing as the tide.
His hand is ev-er reaching out to bless; He bids each sor-row cease.
My voice will ev-er praise Him for the grace Of which I ne'er could dream.

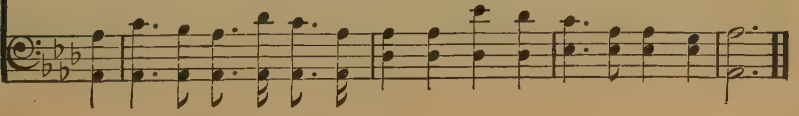


CHORUS.

His gifts are greater than my dreams, The gifts of Him who set me free;
His gifts are great-er, they are greater than my dreams.



And more and more a-bun-dant dai-ly seems The grace of God to me.



No. 10. Speak to Me Only of Jesus.

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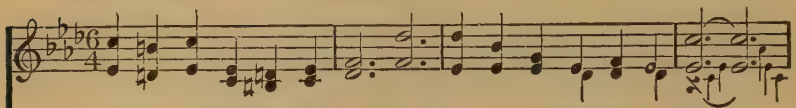
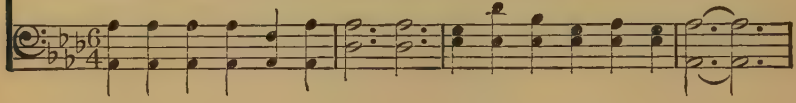
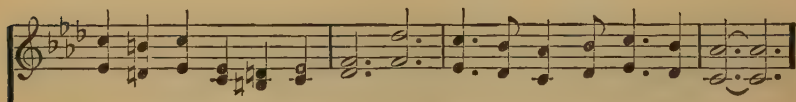
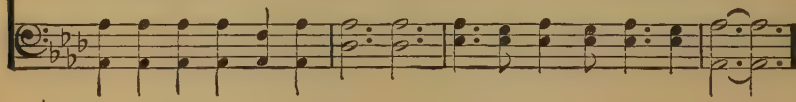


1. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of the cross that He wore,
2. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of His grace day by day,
3. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of His won - der - ful love,
4. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of His mer - cy so free,





Tell of the shame and the sor - row, Tell of the bur - den He bore.
Tell how the blood of a - tone - ment Wash - es my guilt all a - way.
Tell how He came as a Sav - ior, Down from the glo - ry a - bove.
Tell how, when lost in the dark - ness, Je - sus came seek - ing for me.



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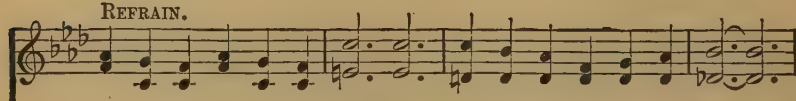
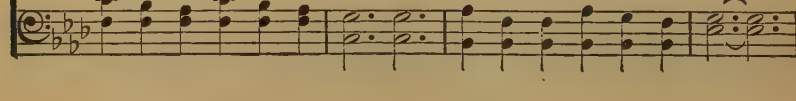
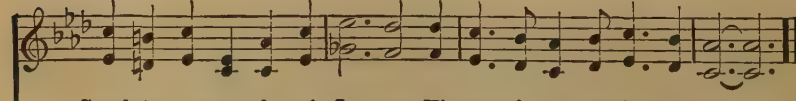
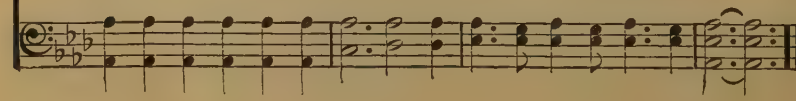


Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Dy - ing on Cal - va - ry's tree,





Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, His name is so pre - cious to me.



No. 11. Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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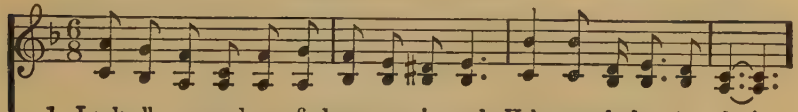
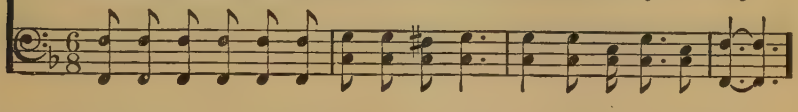
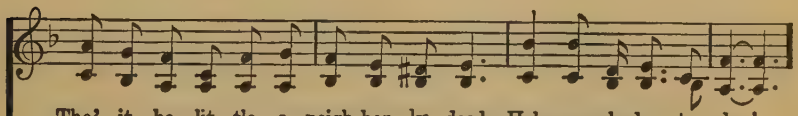
Chas. H. Gabriel.

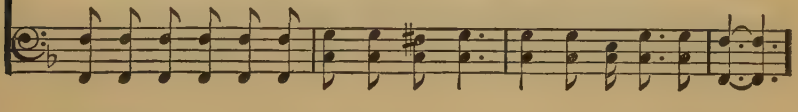


1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov - ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav - y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!

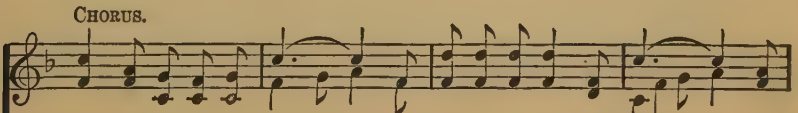




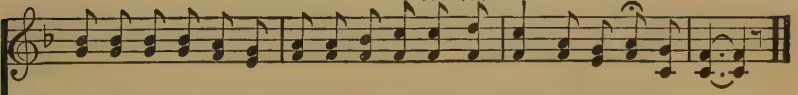
Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Grief is the por - tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Some one the jour - ney to heav - en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!



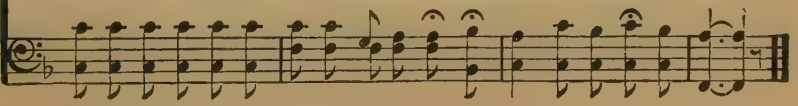
CHORUS.



Help some-bod-y to - day, . . Some-bod-y a - long life's way; . . Let
to - day, home-ward way;



sor-row be end - ed, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to - day!



No. 12. Sweeter Than All.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.
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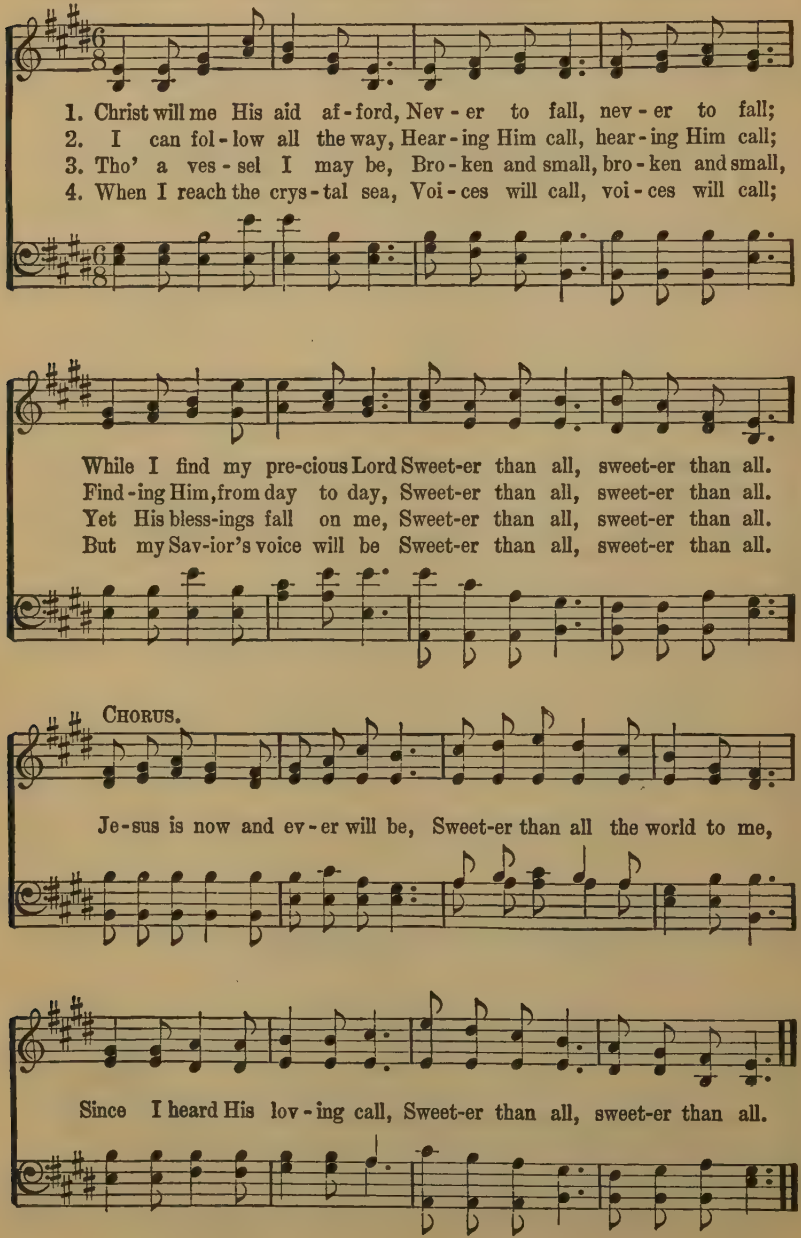
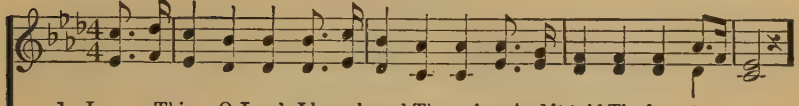
J. Howard Entwisle.

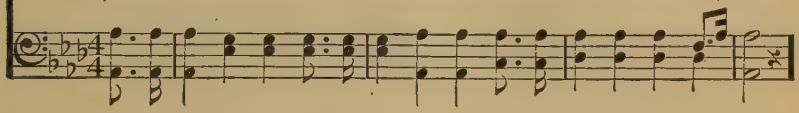


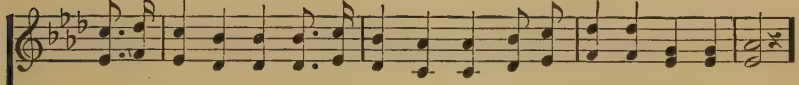
No. 13. I am Thine, O Lord.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. W. H. Doane.

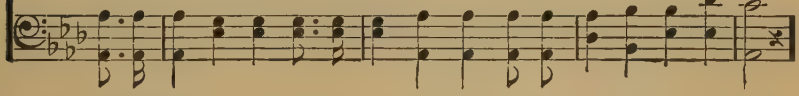


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con - se-crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin - gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the nar - row sea;



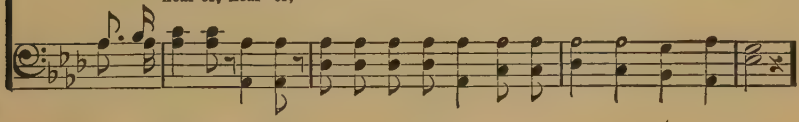


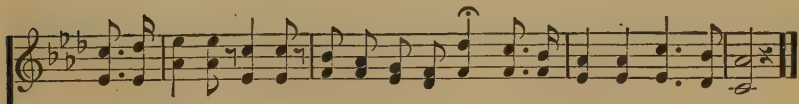
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clo-ser drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend!
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.



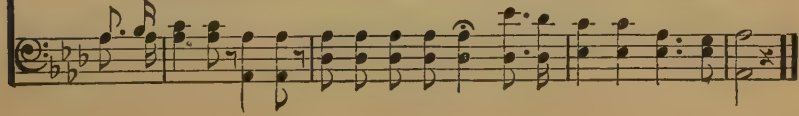
REFRAIN.

Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
near-er, near-er,





Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.



No. 14. Grace, Enough for Me.

E. O. E.

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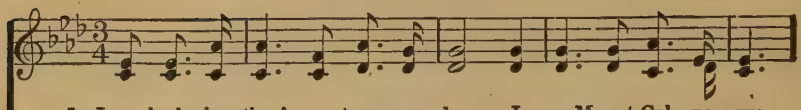
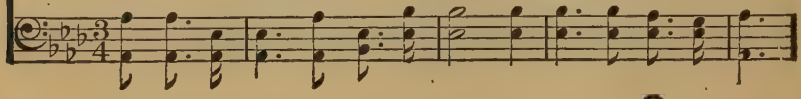
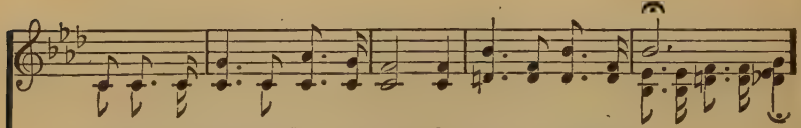
E. O. Excell.

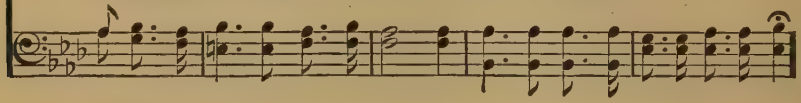


1. In look-ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal-va-ry;
2. While standing there, my trembling heart, Once full of ag-o-ny,
3. When I be-held my ev-'ry sin Nailed to the cru-el tree,
4. When I am safe with-in the veil, My por-tion there will be,





Beneath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, e-nough for me.
Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, e-nough for me. (enough for me.)
I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, e-nough for me.
To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, e-nough for me.



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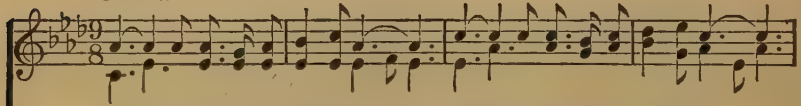
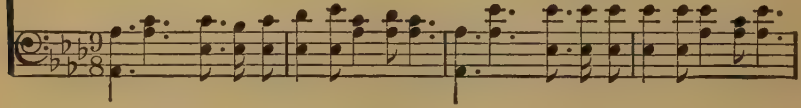
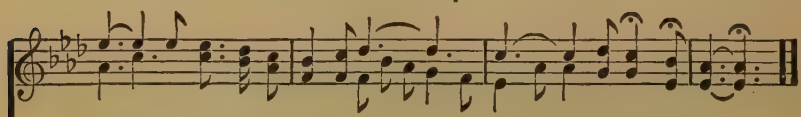
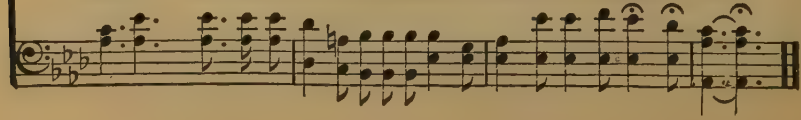


Grace is flowing from Calvary, . . Grace as fathomless as the sea, . .
Grace is flow-ing from Cal-va-ry for me, Grace as fath-om-less as the roll-ing sea,



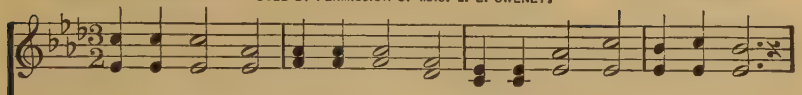


Grace for time and e-ter-ni-ty, . . . Grace, . . enough for me.
Grace for time and e-ter-ni-ty, His a-bun-dant grace I see, e-nough for me.

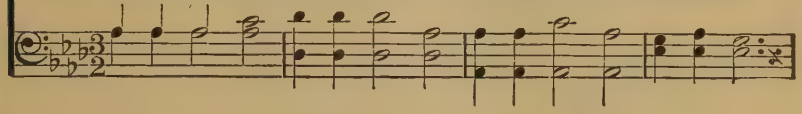


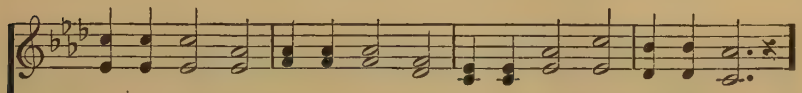
No. 15. I Am Saved.

Mrs. S. L. Oberholtzer. FROM "JOY AND GLADNESS." USED BY PERMISSION OF MRS. L. E. SWENEY. Jno. R. Sweney.

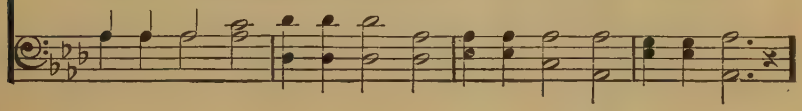


1. I am saved! the Lord hath saved me, Help me shout the glo-rious news!
2. Loud I sing my ex - ul - ta - tion, Hop-ing it will reach the skies;
3. Free sal - va - tion! glad sal - va - tion, Let us shout from pole to pole,
4. When at last the days are gath-ered In - to Thy great judgment one,

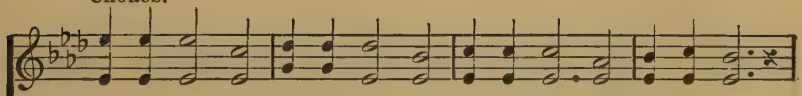




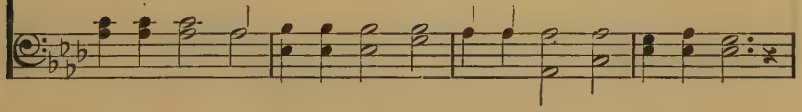
I have tast - ed God's sal - va - tion, And 'tis sweet as hon-eyed dews.
Keep, dear Lord, my soul for - ev - er Un - der Thy pro-tect - ing eyes.
Un - til each dis - eas - ed na - tion Feels that God hath made it whole.
May I find my name deep writ-ten In the rec - ords of Thy Son.

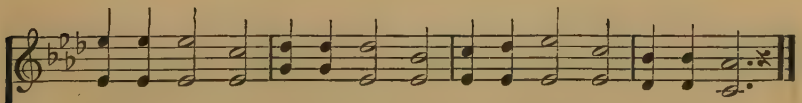


CHORUS.

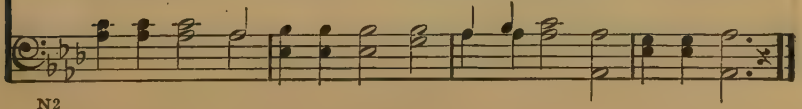


Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! I re-joice sal - va - tion came;





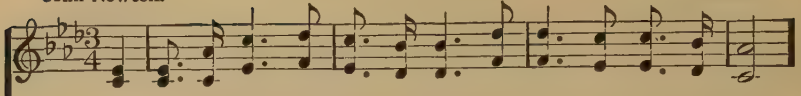
Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! I am saved in Je - sus' name.



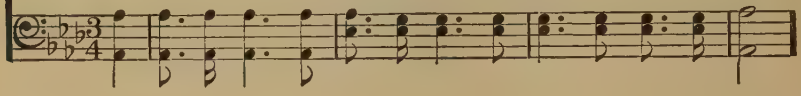
No. 16. What Wondrous Love.

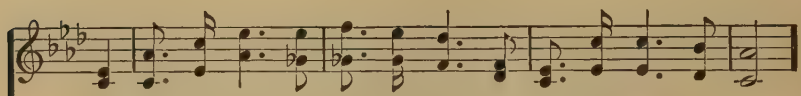
COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.

John Newton. E. O. Excell.

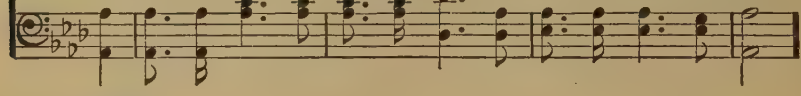


1. I saw One hang - ing on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood;
2. Sure, nev - er, till my lat - est breath, Can I for - get that look:
3. My conscience felt and owned the guilt, And plunged me in de - spair;
4. A - las! I knew not what I did,—But now my tears are vain:
5. A sec - ond look He gave, which said, "I free - ly all for - give:

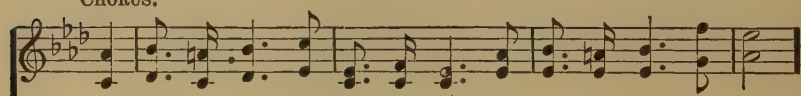




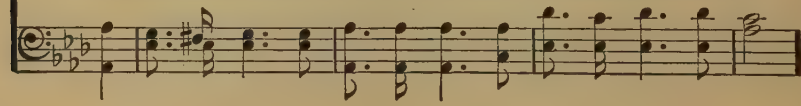
He fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
I saw my sins His blood had spilt And helped to nail Him there.
Where shall my trem-bling soul be hid? For I the Lord have slain.
This blood is for thy ran - som paid, I die that thou may'st live."

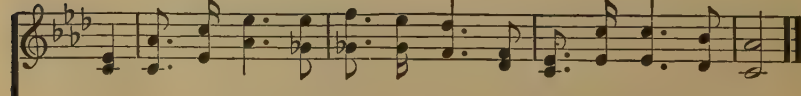


CHORUS.

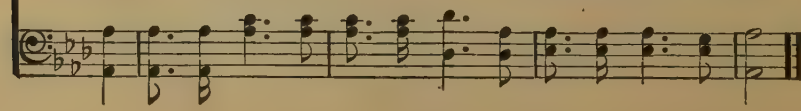


What wondrous love! Thy life to give That I might ran-somed be;





Had I a thou-sand lives to live I'd live them all for Thee.



No. 17. Tell it Wherever You Go.

Rev. Johnston Oatman, Jr.

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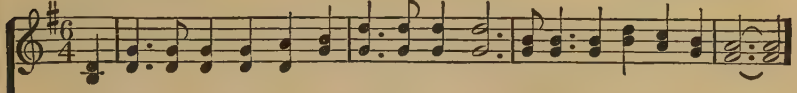
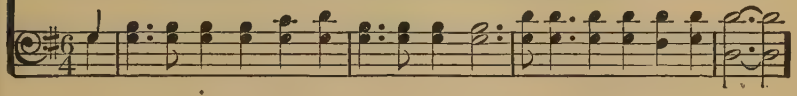
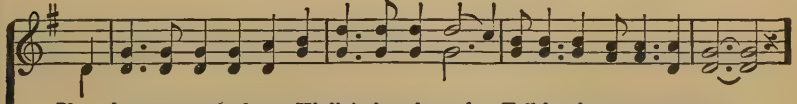
OWNED BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

Wm. Edie Marks.

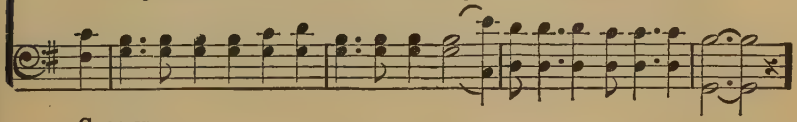


1. If Christ the Re-deem-er has pardoned your sin, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
2. If now you are happy with Christ as your Guide, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
3. When troubles as-sail do you trust in Him still? Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
4. If you are an heir to a man-sion on high, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;

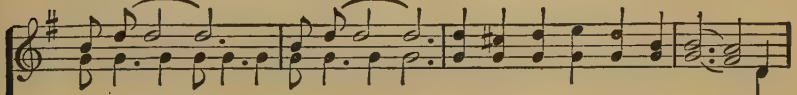




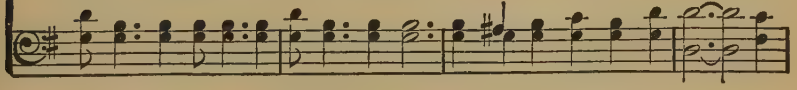
If in - to your darkness His light has shown in, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
If He is your Friend, and with Him you abide, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
When sorrows o'erwhelm do you sink in His will? Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
Un - til you find rest in that home in the sky, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.

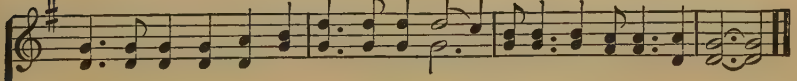


CHORUS.

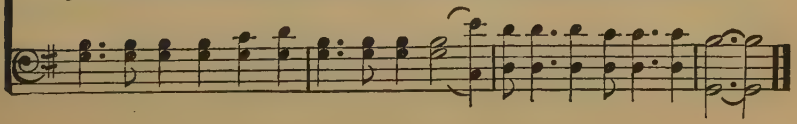


Tell it, ... tell it, ... Tell it wher-ev - er you go; If
Tell it that oth-ers a-round you may know,





you would win oth-ers from sin and from woe, Tell it wher-ev-er you go!



No. 18. As a Volunteer.

W. S. Brown.

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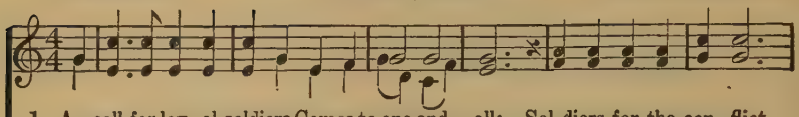
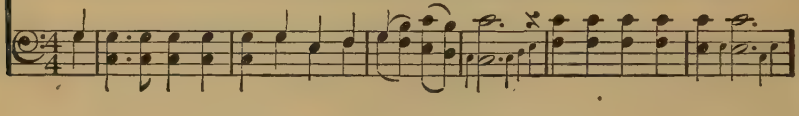
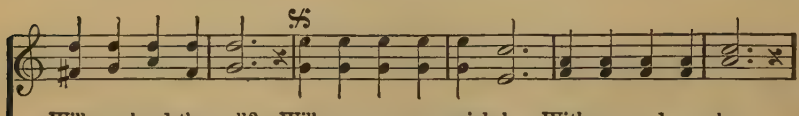
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

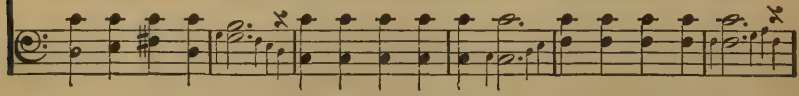


1. A call for loy-al soldiers Comes to one and all; Sol-diers for the con-flict,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faith-ful



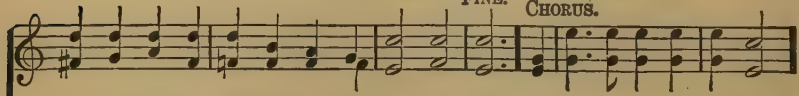


Will you heed the call? Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read-y cheer,
Ev-'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near;
Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in ac-cents clear,
Gath-er one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear;

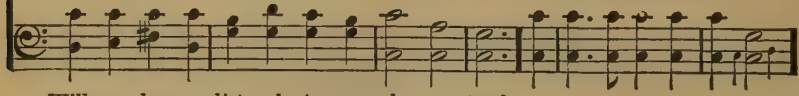


D. S.—*Je-sus is the Cap-tain, We will nev-er fear;*

FINE. CHORUS.

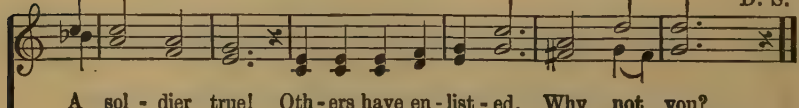


Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A vol-un-teer for Je-sus,



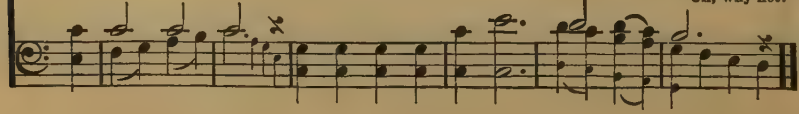
Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer?

D. S.



A sol-dier true! Oth-ers have en-list-ed, Why not you?

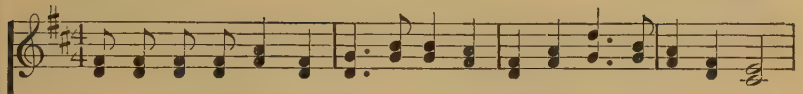
Oh, why not?



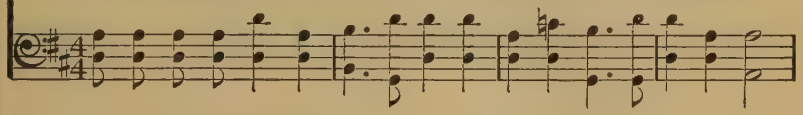
No. 19. My Song of Praise.

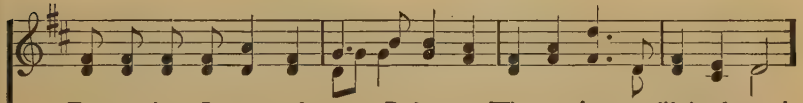
COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. H. DOANE.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

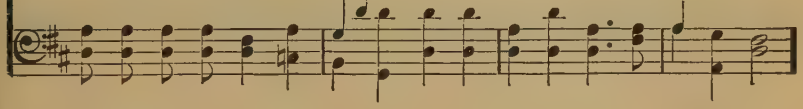


1. Ev - er since I gave my heart to Je - sus, Humbly kneeling at His throne;
2. I was lost till in His love so ten-der, From my bonds He set me free;
3. I am safe beneath His hand pro-tect-ed, In His word He tells me so;
4. O the peace that flowing like a riv - er, With its rap-ture fills my soul;

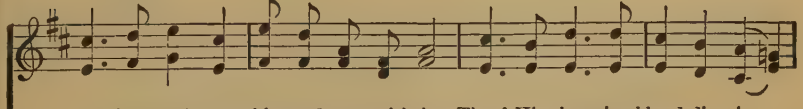




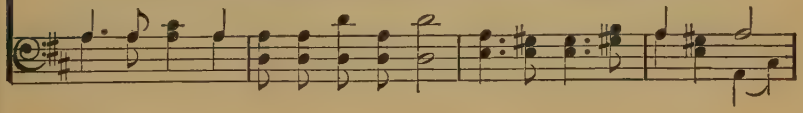
Ev - er since I trust - ed my Redeemer, What a joy my life has known!
At the cross I hear Him gen - tly say-ing, Fol-low Him who died for thee.
He is mine and I shall yet behold Him, In the land to which I go.
O the love that shall a - bide for-ev - er, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll.

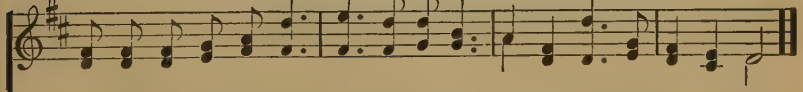


CHORUS.

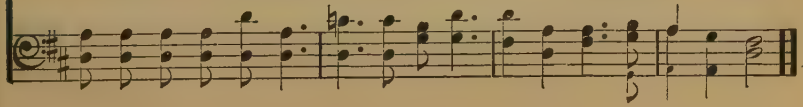


He has made me white and pure with-in, Thro' His cleansing blood di - vine;





All the way I'm sing-ing, Hal - le - lu-jah! For I know that He is mine.



No. 20. Is Thy Heart Right With God?

E. A. H.

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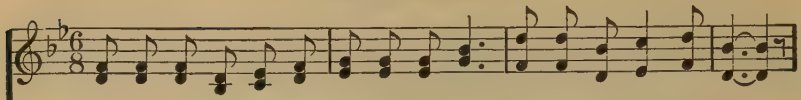
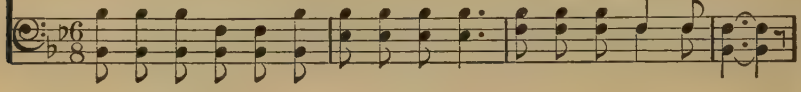
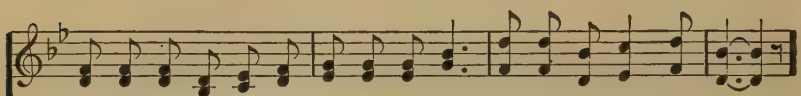
Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

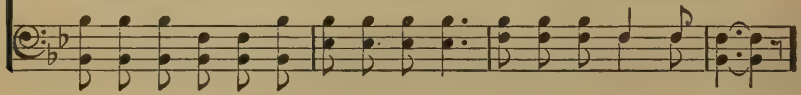


1. Have thy af - fec-tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Je - sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?

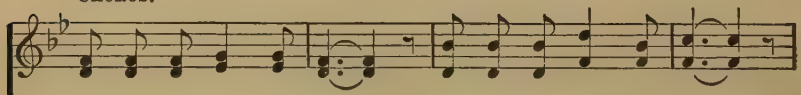




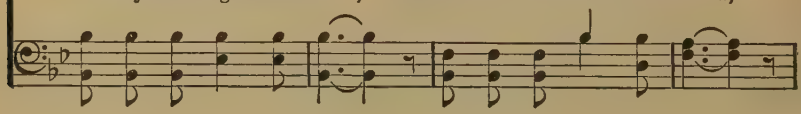
Dost thou count all things for Je-sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O - ver all e - vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je - sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each moment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?

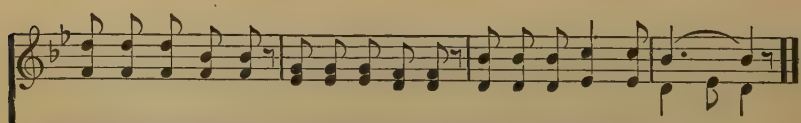


CHORUS.



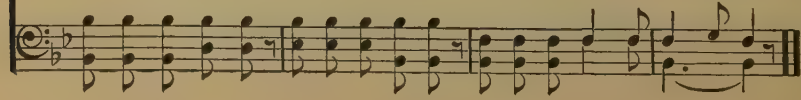
Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim - son flood,





Cleansed and made ho-ly, hum-ble and low-ly, Right in the sight of God?

of God?



No. 21. Since I Found My Savior.

E. E. Hewitt.

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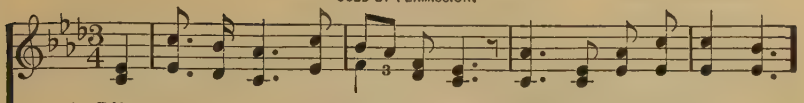
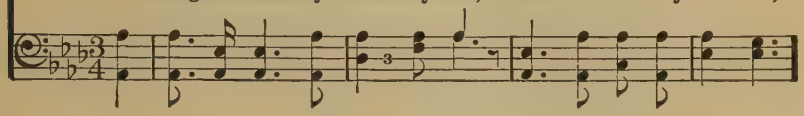
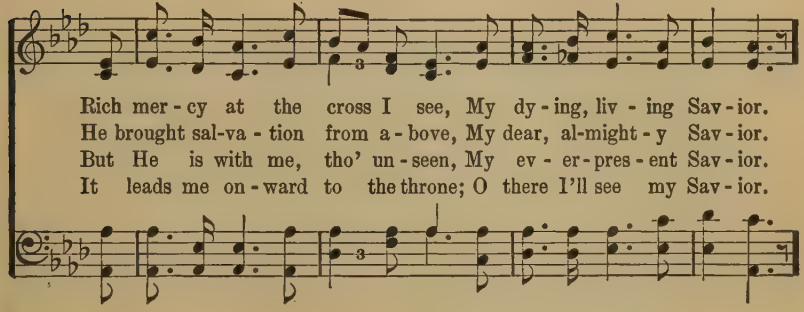
Jno. R. Sweney.



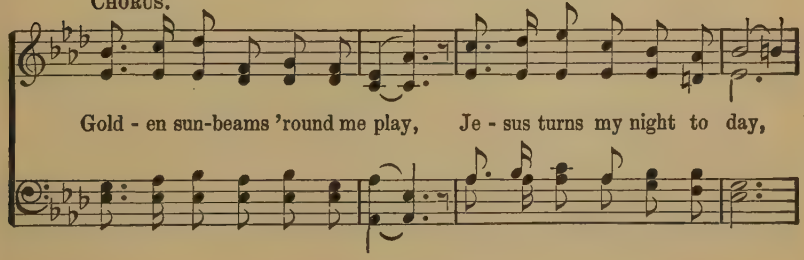
1. Life wears a dif - f'rent face to me, Since I found my Sav - ior;
2. He sought me in His wondrous love, So I found my Sav - ior;
3. The pass - ing clouds may in - ter-vene, Since I found my Sav - ior,
4. A strong hand kind - ly holds my own, Since I found my Sav - ior;



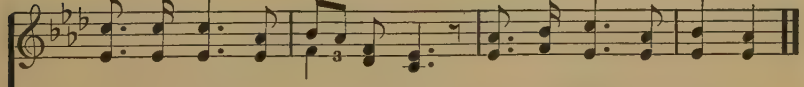


Rich mer - cy at the cross I see, My dy - ing, liv - ing Sav - ior.
He brought sal-va - tion from a - bove, My dear, al-might - y Sav - ior.
But He is with me, tho' un - seen, My ev - er - pres - ent Sav - ior.
It leads me on - ward to the throne; O there I'll see my Sav - ior.

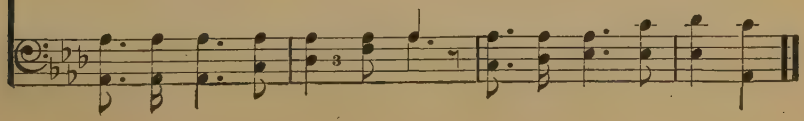
CHORUS.



Gold - en sun-beams 'round me play, Je - sus turns my night to day,



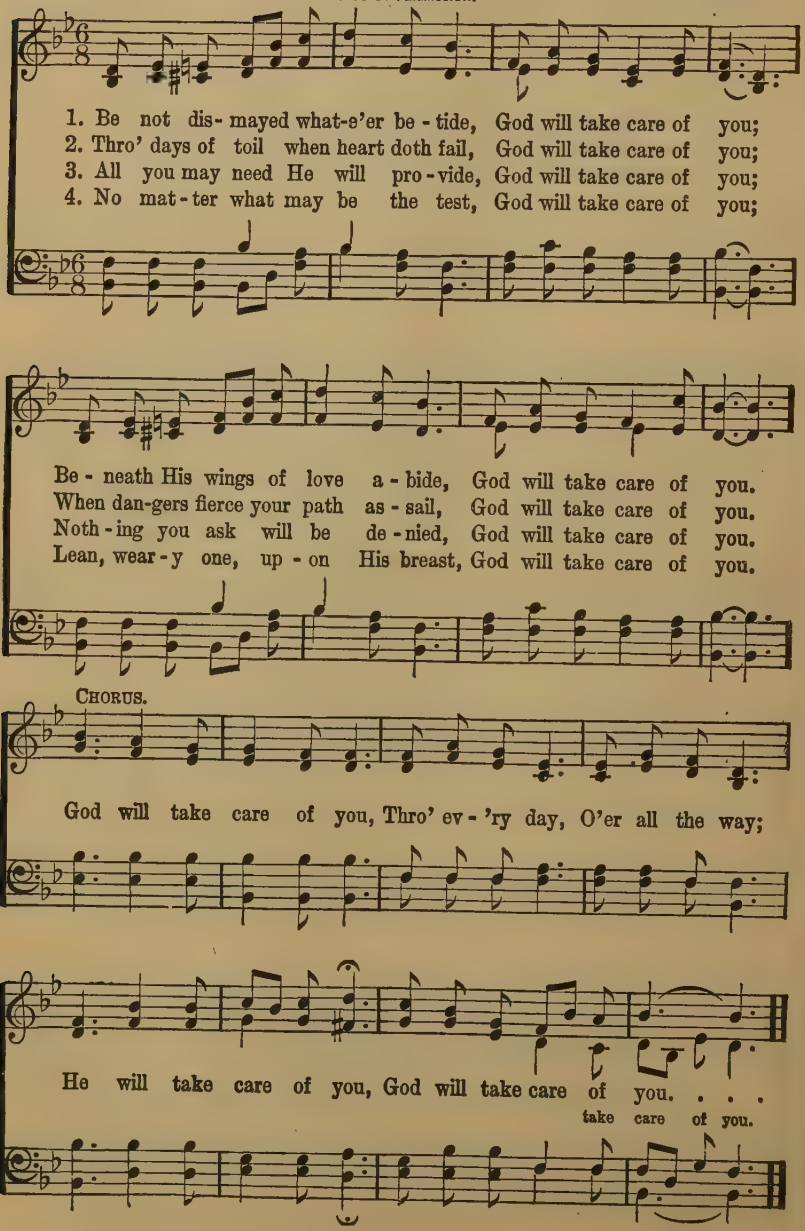
Heav - en seems not far a - way, Since I found my Sav - ior.



No. 22. God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

C. D. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.
USED BY PERMISSION. W. S. Martin.



No. 23. Whom, Having Not Seen, I Love.

Maud Frazer.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A Friend have I who standeth near, To com-fort me and still each fear;
2. In vain may fan-cy strive to trace My Sav-ior's beauty and His grace;
3. The pre-cious hope I have each day Il-lu-mines all my earth-ly way,
4. With that fair man-sion e'er in view, My pil-grim jour-ney I pur-sue,

It is my Lord and Sav-ior dear, Whom, hav-ing not seen, I love.
More fair than I can dream, His face, Whom, hav-ing not seen, I love.
That He will take me home to stay, Whom, hav-ing not seen, I love.
And try my Sav-ior's will to do, Whom, hav-ing not seen, I love.

CHORUS.

And He is pre-par-ing a place . . . . For me in His home a-bove, . . .
And He is pre-par-ing a place For me in His home a-bove,

Where I shall be-hold His face, ... Whom, having not seen, I love.
Where I . . . . . shall be-hold His face,

No. 24.

At Eventide.

(*To Bethany.*)

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

E. E. Hewitt. B. D. Ackley.

Slowly, with expression.

1. The twi-light falls, se-rene and still; Soft shadows steal a-down the hill,
2. His hour - ly mer - cies I re-view, And read in them the to-kens new
3. Or, have some drops of sorrow's rain Bro't to my heart a throb of pain?
4. I think sometimes, when day is done, Of joys be-yond life's setting sun,

And drow-sy seems the bird's sweet trill, At e - ven-tide, at e - ven-tide.
Of love un-chang-ing, wise and true, At e - ven-tide, at e - ven-tide.
The stars of peace shine out a - gain, At e - ven-tide, at e - ven-tide.
The steps of faith will heav'nward run, At e - ven-tide, at e - ven-tide.

CHORUS.

At e - ven-tide, at e-ven-tide, My all to Je - sus I con-fide, And

rit.

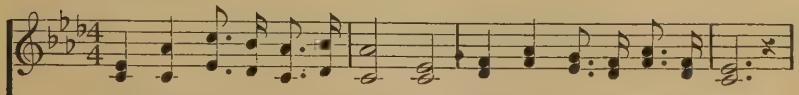
draw the near - er to His side, At e - ven - tide, at e - ven-tide.

At e - ven-tide,

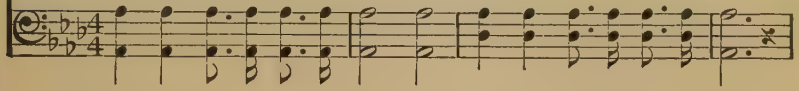
No. 25. Take the Name of Jesus With You.

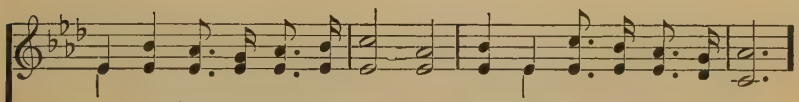
COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. W. H. Doane.

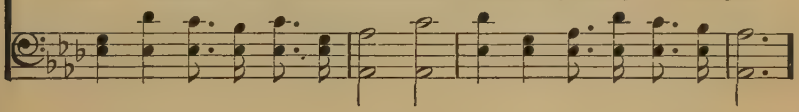


1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet,

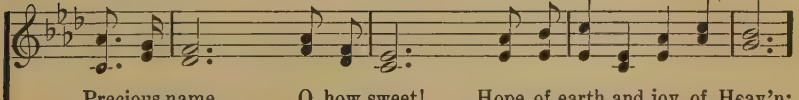




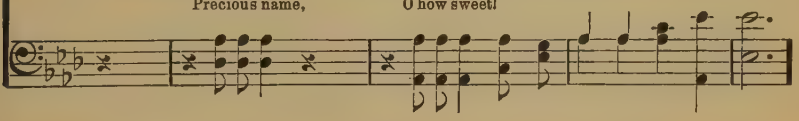
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then, where'er you go.
If temp - ta - tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov - ing arms re-ceive us, And His songs our tongues em-ploy!
King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.

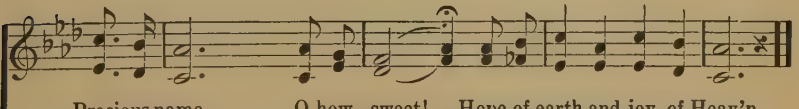


CHORUS.

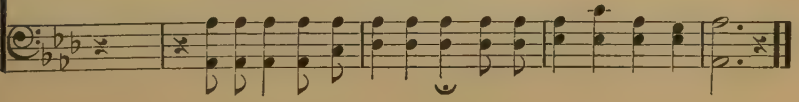


Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!





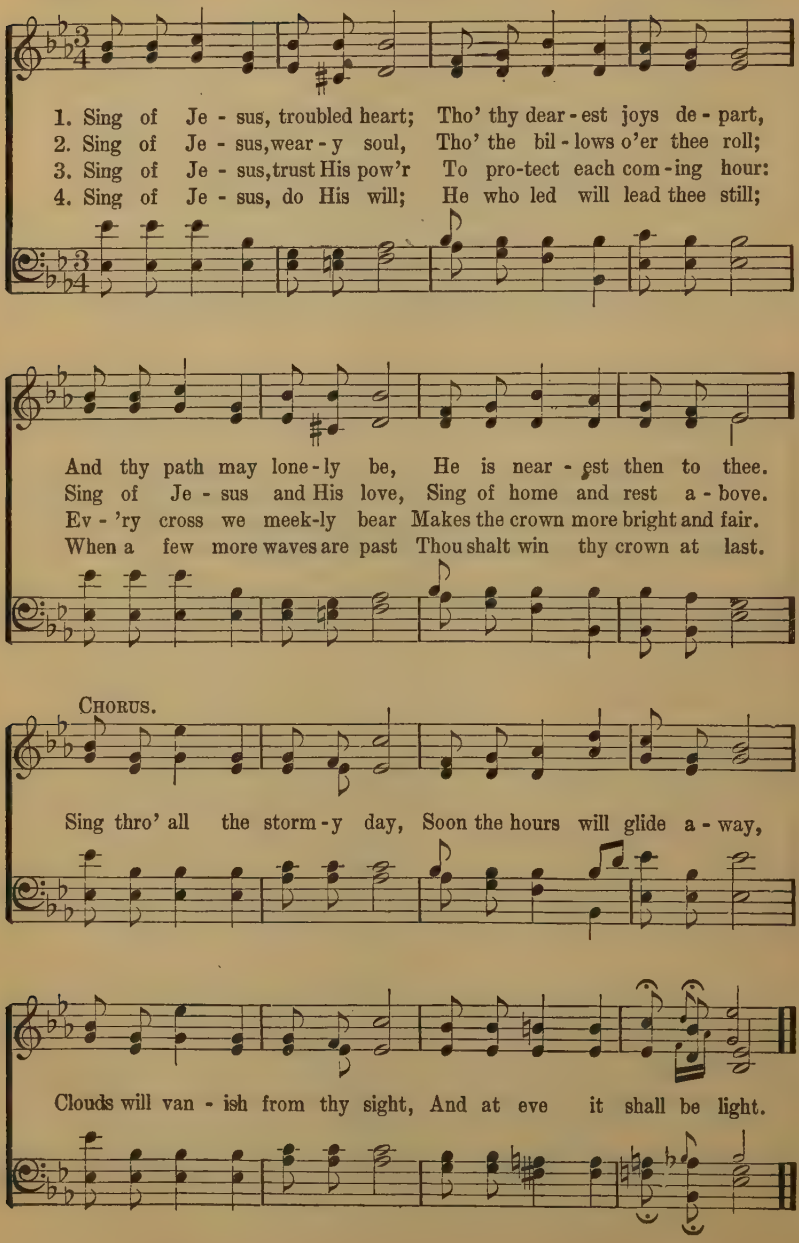
Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!



No. 26. Sing of Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Fanny J. Crosby. WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. Ackley.

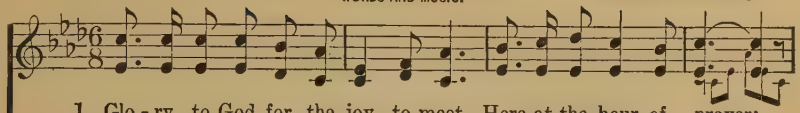


No. 27. The Hour of Prayer.

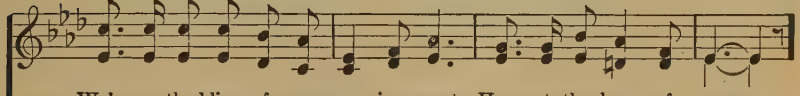
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

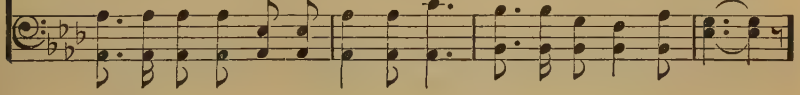
Jno. R. Sweney.



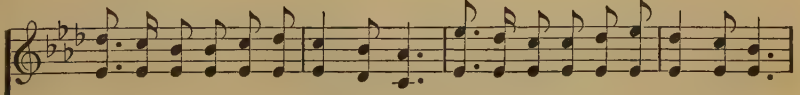
1. Glo - ry to God for the joy to meet, Here at the hour of prayer;
2. Far from the world we may turn a - way, Here at the hour of prayer;
3. Rich are the blessings that all may seek, Here at the hour of prayer;
4. O what a ho - ly and calm re - pose, Here at the hour of prayer;



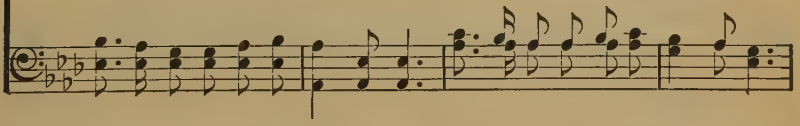
Welcome the bliss of com-mun - ion sweet, Here at the hour of prayer.
Glad - ly we rest from the toils of day, Here at the hour of prayer.
Grace for the wear - y, the faint, the weak, Here at the hour of prayer.
Love in its full-ness the heart o'er-flows, Here at the hour of prayer.

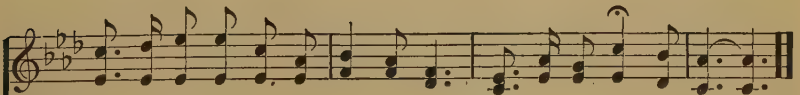


CHORUS.

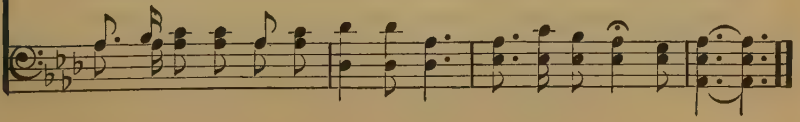


Nearer the gate to the soul's bright home, Nearer the vales where the faithful roam,





Near-er to God and the Lamb we come, Here at the hour of prayer,

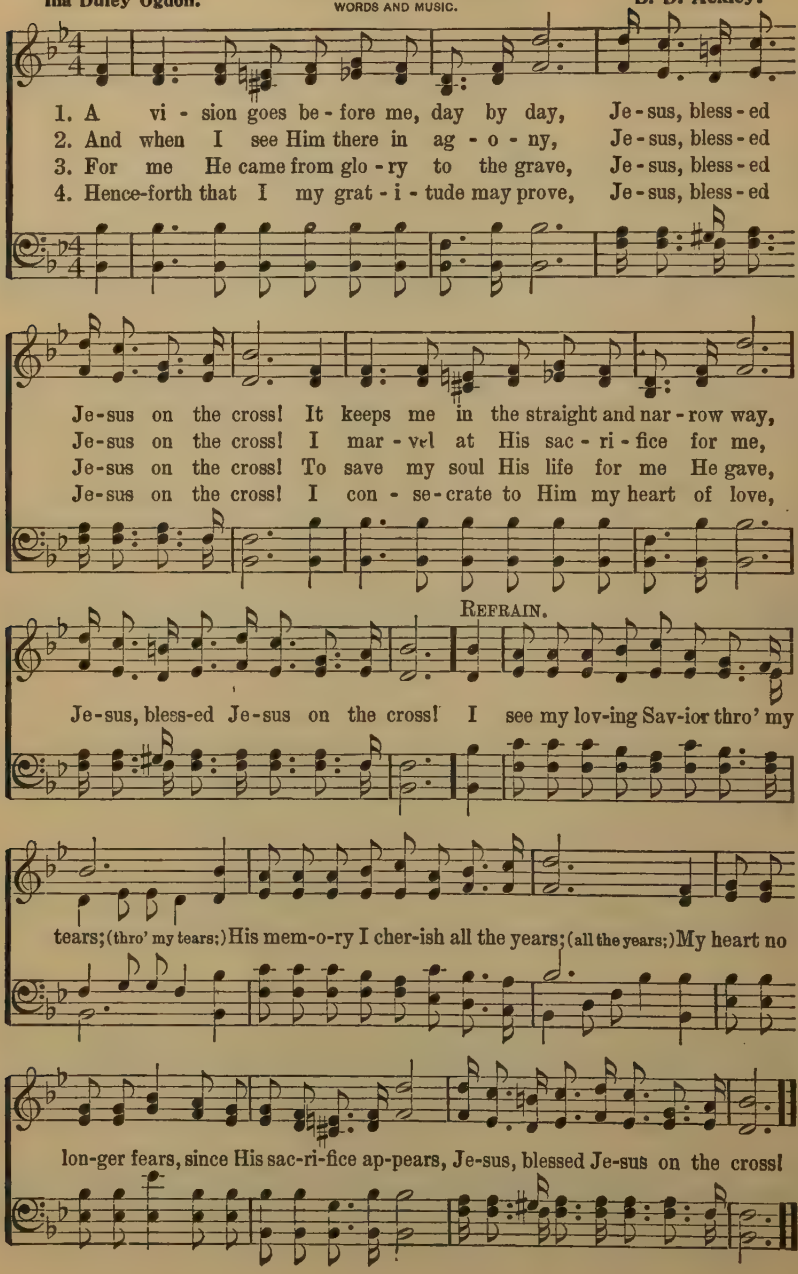


No. 28. Jesus On the Cross.

Ina Duley Ogdon.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.



No. 29 Just the Love of Jesus.

James Rowe.

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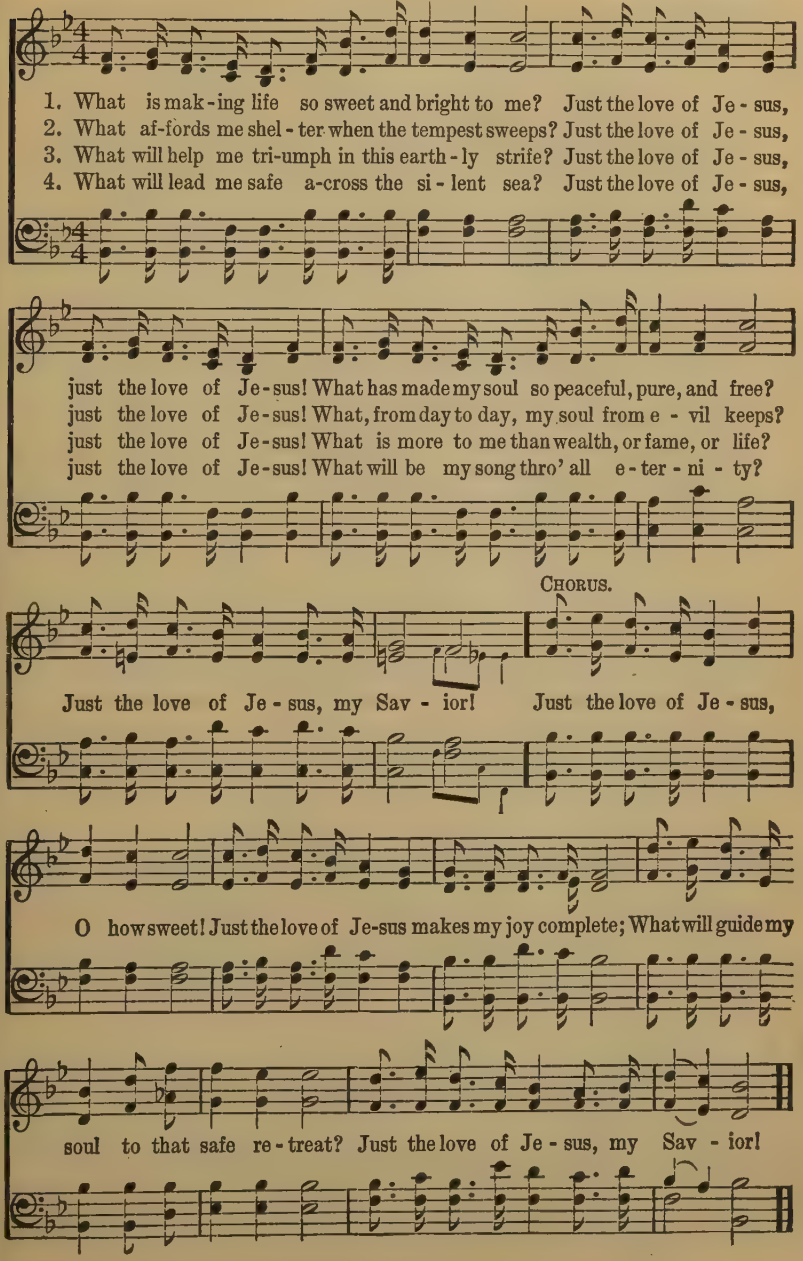
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Wm. Edie Marks.



No. 30. We Shall See the King Some Day.

L. E. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

L. E. Jones.

1. Tho' the way we jour-ney may be oft-en drear, We shall see the
2. Aft-er pain and an-guish, aft-er toil and care, We shall see the
3. Aft-er foes are conquered, aft-er bat-les won, We shall see the
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone be-fore, We shall see the

King some day (some day); On that bless-ed morning clouds will dis-ap-pear;
King some day (some day); Thro' the end-less a-ges joy and blessing share,
King some day (some day); Aft-er strife is o-ver, aft-er set of sun,
King some day (some day); Sor-row past for-ev-er, on that peaceful shore,

CHORUS.

We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day (some day),

We will shout and sing some day (some day); Gathered round the throne,

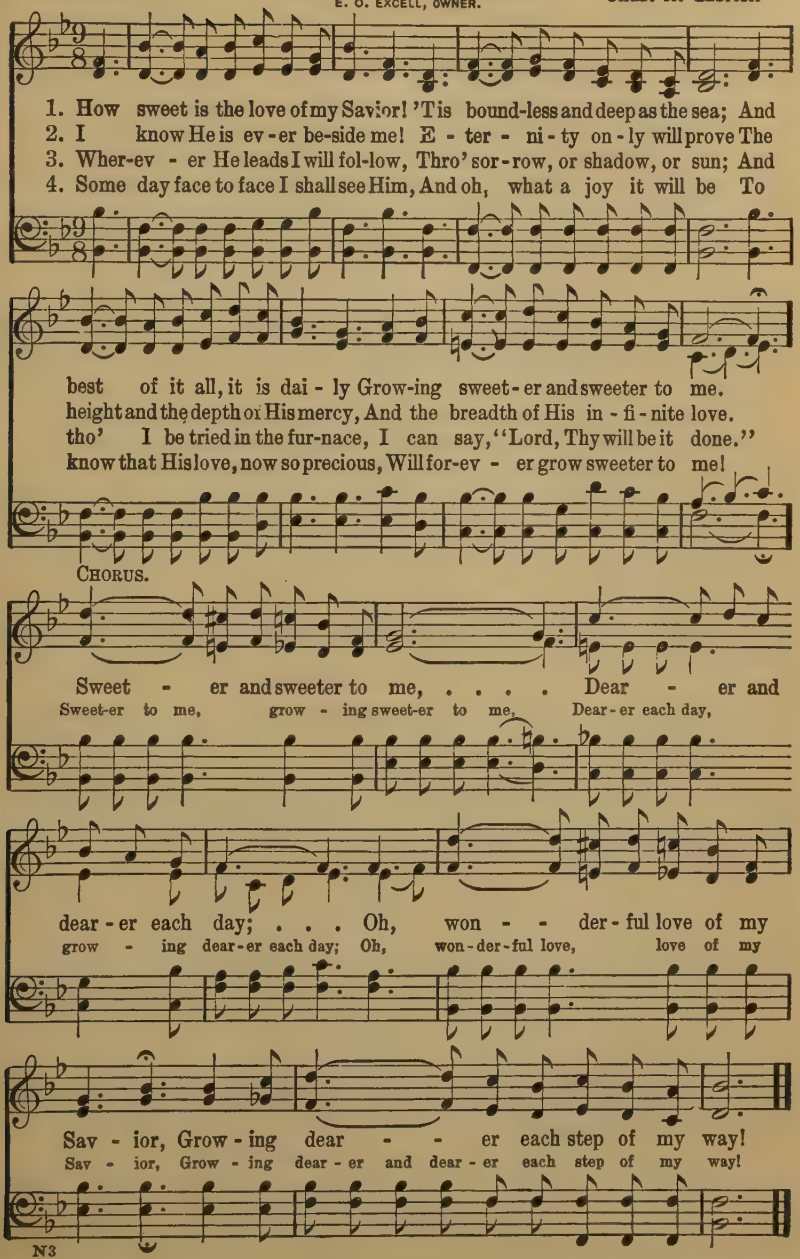
When He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.

No. 31. Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

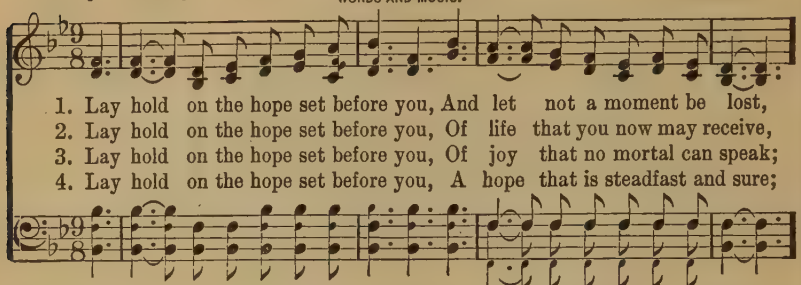


N3

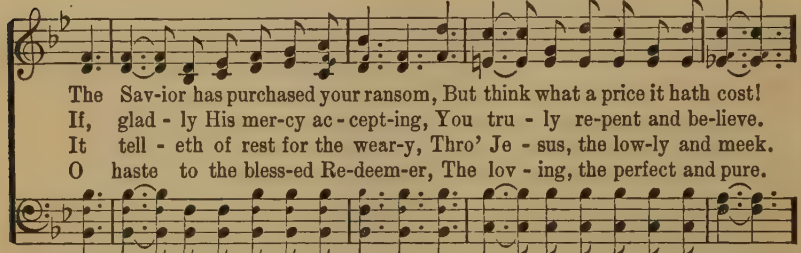
No. 32. The Hope Set Before You.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

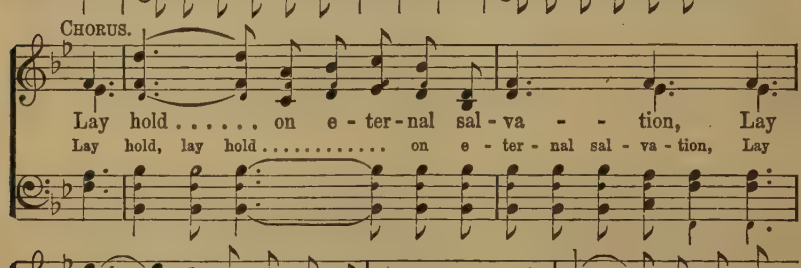
WORDS AND MUSIC.



1. Lay hold on the hope set before you, And let not a moment be lost,
2. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of life that you now may receive,
3. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of joy that no mortal can speak;
4. Lay hold on the hope set before you, A hope that is steadfast and sure;

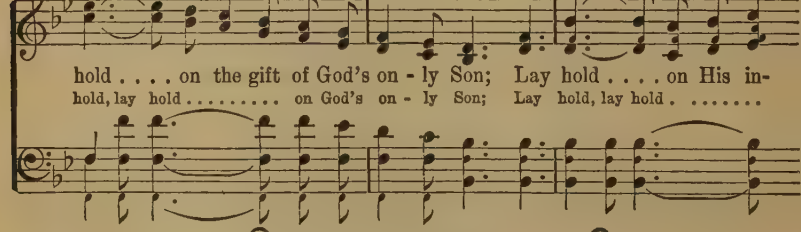


The Sav-ior has purchased your ransom, But think what a price it hath cost!
If, glad - ly His mer-cy ac - cept-ing, You tru - ly re-pent and be-lieve.
It tell - eth of rest for the wear-y, Thro' Je - sus, the low-ly and meek.
O haste to the bless-ed Re-deem-er, The lov - ing, the perfect and pure.

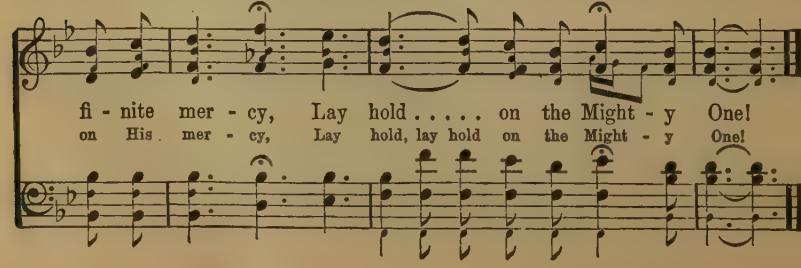


CHORUS.

Lay hold . . . . . on e - ter - nal sal - va - - tion, Lay
Lay hold, lay hold . . . . . on e - ter - nal sal - va - tion, Lay



hold . . . . on the gift of God's on - ly Son; Lay hold . . . . on His in-
hold, lay hold . . . . . on God's on - ly Son; Lay hold, lay hold . . . . . .



fi - nite mer - cy, Lay hold . . . . . on the Might - y One!
on His mer - cy, Lay hold, lay hold on the Might - y One!

No. 33. Someone is Looking to You.

W. M. Lighthall.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Let your light shine where-so-e'er you go, Some-one is look-ing to you! Bright-er each day let it gleam and glow, Some-one is look-ing to you!
2. Some-one is grop-ing his way to God, Some-one is look-ing to you! Fol-low-ing on where your feet have trod, Some-one is look-ing to you!
3. Some-one your coun-sel will sure-ly take, Some-one is look-ing to you! And by your life his de-ci-sion make, Some-one is look-ing to you!
4. Some-one has al-most ac-cept-ed Him, Some-one is look-ing to you! And may be lost if your light grows dim, Some-one is look-ing to you!

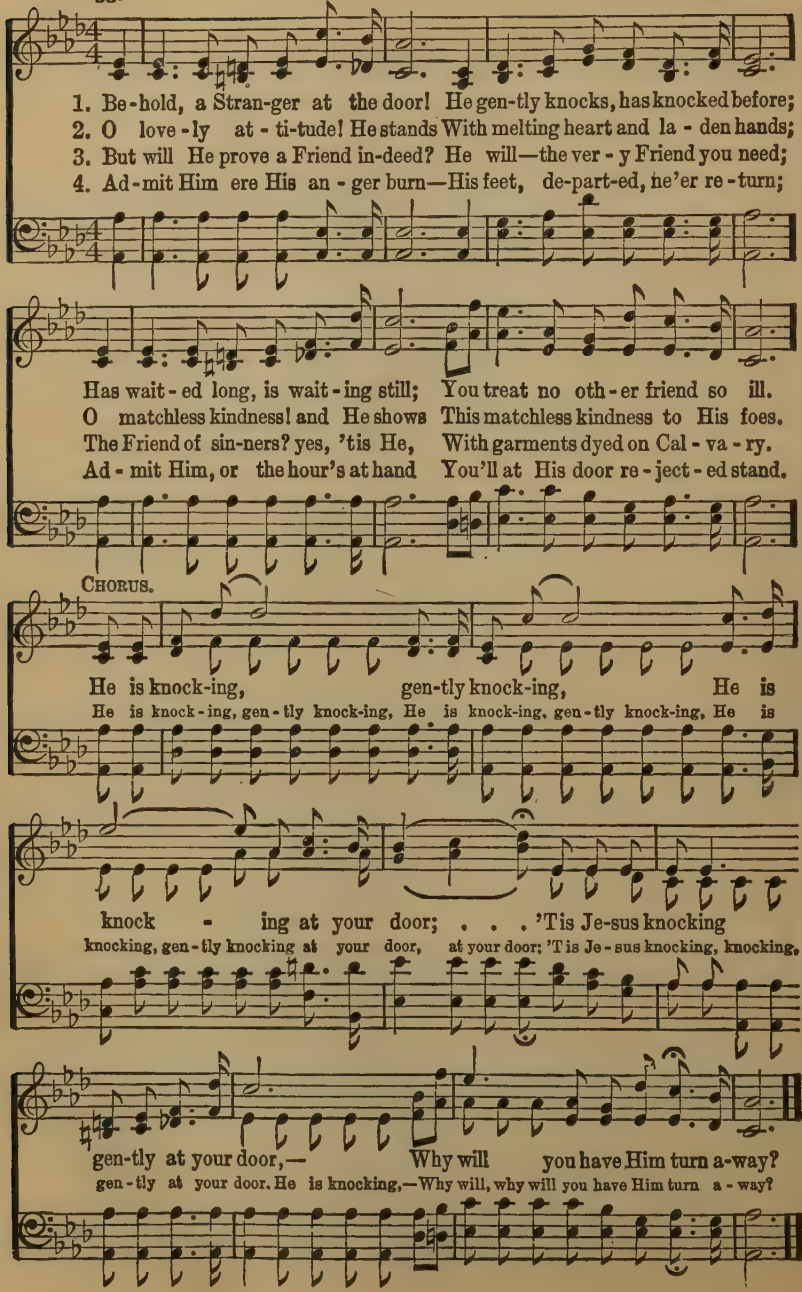
CHORUS.

Look-ing to you, yes, look-ing to you!

Let your light shine the dark-ness through; O be faith-ful, be loy-al, and true, For some-one is look-ing to you!

No. 34. Christ at the Door.

J. Grigg. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. Frank A. Simpkins.

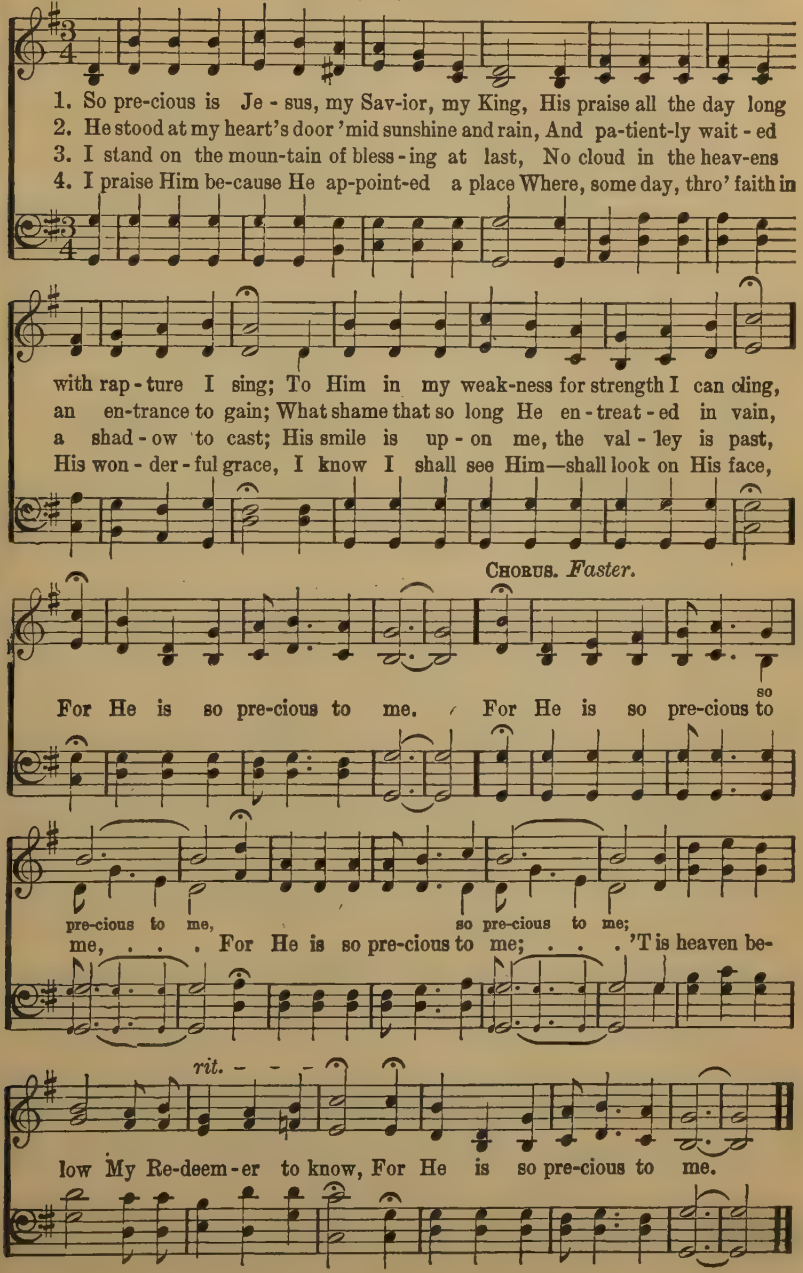


No. 35. **He is So Precious to Me.**

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 36. I Am Anchored Fast.

I. D. K. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

1. Toss - ing on the bil - low, Rock - ing in the blast,
2. Skies all clad in sa - ble, Storm-clouds fly - ing past,
3. Gone each earth - ly treas - ure, Cut a - way each mast,
4. Sor - rows mul - ti - ply - ing, Pros - pects o - ver - cast,

Faint - ing on the pil - low, Ver - ging tow'rd the last.
Cling - ing to the ca - ble, I am an - chored fast.
Van - ish ev - 'ry pleas - ure— I am an - chored fast.
Weep - ing, moan - ing, sigh - ing, I am an - chored fast.

REFRAIN.

While the tem-pest ra - ges, To the Rock of A - ges I am an-chored

I am an - chored fast; . . . . . .
fast; . . . . . While the tem-pest ra - ges,
I am an-chored fast; . . .

To the Rock of A - ges I . . . . am an - chored fast. . . . . .
I am an-chored, I am an-chored fast. . . . . .

No. 37. Because I Love Jesus.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. My path may be lone-ly, and dark be the night, The clouds may be
2. Be-cause I love Je-sus, my Sav-ior and thine, There's peace in my
3. Tho' loved ones be ta-ken a-way from my side, Tho' rich-es and
4. Tho' all that is e-vil a-gainst me com-bine, Tho' Sa-tan a-

hid-ing the sun from my sight, Yet I have as-sur-ance that all will be right,
soul, there is comfort di-vine; 'T will al-ways abide, for the promise is mine,
hon-or to me be de-nied, Yet if I but trust Him no ill can be-tide,
round me his snares should entwine, Yet if I am faith-ful a crown will be mine,

REFRAIN.

Be-cause..... I love Je-sus. Be-cause I love Je-sus,

Be-cause

Je-sus, Be-cause..... I love Je-sus; My soul is at

Be-cause

rest, and in Him I am blest, Be-cause..... I love Je-sus.

Be-cause

No. 38. The Light of the World.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Tell it o'er mountain, and tell it o'er plain,
2. Tell the poor sin - ner in darkness and woe, Christ is the Light of the
3. I - dols of gold, wood and sil - ver give way, Christ is the light, the
4. Then let us fol - low in patience and love—

Mil-lions are wait - ing to catch the re - frain—
world! . . . Shout the glad ti-dings wher - ev - er you go—
Light of the world! Dark-ness is changed in - to beau - ti - ful day—
That we may prove, in the man-sions a - bove,

CHORUS.

Christ is the Light of the world! . . The Light of the world, the
Christ is the Light, the Light of the world!

Light of the world, Christ is the Light, the Light of the world; Lift high ev'ry

voice, oh, sing and re - joice, For Christ is the Light of the world!

No. 39. There is Pow'r in the Blood.

L. E. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J.
USED BY PERMISSION.

L. E. Jones.

1. Would you be free from the bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whi-ter, much whi-ter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide;
pow'r in the blood; Sin - stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow;
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing?

CHORUS.

There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
there is

Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
in the blood of the Lamb;

pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,

No. 40. He Included Me.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. I am so hap-py in Christ to-day, That I go singing a-long my way;
2. Glad-ly I read, "Who-so-ev-er may Come to the fountain of life to-day;"
3. Ev-er God's Spirit is saying, "Come!" Hear the Bride saying, "No longer roam;"
4. "Freely come drink," words the soul to thrill! O with what joy they my heart do fill!

Yes, I'm so hap-py to know and say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
But when I read it I al-ways say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
But I am sure while they're call-ing home, Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.
For when He said, "Who-so-ev-er will," Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.

CHORUS.

Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-clud-ed me, When the Lord said "Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me; Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-clud-ed me, When the Lord said "Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me.

No. 41. Keep Close to Jesus.

J. L.

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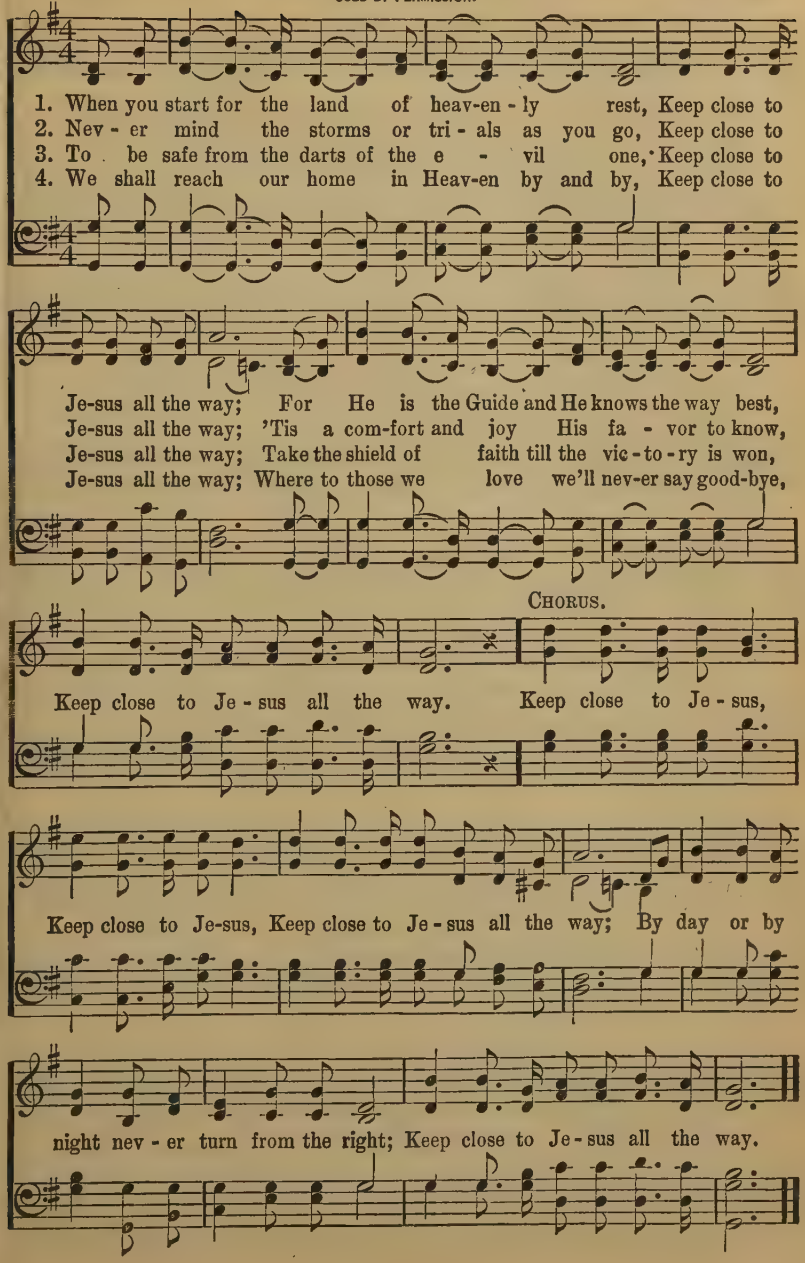
John Lane.



No. 42. Keep the Heart Singing.

C. H. G.

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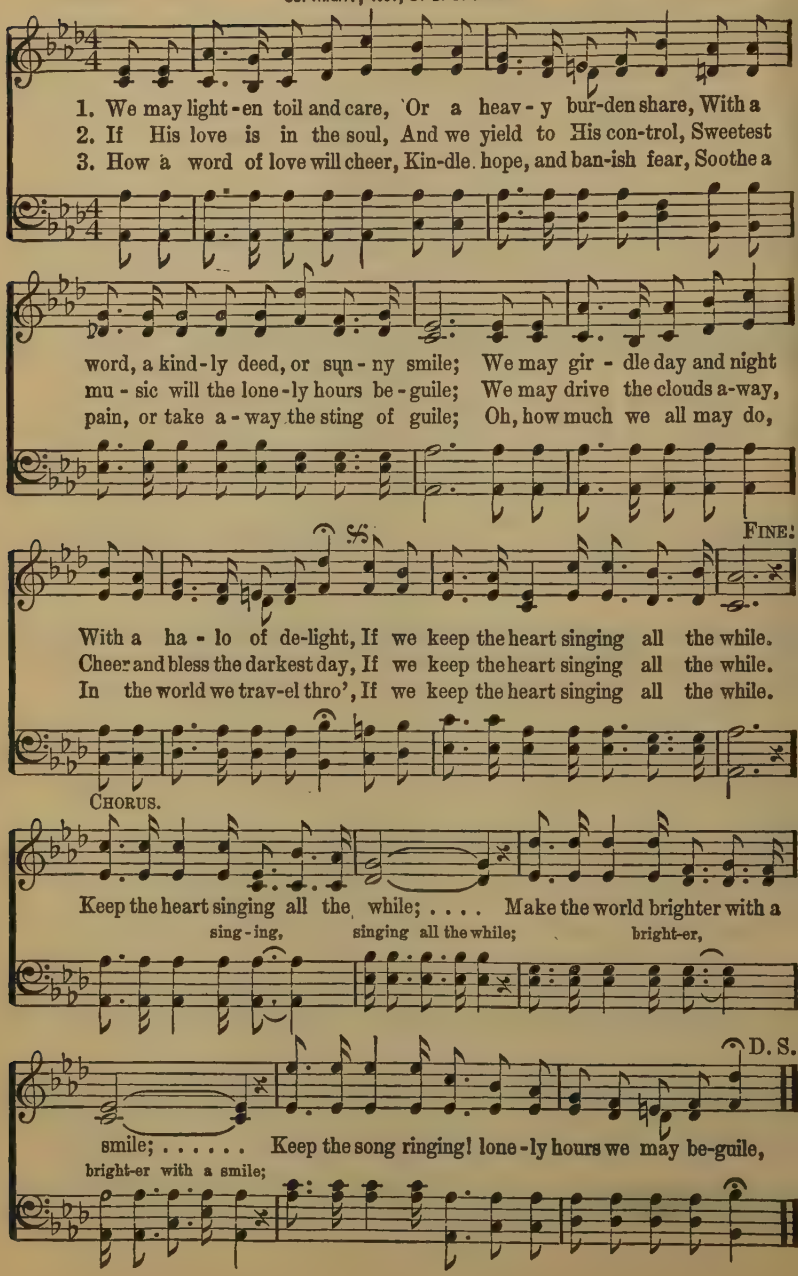
Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 43.

"At Calvary."

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. By sin's con-dem-na-tion my heart was op-pressed, No peace could I find, and no com-fort, no rest, Till Je-sus' voice whis-pered so sweet-ly to me, "Come lay down your bur-den at Cal-va-ry."
2. I plunged in the foun-tain, the rem-e-dy sure For sin and un-clean-ness,—the un-fail-ing cure: My bur-den fell off,—and to-day I can see There's per-fect sal-va-tion at Cal-va-ry.
3. Oh, won-der-ful cross with its arms stretching wide For you and for me, and the whole world be-side: No one is ex-clud-ed, and mer-cy is free For ev-'ry lost sin-ner at Cal-va-ry.

CHORUS.

cres.

At Cal-va-ry, at Cal-va-ry, My burdens fell off and from sin I was free; To Je-sus for-ev-er the glo-ry shall be; I lost all my bur-dens at Cal-va-ry.

No. 44. A Savior of Love.

Ina Duley Ogdon. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. INTERNATIONDL COPYRIGHT. B. D. Ackley.

1. How grate-ful the prais-es we of-fer to-day, To Christ the Re-
2. What pa-tience to lift us a-gain and a-gain, Tho' oft-en we
3. O Giv-er of faith that in-creas-es our sight, O Rock that shall

deem-er we prove; Our sins, tho' as scar-let, are ta-ken a-way,
stum-ble and fall; With strength for our weakness, and sol-ace for pain,
mov-er re-move, The en-trance a-bun-dant to Glo-ry and Light;

CHORUS.

For He is a Sav-ior of Love. . . .
His grace is suf-fi-cient for all. . . . . For He is a Sav-ior of
For He is a Sav-ior of Love. . . .
a Sav-ior of Love. a

Love, . . A won-der-ful Sav-ior of Love; . . O come and par-
Sav-ior of Love, a Sav-ior of Love;

take of His mer-cy to-day, For He is a Sav-ior of Love. . . .
a Sav-ior of Love.

No. 45. Where He Leads I'll Follow.

W. A. O. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. A. OGDEN. W. A. Ogden.

1. Sweet are the prom - is - es, Kind is the word; Dear - er far than
2. Sweet is the ten - der love Je - sus hath shown, Sweet-er far than
3. List to His lov - ing words, "Come un - to me!" Wear-y, heav - y -

an - y mes-sage man ev - er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ,
an - y love that mor - tals have known; Kind to the err - ing one,
lad - en, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in His prom - is - es,

Sin - less, I see; He the great ex-am-ple is, and pat - tern for me.
Faith-ful is He, He the great ex-am-ple is, and pat - tern for me.
Faith-ful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav-ior, and thy soul is se-cure.

CHORUS.

Where . . . . He leads I'll fol - - - low,
Where He leads I'll fol - low, Where He leads I'll fol - low,

1 2

Fol - - low all the way; Follow Jesus ev-'ry day.
Fol - low all the way, yes, fol - low all the way;

No. 46. The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.

1. I am a stran-ger here, with - in a for - eign land; My home is far a-way, up - on a gold - en strand; Am-bas - sa - dor to be of realms be - yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.

2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev - 'ry-where, Re-pent and turn a-way from sin's se - duc - tive snare; That all who will o-bey, with Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the mes - sage that I bring, A message angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God."

3. My home is bright - er far than Shar-on's ro - sy plain, E - ter - nal life and joy thro'-out its vast do - main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how mor - tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.

CHORUS.

No. 47. I Will Not Forget Thee.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Sweet is the promise—"I will not forget thee," Nothing can mo-lest or turn my soul a-way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val-ley,
2. Trust-ing the promise—"I will not forget thee," Onward will I go with songs of joy and love; Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends forsake me,
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am standing, All my trib-u-la-tions, all my sorrows past, How sweet to hear the bless-ed proc-la-ma-tion,

CHORUS.

Just be-yond is shining one e-ter-nal day.
I shall be remembered in my home above. I . . . . . will not forget thee or leave thee; In my hands I'll hold thee, in my arms I'll fold thee; I . . . . . will not for-get thee or leave thee; I am thy Re-deem-er, I will care for thee.
"Enter, faithful servant, welcome home at last!" I will not forget thee, I will nev-er leave thee; I will not for-get thee, for-get

No. 48. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

CHORUS.

If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God.
Where He waits at the o - pen door.

The way of the cross leads home, The way of the cross leads home; It is sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.

No. 49. Hark! There's a Call to the Brave.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. M. L. McPhail.

1. Hark! there's a call for the brave and true! Broth-er, en - list, for the Lord wants you! Fac - ing the foe with your sword in hand, Brave-ly go forth at your Lord's command.
2. Come to the front, brother, take a stand; Fall in - to line at your Lord's command; Fol - low His lead in the ear - nest fight, Con-quer for God, and for truth and right.
3. Who'll vol - un - teer in the ranks to - day, Read - y to plunge in the thick - est fray? Je - sus now waits for the brave and true; Broth-er, en- list! for the Lord wants you.

CHORUS.

Hear the call, (brother,) hear the call, Plead - ing for help from one and all; Hear the call, (broth-er,) hear the call, Plead - ing for help from one and all.

No. 50. You Ought to Know Him.

H. O. Devah.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Wm. Edie Marks.

1. I have a friend—you ought to know Him, He is a Sav - ior
2. I have a friend—you ought to know Him, He is a faith - ful
3. I have a friend—you ought to know Him, Will you not let Him

ten - der and true; Je - sus, my King— how I a - dore Him!
Shep-herd and Guide; Sor - row He shares, bur - dens He light - ens,
en - ter your heart? Peace He will give you with - out meas - ure,

CHORUS.

And He should be as pre-cious to you.
Ev - 'ry good thing by Him is sup-plied. I have a friend—you ought to
Blessing un - told, that will not de - part.

know Him, Will you re - ceive His greet-ing to - day? Wait-ing He stands,

ten - der - ly plead - ing:—"I am the Life, the Truth, and the Way."

No. 51. His Way With Thee.

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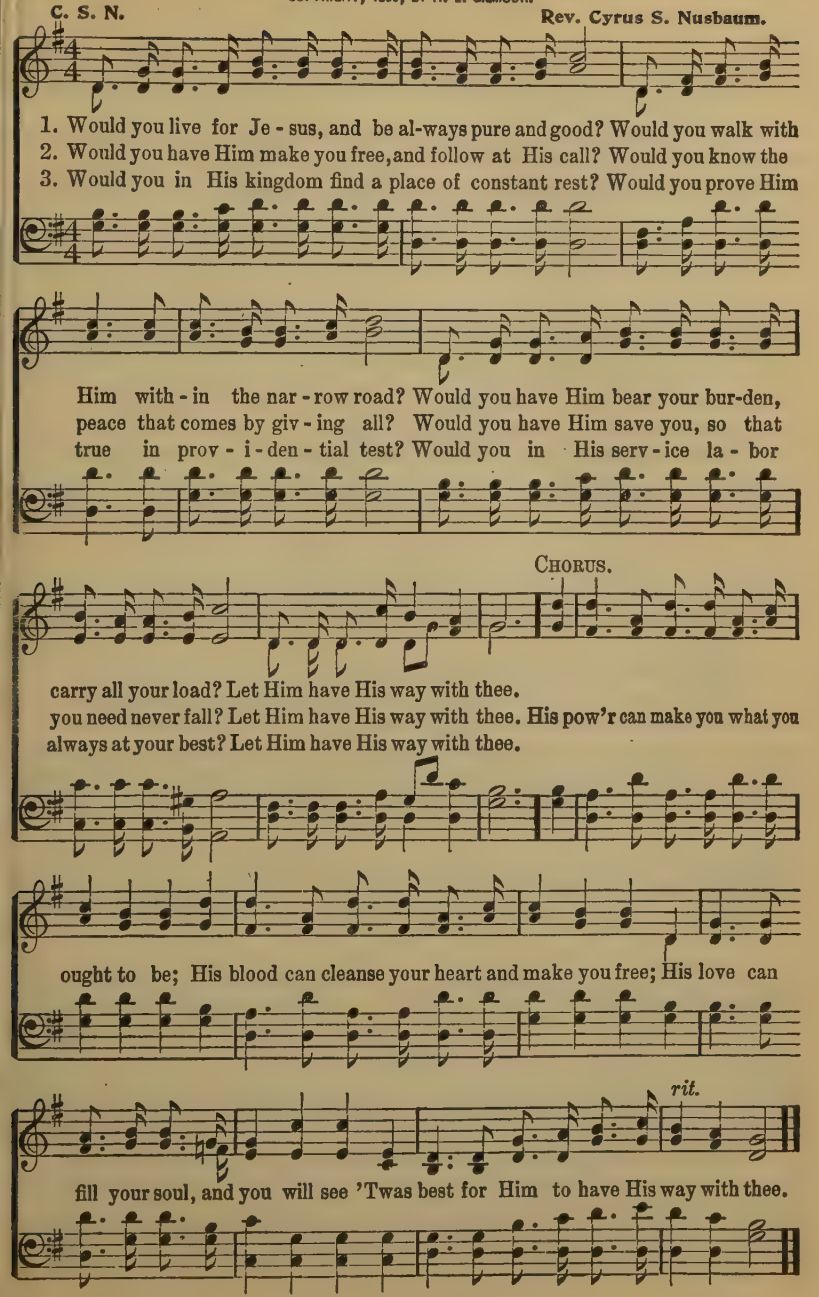
C. S. N. Rev. Cyrus S. Nusbaum.



No. 52. Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt.

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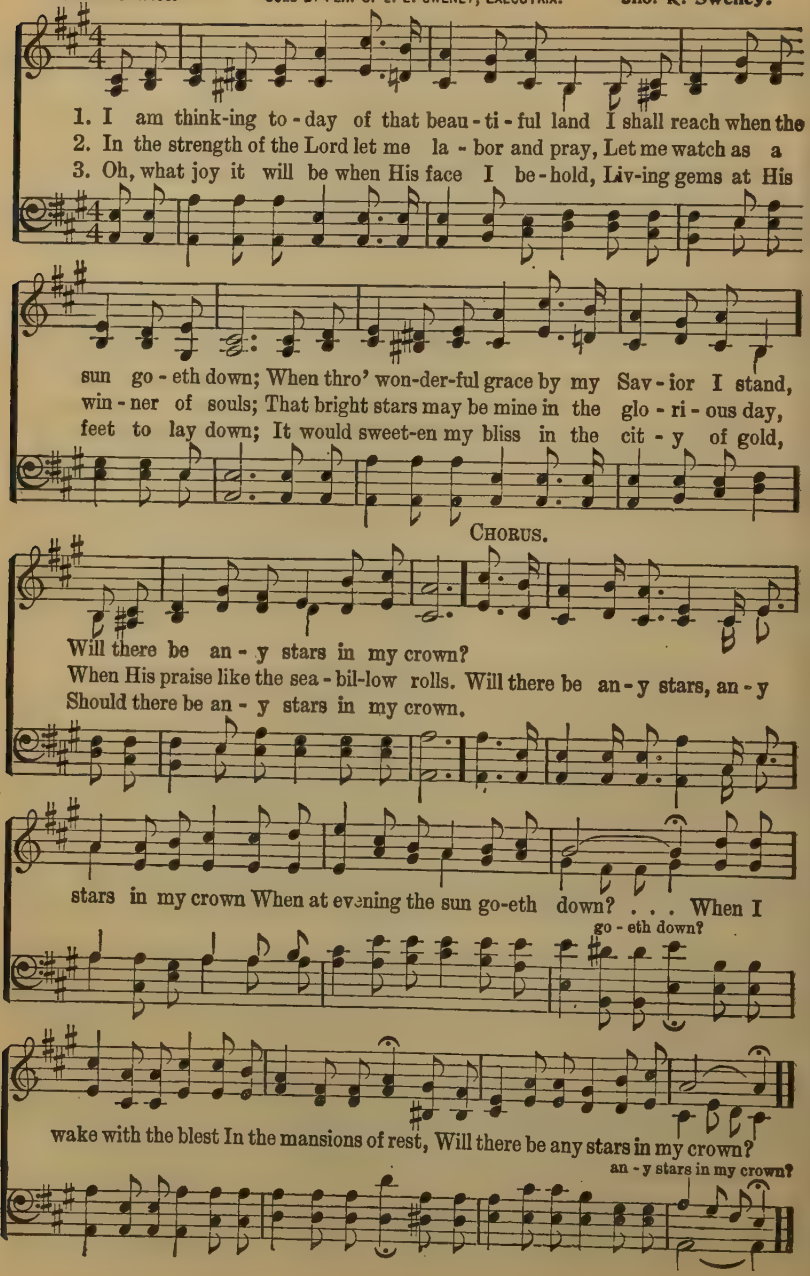
Jno. R. Sweney.



No. 53. Working, Watching, Praying.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY POWELL G. FITHIAN.
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Powell G. Fithian.

1. Go forth! Go forth for Je - sus now, Be work - ing! Be watch - ing! The
2. Go forth! Go forth to all the world, O stay not! De - lay not! But
3. Go forth! Let heart and hand be strong! Be work - ing! Be watch - ing! O

Go forth! Go forth!

Lord Him-self will teach you how To watch and pray. 'Tis not for thee thy
let love's ban-ner be unfurled, And grace be told. O let re-deem-ing
stay the mighty pow'r of wrong Wher-e'er ye may. Equipped with love and

field to choose; No work He gives must thou re-fuse; Be work - ing! Be watch-ing!
love be sung, A song of joy on ev-'ry tongue; Be work - ing! Be watch-ing!
strength divine, The vic - to - ry is sure - ly thine; Be work - ing! Be watch-ing!

CHORUS.

Be pray - ing! Go forth to work, to watch and pray! 'Tis Je-sus who calls thee;

Go forth! Go forth!

The har - vest waits for thee to - day, Go bring some sheaves for God.

No. 54. Love Won My Heart.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. Out on the moun-tains far a-way, Out in the cold and dan-ger,
2. I lived a self-ish life for years, Sought thro' this world for pleasure,
3. I work for Je-sus now each day, Since I have been for-giv-en;

When I was wand'ring far a-stray, Still to my Sav-ior a stran-ger:
Till God, who rules the radiant spheres, Sent me a won-der-ful treas-ure.
And when this life has passed a-way, I want to praise Him in Heav-en.

CHORUS.

Love won my heart, . . Christ did im-part, . . Love, wonderful
Love won, love won my heart, Christ did, Christ did im-part,

love of God, Love won my heart; . . God's love to me, . . .
won my heart; God's love, God's love to me,

deep as the sea, . . Love of God so strange and free, Love won my heart.
deep as, deep as the sea,

No. 55. In the Cleft of the Rock.

Lizzie DeArmond.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.

1. High as the mountain tho' the bil - lows roll, In Je - sus' keep-ing
2. O soul, be faith - ful; to the end en - dure, Trust-ing His prom - is-
3. When thro' the Jor-dan I must take my way, His staff will com - fort

I will trust my soul; He can the rag - ing seas and wind con - trol,
es for - ev - er sure; Kept in the fort - ress of His love se - cure,
me and be my stay; O - ver the riv - er there is end - less day,

REFRAIN.

In the cleft of the Rock He will hide me. Hide . . . me, safe-ly

Hide me, safe - ly hide,

hide me, Hide . . me, safe-ly hide me,

hide . . . . me, safe-ly hide, ... Hide . . . . me, safe-ly

hide me, safe-ly hide, Hide me, safe-ly hide, hide me in the Rock,

Hide . . . me from all dan-ger, In the Rock that was cleft for me.

Hide me from all dan-ger, from all dan - ger,

No. 56. O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

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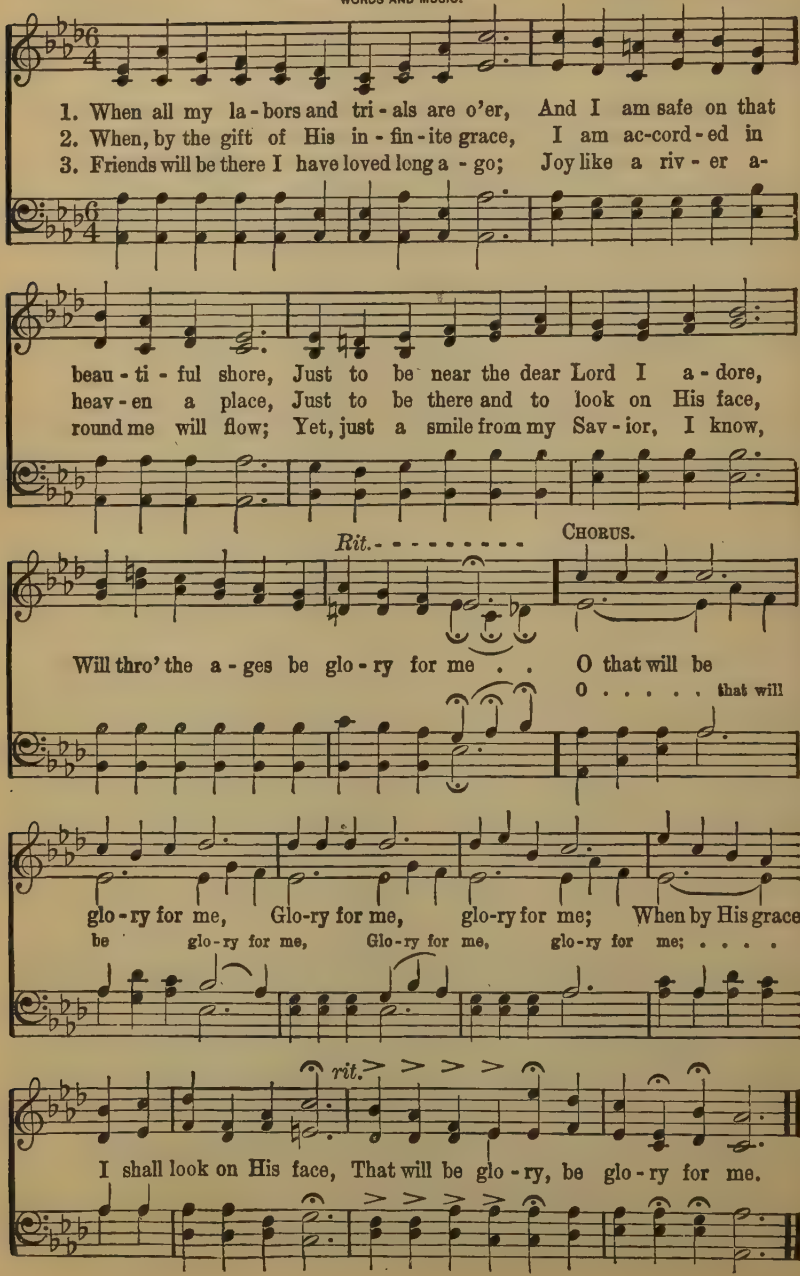
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 57. Satisfied.

A. H. Ackley.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
E. O EXCELL, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley.

1. When I have fin-ished my pil-grim-age here, When shall have vanished temp-ta-tion and fear, As in the arms of His love I a-bide,
2. When I am troub-led by grief and de-spair, Grace nev-er-fail-ing a-waits me up there; Will-ing to trust Him what-ev-er be-tide,
3. When I have trav-eled the way with my Lord, Count-ing the mile-posts by faith in His word, Liv-ing and dy-ing with Him at my side,

CHORUS.

I shall be sat-is-fied. I..... shall be sat-is-fied, I..... shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied, I..... shall be sat-is-fied; I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied;

rit.

Shel-tered a-bove by His in-fi-nite love, I shall be sat-is-fied.

No. 58.

'Tis Sweet to Know.

W. L. T.

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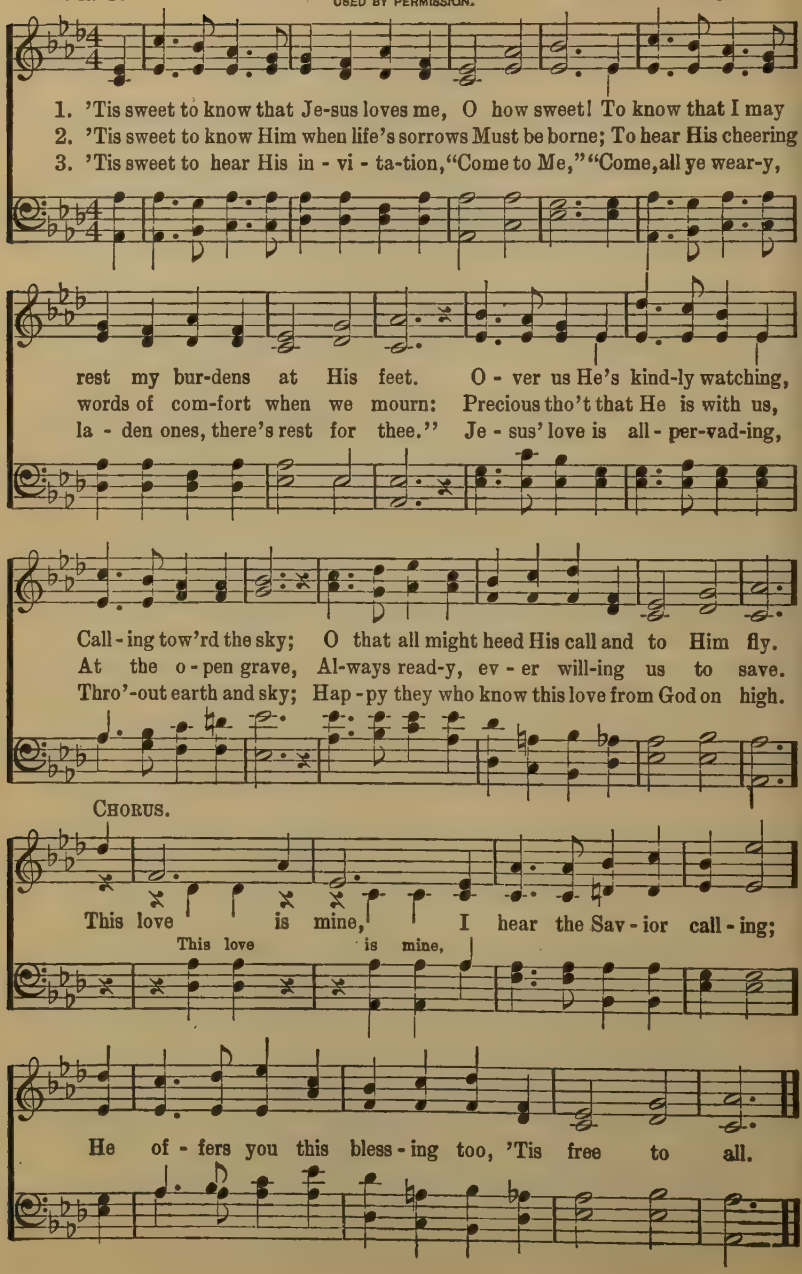
Will L. Thompson.



No. 59.

Calling the Prodigal.

C. H. G.

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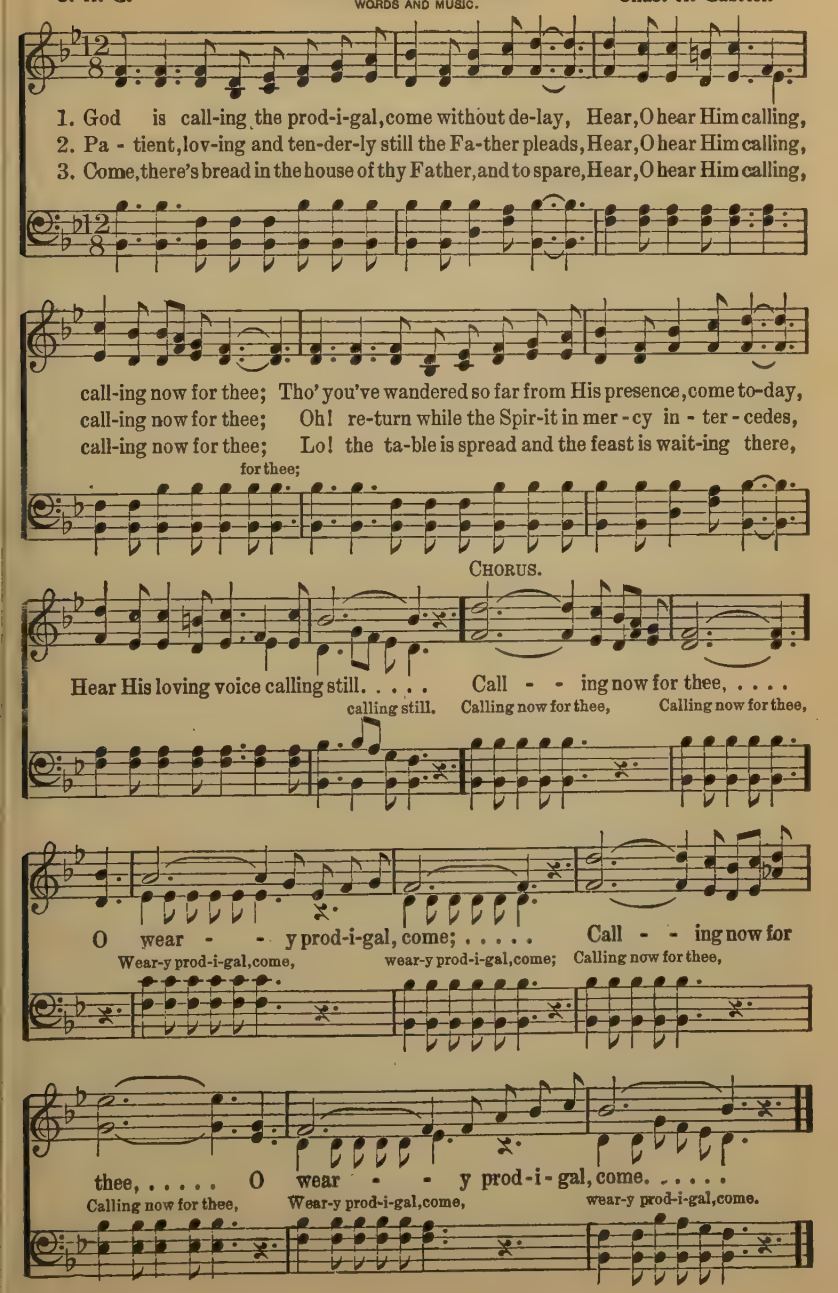
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 60. Be a Hero.

Adam Craig.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. On the bat-tle-field of life Be a he - ro! In its tur-moil and its strife
2. There are gi-ants in the land, Be a he - ro! In the strength of Jesus stand,
3. When you see a broth-er fall, Be a he - ro! Lend a help-ing hand to all,

Be a he - ro! Show your col-ors in the fight, And, with sword and armor bright,
Be a he - ro! In the dark-ness and the light, Fight like Da-vid for the right,
Be a he - ro! In the name of Christ draw near, Speak a word of hope and cheer,

D. S.—*On, ye sol-diers, to the fray, Hear the great Com-man-der say,*

FINE. CHORUS.

Strike out brave-ly for the right; Be a he - ro!
Stay the tempt-er in his might; Be a he - ro! Be a he - ro! Trust in
Do what good you can while here; Be a he - ro!

Be a he-ro!

"We shall sure-ly gain the day!" Be a he - ro!

D. S.

God and nev-er fear! Be a he - ro! He will help you; He is near;

Be a he-ro!

No. 61. "Christ Jesus Died for Sinners."

W. A. O.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A Ogden.

1. There's a won-der-ful theme in the gos - pel tongue, As e'er was heard, as
2. 'Tis a won-der - ful theme, and I oft have read How Je - sus bowed His
3. 'Tis a won-der - ful theme, that the Lord should give His life that I might

e'er was sung, And thro' the world the message rung, "Christ Jesus died for sinners."
wear - y head; "'Tis finished!" to the world He said: "Christ Jesus died for sinners."
life re-ceive; And now He bids me look and live: "Christ Jesus died for sinners."

CHORUS.

Tell the mes - sage o'er a-gain, Je-sus died . . . for sin-ful men;
Tell the message o'er again, o'er again, Jesus died for sinful men, sinful men;

Sound the word, ... and make it plain: "Christ Je-sus died for sin - ners."
Sound the word, and make it plain, make it plain:

No. 62. Don't Forget to Pray.

Miriam E. Arnold.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When the day is dark and lone - ly, Don't for - get to pray;
2. When the sun is bright - ly shin - ing, Don't for - get to pray;
3. O the bliss this won-drous friend-ship Will your soul af - ford,

Prayer will make your path - way bright - er, Drive the clouds a - way.
Let the Sav - ior share your glad - ness, On your pil - grim way;
Dwell - ing thus in close com-mun - ion With your lov - ing Lord;

For your lov - ing heav'n - ly Fa - ther Lis - tens when you call,
For He longs to walk be - side you, Your most trust - ed Friend,
Till in Heav'n you shall be - hold Him, See Him face to face,

And in mer - cy He will an - swer, Trust Him for it all.
And a - bide thro' storm and sun - shine To your jour - ney's end.
And thro'-out e - ter - nal a - ges Praise Him for His grace.

FINE.

D.S.—"*In the se - cret of His pres - ence,*" *Don't for - get to pray.*

CHORUS.

Tell Him all your sor - rows, He will turn your night to day,

D. S.

No. 63. His Love Can Never Fail.

E. S. Hall.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. I do not ask to see the way My feet will have to tread;
2. And if my feet would go a-stray, They can-not, for I know
3. I will not fear, tho' dark-ness come A-broad o'er all the land,

But on-ly that my soul may feed Up-on the liv-ing bread.
That Je-sus guides my falt'ring steps, As joy-ful-ly I go.
If I may on-ly feel the touch Of His own lov-ing hand.

'Tis bet-ter far that I should walk By faith close to His side,—
And tho' I may not see His face, My faith is strong and clear,
And tho' I trem-ble when I think How weak I am, how frail,

FINE.

I may not know the way I go, But oh, I know my Guide.
That in each hour of sore dis-tress My Sav-ior will be near.
My soul is sat-is-fied to know His love can nev-er fail.

D. S.—*My soul is sat-is-fied to know His love can nev-er fail.*

CHORUS.

D. S.

His love . . can nev-er fail, His love . . can nev-er fail;
His love can nev-er fail, His love can nev-er fail;

No. 64. I Would Not Live Without Him.

A. W. S.

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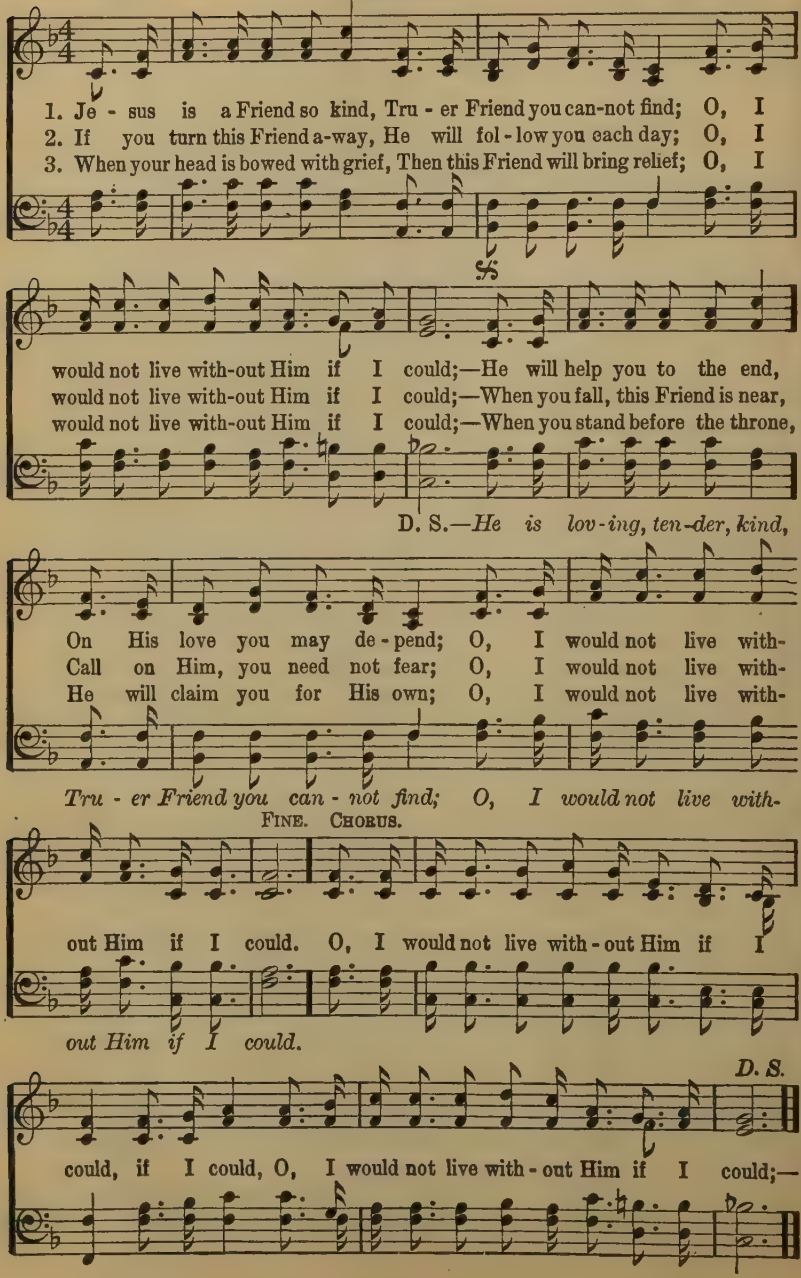
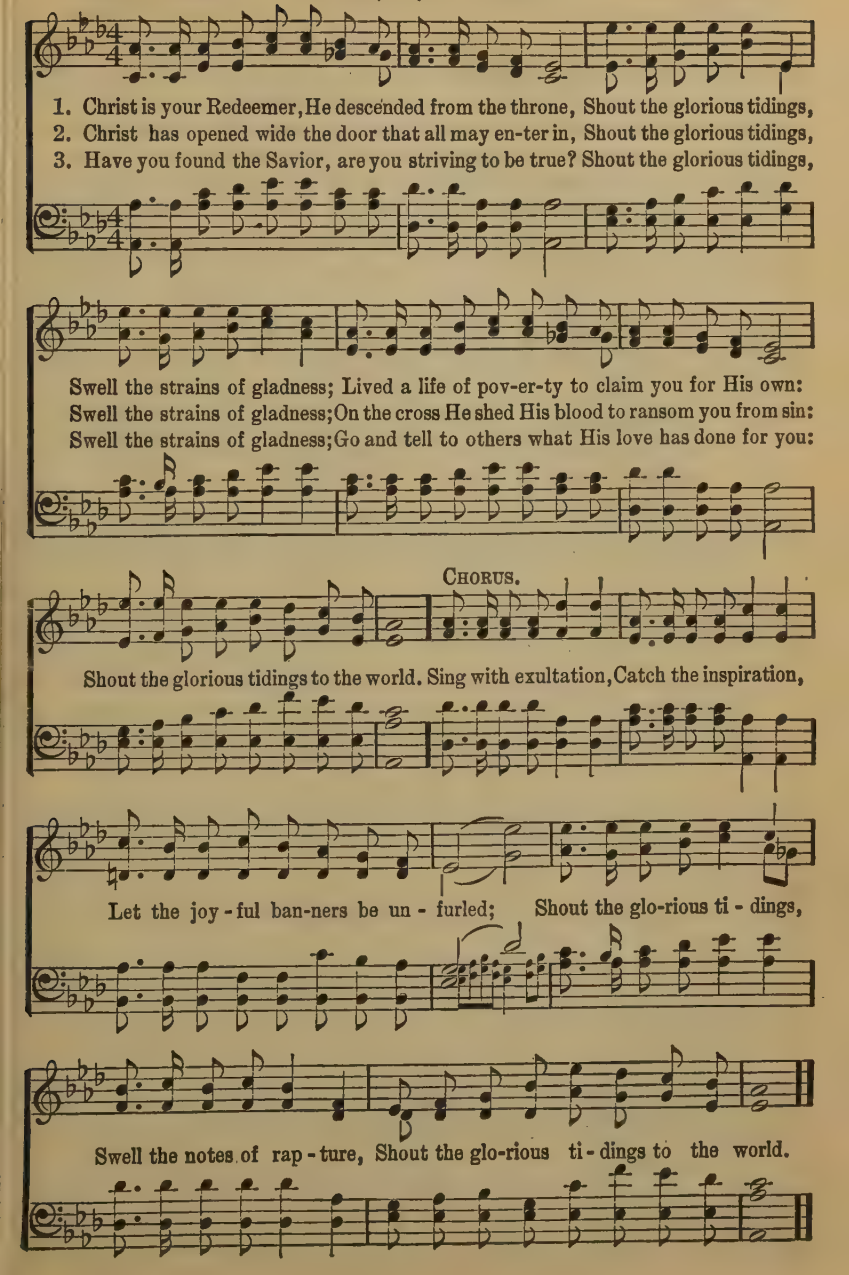
Arthur Willis Spooner.



No. 65. The Glorious Tidings.

Victor M. Hatfield. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY V. M. HATFIELD. Susie E. Hatfield.



No. 66. Servant of God, Awake.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Serv - ant of God, a - wake un - to thy du - ty; Why will ye doubt, why fal - ter, why de - lay? Look on the fields that wave in gold - en beau - ty, While thou art dream - ing pre - cious hours a - way.

2. Wide are the plains that glimm'ring lie be - fore thee Ripe un - to har - vest; thrust the sick - le in! High in the heav'ns the sun is burn - ing, o'er thee,—Still thou art i - dle! Now the work be - gin.

3. Up! in the name of Him who died to save you; Seek for the err - ing as He sought for you! Al - ways re - mem - ber what in love He gave you, And be a serv - ant loy - al, brave, and true.

4. "He that en - dur - eth," is the word re - cord - ed, Shall joy and ev - er - last - ing life ob - tain; To him a crown at last shall be a - ward - ed, Thro' Christ the Lord, who was for sin - ners slain.

CHORUS.

Serv - ant of God, a - rouse ye, a - wake! Je - sus is call - ing! Go, la - bor for His sake! Je - sus is call - ing! Go, la - bor for His sake!

No. 67. Jesus, Friend of Sinners.

Charles Irvin Junkin.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Hast Thou love for me?
2. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Thou hast read my heart,
3. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Thou hast touched my soul,
4. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Bid me fol - low Thee,
5. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Hold me by Thy side,

Son of God the Ho - ly, Man of mys - ter - y,
Searching its re - cess - es, With a lov - er's art;
Not with scorn - ful pit - y, Not with beg - gar's dole;
O'er the rug - ged high - ways, E'en to Cal - va - ry;
Till the shad - ows deep - en Tow'rd the e - ven - tide;

Lov - er of the chil - dren, Teach - er of the wise,
Naught have I with - hold - en, Noth - ing hid from Thee,
Thou hast not de - spis - ed Men that faint or fall,
Let me know Thy Spir - it, Sweet, and strong, and wise;
To Thy strength and beau - ty I would ev - er bend,

Let me read the se - cret In Thy friend - ly eyes.
Waste, or want, or fol - ly, Things that should not be.
Ten - der - er than broth - er, For Thou know - est all.
I would win the friend - ship In Thy lov - ing eyes.
Till, in dawn e - ter - nal, Friend shall be as Friend!

No. 68. Jesus is All the World to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L. THOMPSON, EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;

He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this Friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.

When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can
He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the har - vest's
Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, He watch - es o'er me
Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend; Beau - ti - ful life that

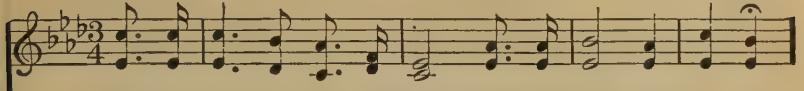
f *pp*

cheer me so; When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my Friend.
gold - en grain; Sun-shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my Friend.
day and night; Fol-low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.
has no end; E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my Friend.

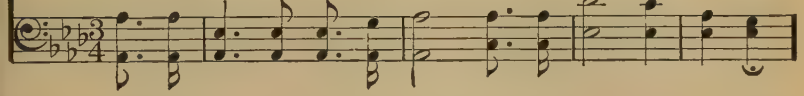
No. 69. Spend One Hour With Jesus.

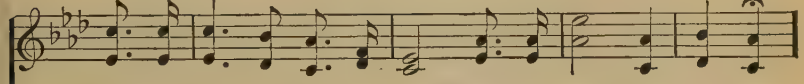
WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Katharine A. Grimes. E. O. Excell.

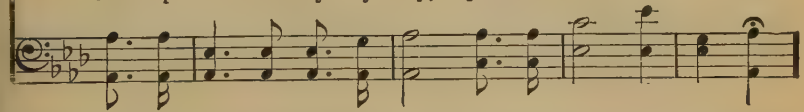


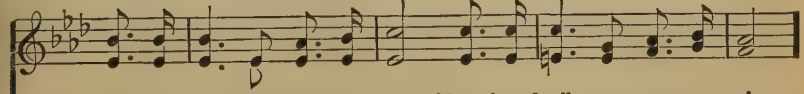
1. Wear - y soul by sin op-pressed, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
2. Do you fear the gath-'ring gloom? Spend one hour with Je - sus;
3. Ev - 'ry need He will sup - ply, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
4. All a - long life's storm-y way, Spend one hour with Je - sus;



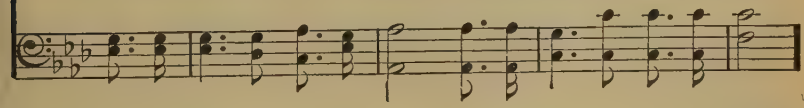


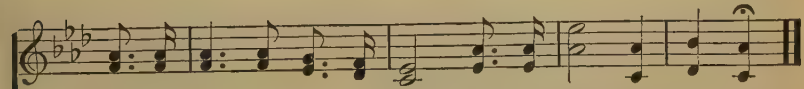
He will give your spir - it rest, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
In the si - lent in - ner room, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
He a - lone can sat - is - fy, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
Call up - on Him day by day, Spend one hour with Je - sus:



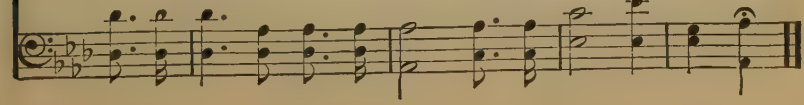


He has felt your grief be - fore, Num-bered all your sor - rows o'er,
He will speak un - to your soul, Make your ev - 'ry heart-ache whole,
Oh, the mer - cy He will show, Oh, the grace He will be - stow,
Tell Him all— He is your Friend, He will count-less bless - ings send,



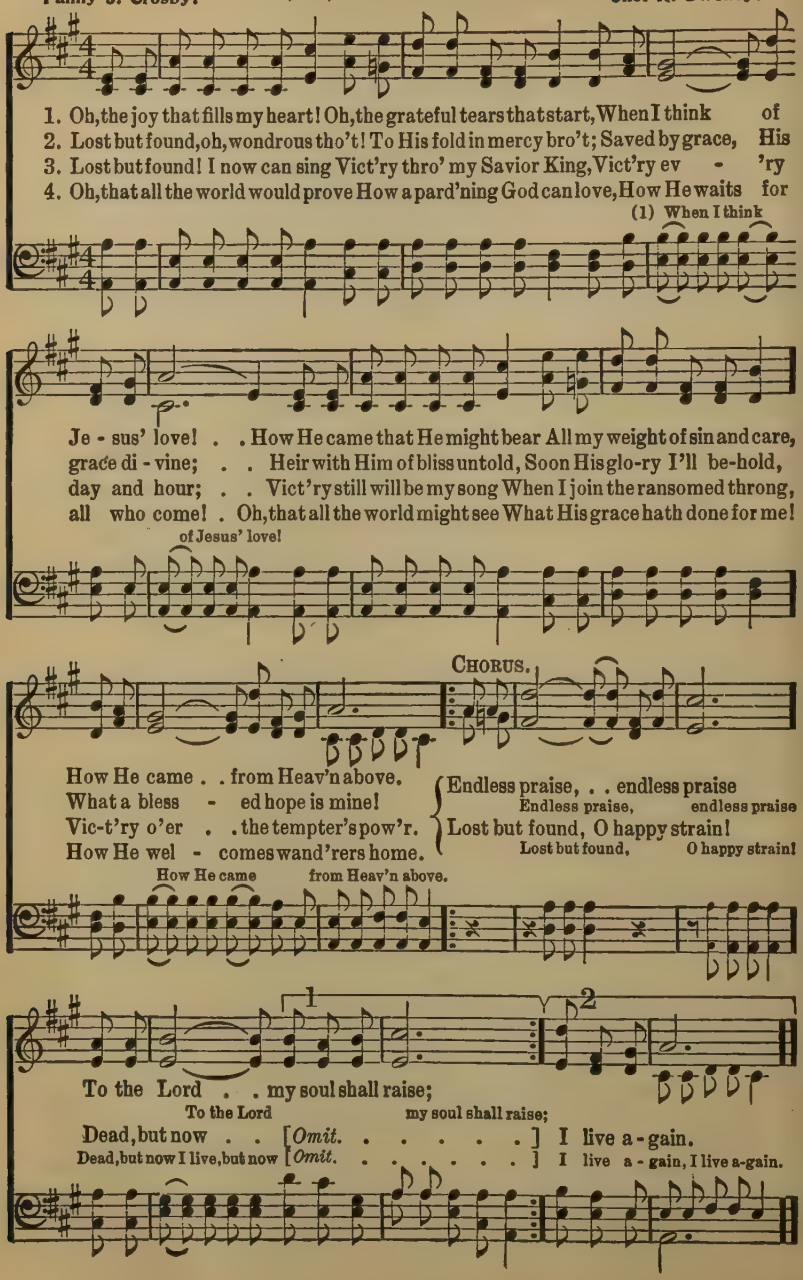


He will ev - 'ry joy re - store; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Point you to the Heav'n-ly Goal; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Grace to con - quer ev - 'ry foe; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
He will keep you to the end; Spend one hour with Je - sus.



No. 70. Lost But Found.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY MRS. JOHN R. SWENEY. RENEWAL. Jno. R. Sweney.



No. 71. God Shall Wipe All Tears Away.

Lotta B. White.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY A. B. MORTON.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

A. B. Morton.

1. God shall wipe all tears a - way, By and by, by and by,
2. God shall wipe all tears a - way,
3. God shall wipe all tears a - way,
4. God shall wipe all tears a - way, By and by by and by,

When earth's night has passed a-way, By and by, by and by;
In that res - ur - rec - tion day,
All earth's sor-rows will re - pay,
We shall sing His praise for aye, By and by, by and by;

In that land that knows no night, But where Je - sus is the light,
In that land so bright and fair, With our loved ones we shall share
No more part-ings, no more tears, No more sigh - ing, no more fears,
We shall nev - er know a care, Nor a grief nor bur - den bear,

rit. e dim.

We shall walk in robes of white, By and by, by and by.
All the glo - ries o - ver there,
Spend with Christ the hap-py years,
Al - ways hap - py o - ver there, By and by, by and by.

No. 72. Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF W. H. DOANE.
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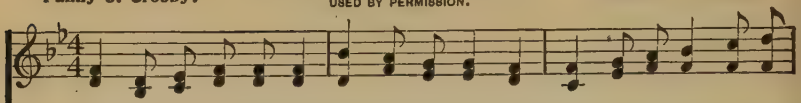
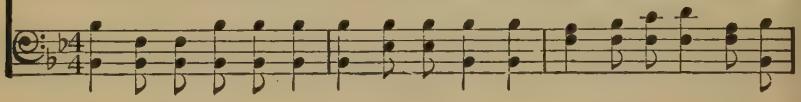
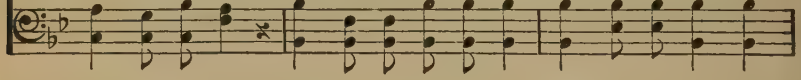
William H. Doane.



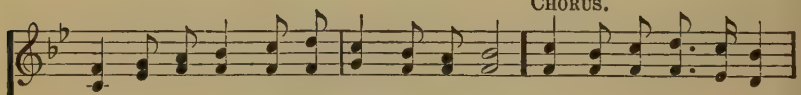
1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that
4. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du-ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la-bor the



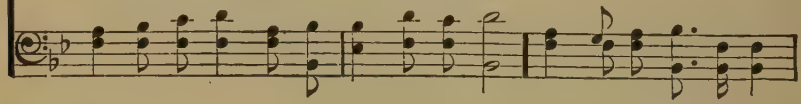
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er-ring one, Lift up the fall-en,
child to re-ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly:
grace can re-store; Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro-vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them;

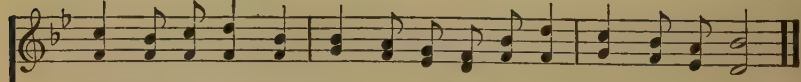


CHORUS.

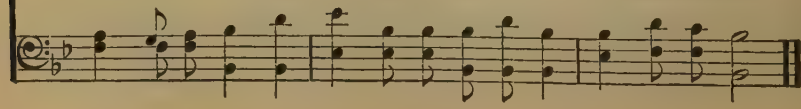


Tell them of Je-sus the might-y to save.
He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per-ish-ing,
Chords that are bro-ken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav-ior has died.





Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.



No. 73. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
USED BY PER. OF W. H. DOANE.

W. H. Doane.

1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low - ly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the Sav - ior draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the
4. At the bless - ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him, we be - lieve That the

gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - ior and Friend; If we come to Him in
ten - der com - pas - sion His chil - dren to hear; When He tells us we may
Sav - ior who loves them their sor - row con - fide; With a sym - pa - thiz - ing
bless - ing we're need-ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive; In the full-ness of this

faith, His pro - tec - tion to share, What a balm for the wear - y!
cast at His feet ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wear - y!
heart He re-moves ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear - y!
trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear - y!

D. S.—*What a balm for the wear - y!*

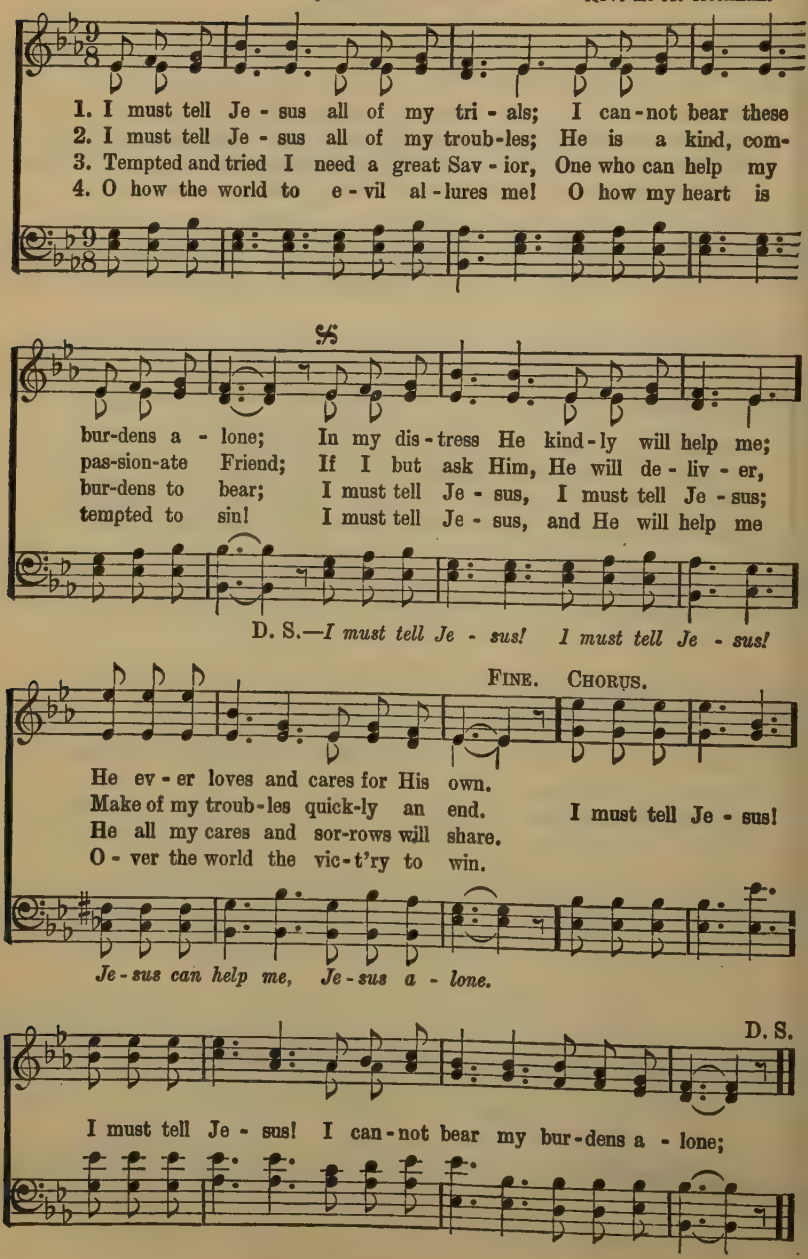
FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

O how sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of prayer, bless-ed hour of prayer;

O how sweet to be there!

No. 74. I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.



No. 75.

All for Jesus.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It belongs to Him;
2. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It belongs to Him;
3. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It belongs to Him;
4. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It belongs to Him;

All my heart I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
All my voice I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
All my love I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
All my life I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;

Ev - er-more to be His dwell-ing, Ev - er-more His prais - es swell-ing,
Plead-ing for the young and hoar - y, Tell - ing of His pow'r and glo - ry,
Lov - ing Him for love un - ceas - ing, For His mer - cy e'er in - creas-ing,
Hour by hour I'll live for Je - sus, Day by day I'll work for Je - sus,

Ev - er-more His good - ness tell - ing,—It be-longs to Him.
Sing - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry,—It be-longs to Him.
For His watch-care nev - er ceas - ing,—It be-longs to Him.
Ev - er-more I'll hon - or Je - sus,—It be-longs to Him.

No. 76. More Like the Master.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. More like the Mas - ter I would ev - er be, More of His meek-ness, more hu - mil - i - ty; More zeal to la - bor, more cour-age to be true, More con - se - cra - tion for work He bids me do.

2. More like the Mas - ter is my dai - ly prayer; More strength to car-ry cross - es I must bear; More earn-est ef - fort to bring His king - dom in; More of His Spir - it, the wan - der - er to win.

3. More like the Mas - ter I would live and grow; More of His love to oth - ers I would show; More self - de - ni - al, like His in Gal - i- lee, More like the Mas - ter I long to ev - er be.

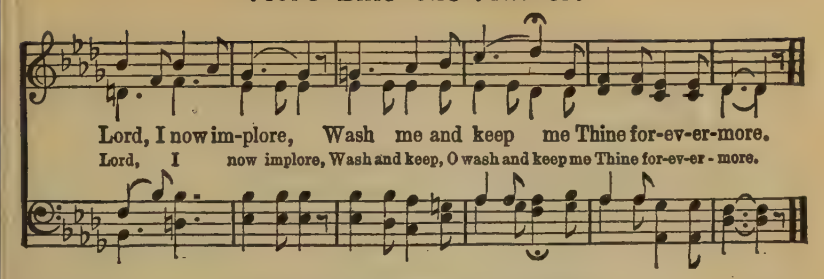
rit.

CHORUS.

Take Thou my heart, . . I would be Thine a - lone; . . Take Thou my heart . . and make it all Thine own; . . Purge me from sin, . . O

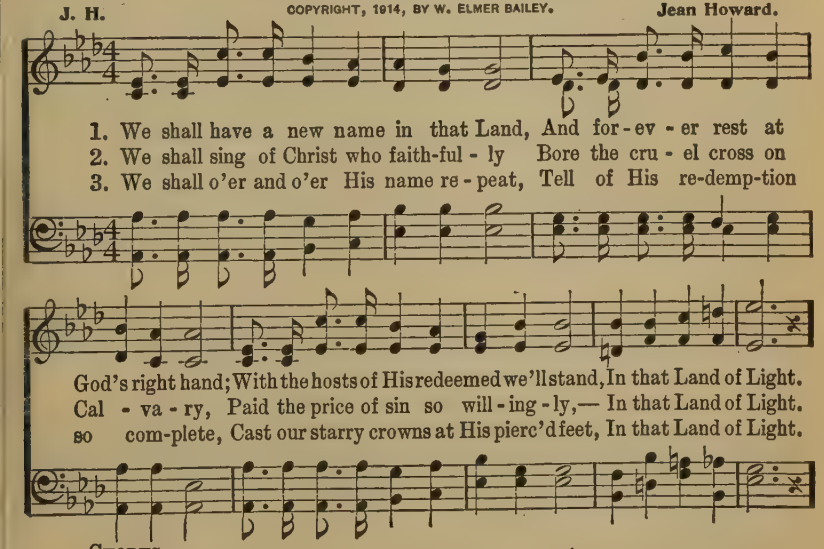
Take my heart, O take my heart, I would be Thine a - lone; Take my heart, O take my heart and make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev - 'ry sin, O

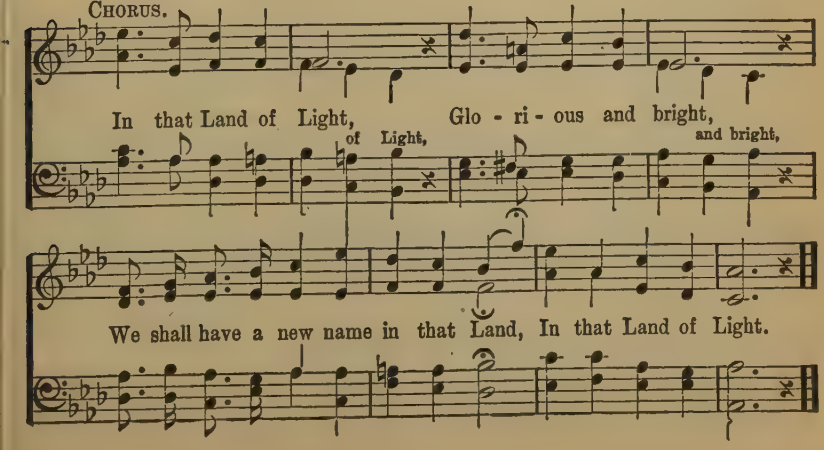
More Like the Master.



No. 77. In That Land of Light.

J. H. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. ELMER BAILEY. Jean Howard.





No. 78. Hold Up the Cross.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Hold up the cross! there the Sav-ior of men Be-came our re-demp-tion from sin;
2. Hold up the cross! 't is the sig-net of peace, The prom-ise of a-ges ful- filled;
3. Hold up the cross! let the peo-ple be-hold, And know that sal-va-tion may be
4. Hold up the cross! there is no oth-er way For sin-ners, by sin-ning en- slaved,

Then her-ald the sto-ry a-gain and a-gain, Of all that dear
It means a do-min-ion that nev-er shall cease, The bless-ing our
A-bun-dant and free, to the young and the old, Yea, all who are
To come from the bondage of dark-ness to day, And be ev-er-

CHORUS.

Sav-ior has been.
Fa-ther has willed. Hold up the cross!
will-ing to see.
last-ing-ly saved.

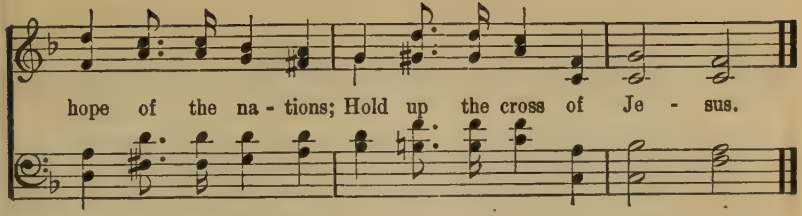
Hold up the cross! Hold up the cross!

Hold up the cross of Je-sus!

Hold up the cross! The cru-ci-fied Lord is the

Hold up the cross to the world, to the world!

Hold Up the Cross.

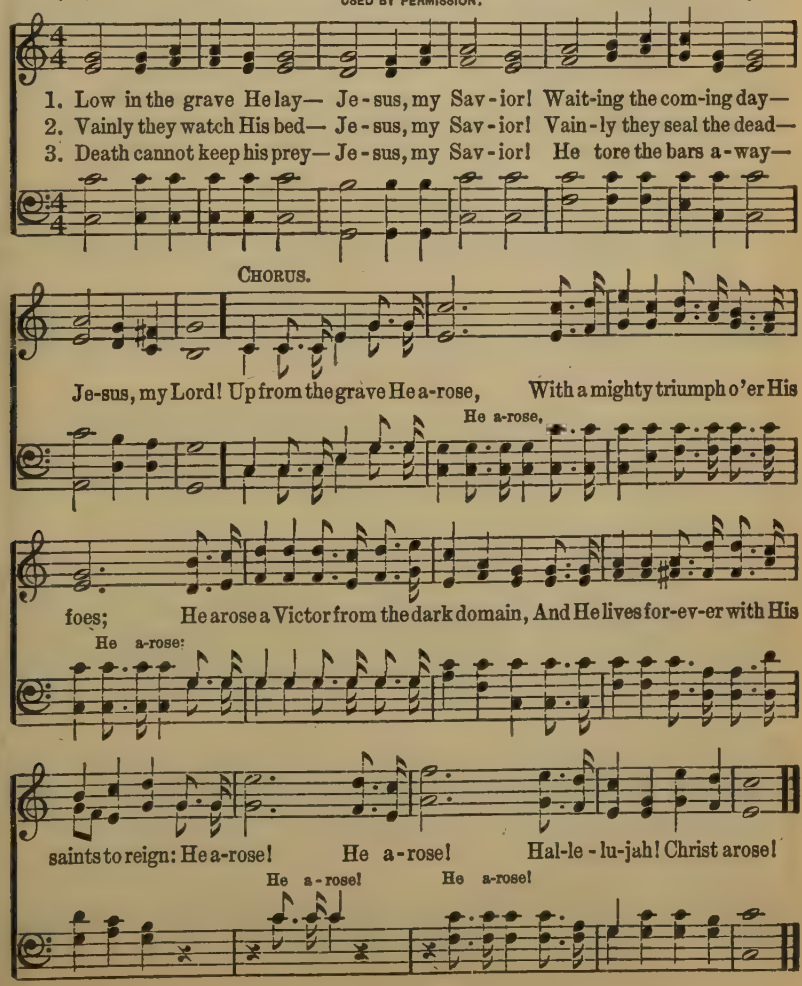


No. 79. Christ Arose.

R. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Robert Lowry.



No. 80. Watching for the King's Return.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. B. D. Ackley.

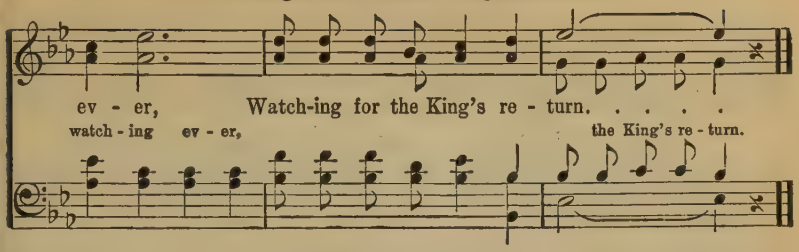
1. O, to be more faith-ful, work-ing day by day, Watch-ing for the King's re - turn! Pray-ing for the king-dom, Liv - ing as we pray,
2. O, to be more lov-ing, truth-ful, brave and pure, Watch-ing for the King's re - turn! Seek-ing heav'n-ly treas-ures, rich - es that en - dure,
3. O, to res - cue oth - ers from the night of sin, Watch-ing for the King's re - turn! To our Sav-ior's glo - ry, bright-est stars to win,
4. Trusting in His mer - cy, joy - ful in His grace, Watch-ing for the King's re - turn; Till we see His beau - ty, meet-ing face to face,

rit.

CHORUS.

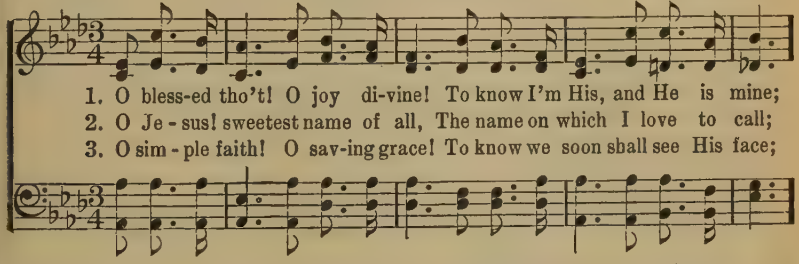
Watch-ing for the King's re - turn. . . . . Watch - ing for the King's re - turn. Ev - er watch - ing, ev - er, Watch-ing for the King's re - turn; Watch - ing watch - ing ev - er, Ev - er watch-ing.

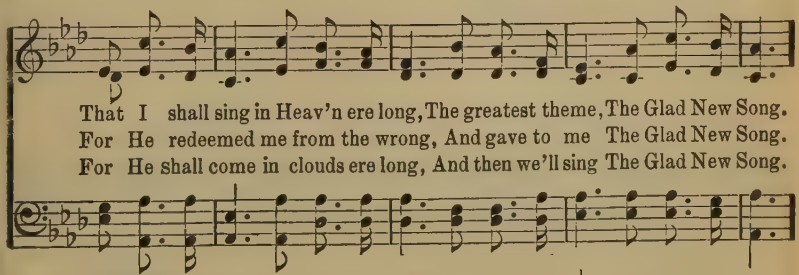
Watching for the King's Return.

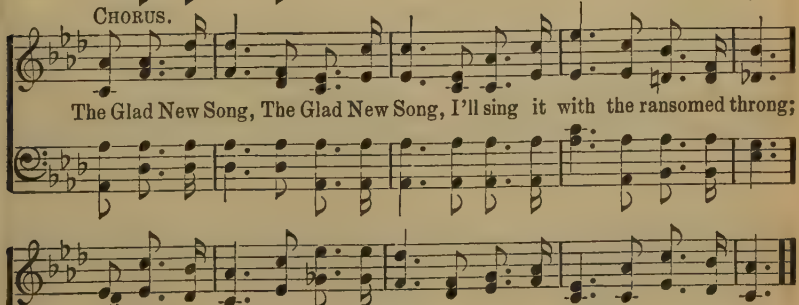


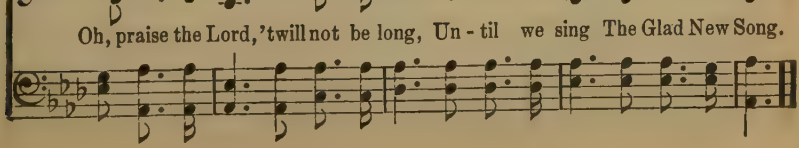
No. 81. The Glad New Song.

W. M. E. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY WM. MC EWAN. Wm. McEwan.









No. 82. Count Your Blessings.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC E. O. Excell.

1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem-pest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the conflict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis-

couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them one by
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev - 'ry doubt will
promised you His wealth un-told; Count your man-y blessings, mon-ey can not
couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an - gels will at-

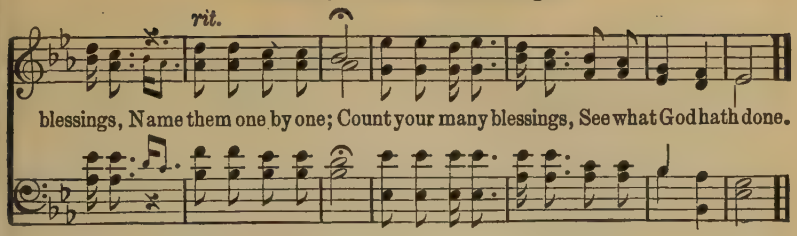
CHORUS.

one, And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.
fly, And you will be singing as the days go by. Count your blessings, Name them
buy Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high.
tend, Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.

Count your many blessings,

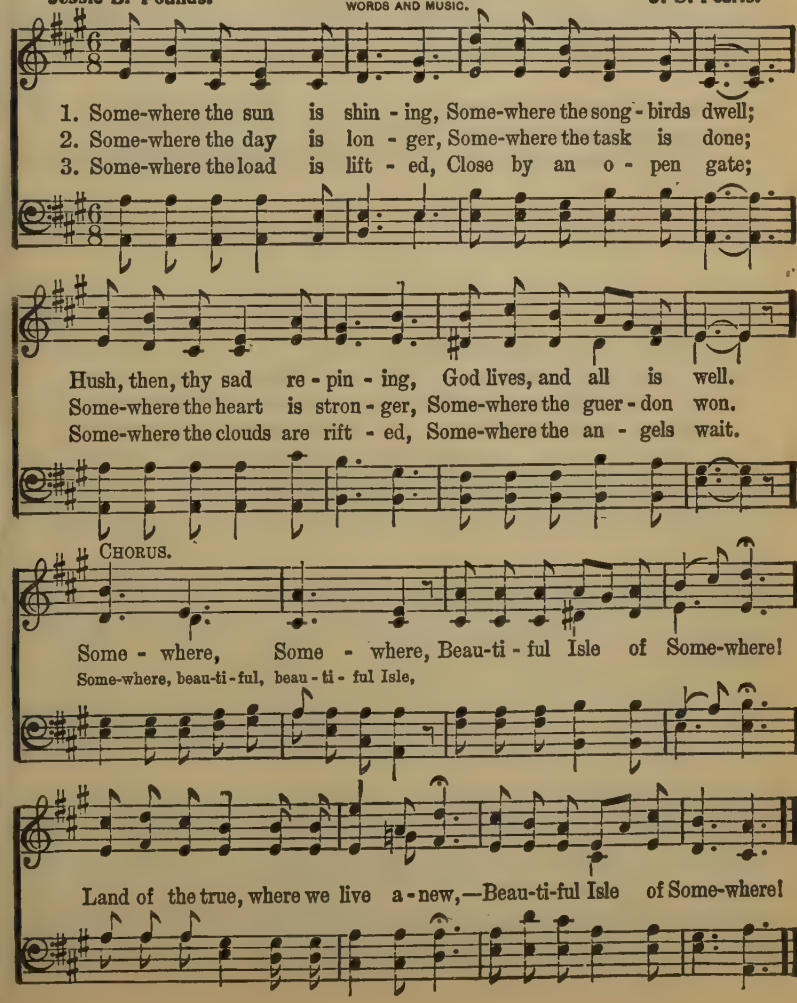
one by one; Count your blessings, See what God hath done; Count your
Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done; Count your many

Count Your Blessings.



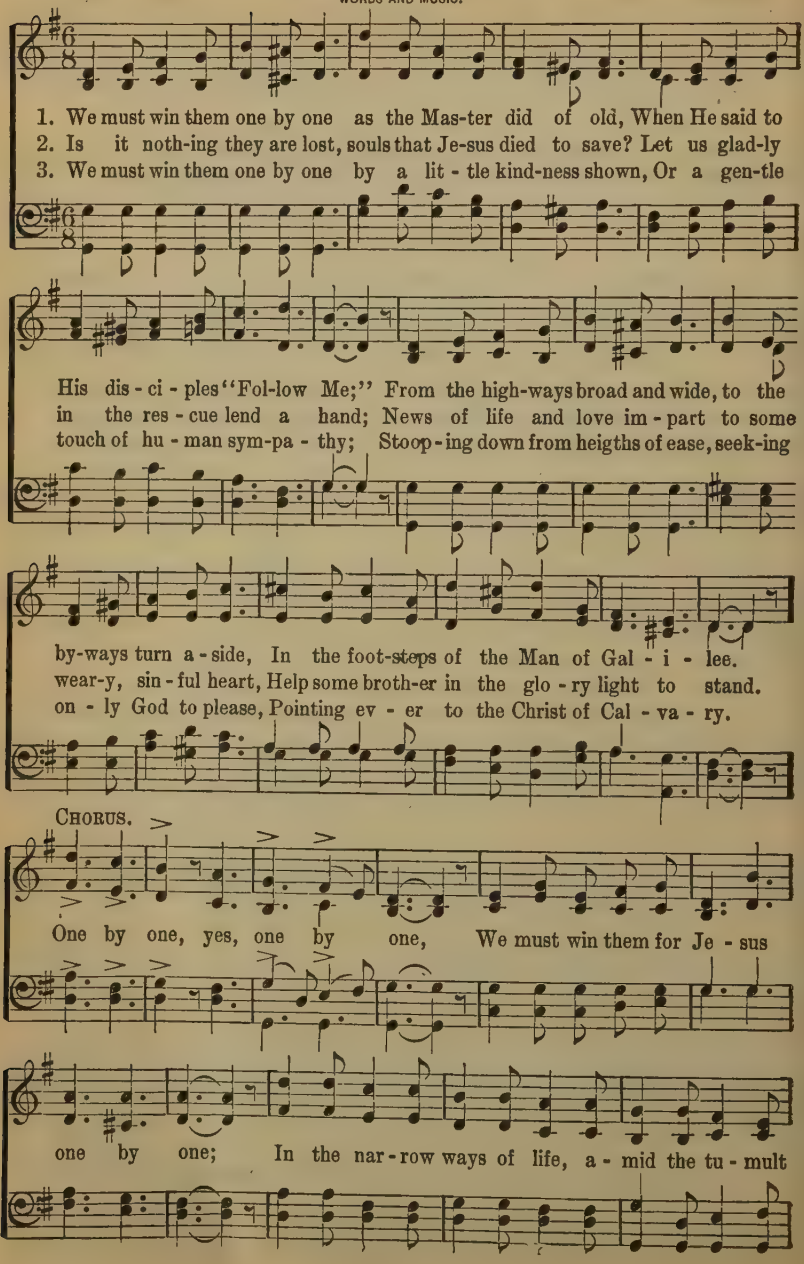
No. 83. Beautiful Isle.

Jessie B. Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. Fearis.



No. 84. Win Them One By One.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.



Win Them One By One.

and the strife, We must win them for Je - sus one by one.

No. 85. Hold Up Your Hands For Jesus.

H. L. D.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

J. H. Rosecrans.

SOLO. CHORUS.

1. "Al-most per-suad-ed" now to be - lieve,
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," come, come to-day, Hold up your hands for Je-sus;
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," har-vest is past,

SOLO. CHORUS.

"Al-most per-suad-ed" Christ to re - ceive,
"Al-most per-suad-ed," turn not a - way, Hold up your hands for Je-sus.
"Al-most per-suad-ed," dawn comes at last,

CHORUS.

Hold up your hands while He is passing by; Hold up your hands, for He is drawing nigh;

Hold up your hands, for why will ye die? Hold up your hands for Je - sus.

No. 86. Songs In the Night.

Nellie A. Montgomery.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.

1. When the clouds of af-flic-tion have gath-ered, And hid-den each star from my
2. Oh, how dear are those mes-sa-ges to me! No need then to cry in af-
3. And when morn breaks at last in its splen-dor, And sor-row is changed to de-

sight, I know if I turn to my Fa-ther, I know if I turn to my
fright; My heart groweth strong as I lis-ten, My heart groweth strong as I
light, Oh, still would I ev-er re-mem-ber, Oh, still would I ev-er re-

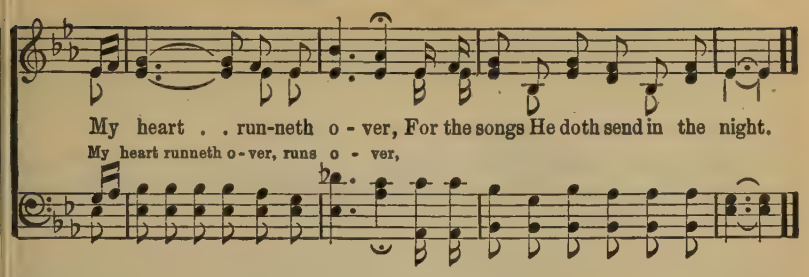
Fa-ther, Sweetest songs, sweetest songs, sweetest songs He will give in the night.
lis-ten To the songs, to the songs, to the songs He doth send in the night.
mem-ber All the songs, all the songs, all the songs that were sent in the night.

in the night, in the night,

REFRAIN.

Songs in the night, songs in the night,
Songs..... in the night! ... Oh, how precious the songs in the night!.....
in the night!

Songs in the night, songs in the night,



No. 87. Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J.
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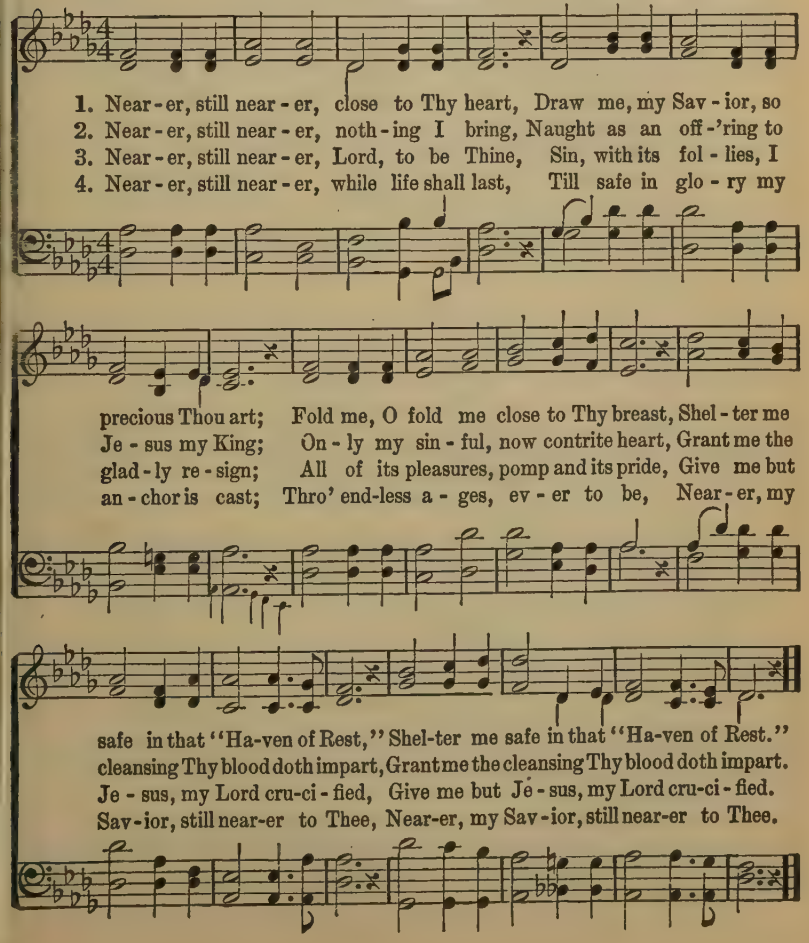
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



No. 88. Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Kate Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION. W. H. Doane.

1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wear - y, And help - less and de - filed.

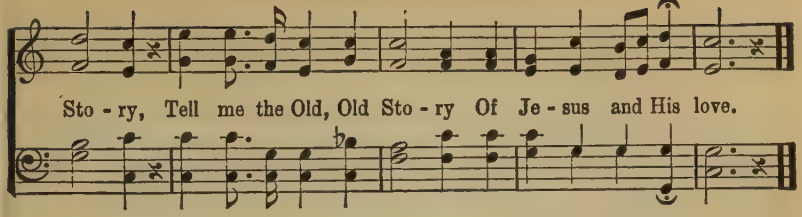
2. Tell me the sto - ry, slow - ly, That I may take it in— That won - der - ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old

3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tones and grave; Re - mem - ber I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry al - ways, If you would real - ly be, In an - y time of troub - le, A com - fort - er to me.

4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's empty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's glo - ry Is dawn - ing on my soul, Tell me the old, old sto - ry: "Christ Je - sus makes thee whole."

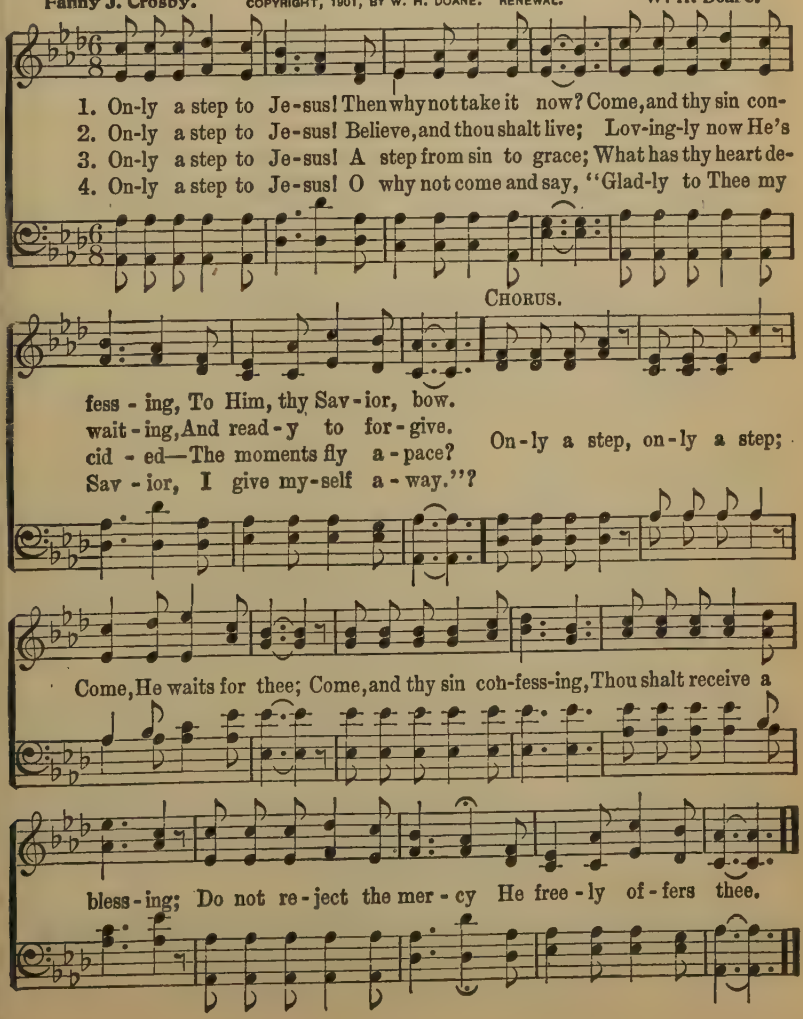
CHORUS.

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.



No. 89. Only a Step.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL. W. H. Doane.



No. 90. Harvest Song.

C. H. G.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look, the har - vest-field is teem - ing With the rich and ri-pened grain;
2. In the mar - kets and the by - ways, Whil-ing pre-cious hours a - way,
3. Hear ye not the faith - ful sing - ing Of the la - bor and the yield?

Wide it spreads be - fore us, Bright the sky is o'er us; In the sun-light,
Man - y stand com-plain-ing, I - dle still re - main-ing, Loit'ring in the
Rouse ye, then, O sleep - ers, Join the hap-py reap - ers; To the wind your

gold-en gleaming, Heaving like the rest-less main, "Reapers are needed," re-
dust - y highways, Hearing not the Mas-ter say: "Reapers are needed, O
sor-rows fling-ing, Pa-tient-ly the sick - le wield: "Reapers are needed, A-

CHORUS.

sounds o'er hill and plain.
who will work to - day?" Rouse ye, then, and to the fields a-way, Go
wake, and to the field!"

to the fields a - way,

la - bor for the Mas-ter while you may; Lo! He is call - ing,

Mas - ter while you may;

Harvest Song.

night is fall-ing, Has-ten to o-bey, For reap-ers are need-ed to-day.

No. 91. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Sing them o-ver a-gain to me, Won-der-ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all, Won-der-ful words of Life;
3. Sweet-ly ech-o the gos-pel call, Won-der-ful words of Life;

Let me more of their beau-ty see, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Sin-ner, list to the lov-ing call, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Of-fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of Life.

Words of life and beau-ty, Teach me faith and du-ty:
All so free-ly giv-en, Woo-ing us to heav-en:
Je-sus, on-ly Sav-ior, Sanc-ti-fy for-ev-er:

REFRAIN.

Beau-ti-ful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life; Life.

No. 92. The Grand Old Bible.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Hold up the grand old Bi-ble to the peo - ple! De-ny it or neg-lect it
2. Hold up the grand old Bi-ble and proclaim it The word of God by proph-ets
3. Hold up the grand old Bi-ble of our fa-thers, And send it un - to ev - 'ry
4. Hold up the grand old Bi-ble, proudly own it, Believe, and search its sa-cred

nev - er! Un - fail-ing it has stood the test of a - ges, And it shall
spo - ken; His seal im - print-ed glows up - on its pa - ges, And not a
na - tion; It is the cloud by day, the fire in dark-ness, That lights the
pa - ges; There you may find the way of life e - ter - nal—Im-mor-tal

CHORUS.

stand unchanged for - ev - er!
pre - cept can be bro - ken. O bless-ed book, . . . the on - ly
way un - to sal - va - tion.
life thro' end-less a - ges.

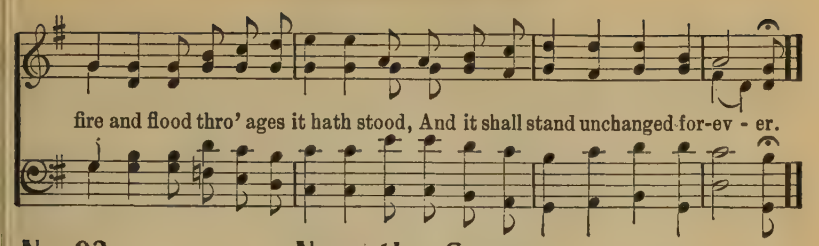
O bless-ed book,

book, . . . The pow'rs of earth can change it nev-er! The test of

the on - ly book,

*With his permission this song is gratefully inscribed to Dr. R. A. TORREY, in appreciation of his steadfast loyalty to the grand old book—the BIBLE.

The Grand Old Bible.

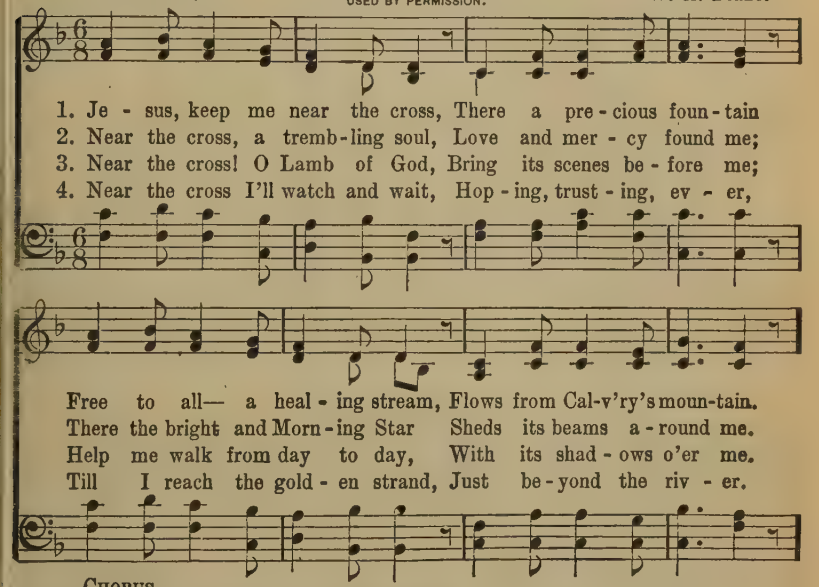


No. 93. Near the Cross.

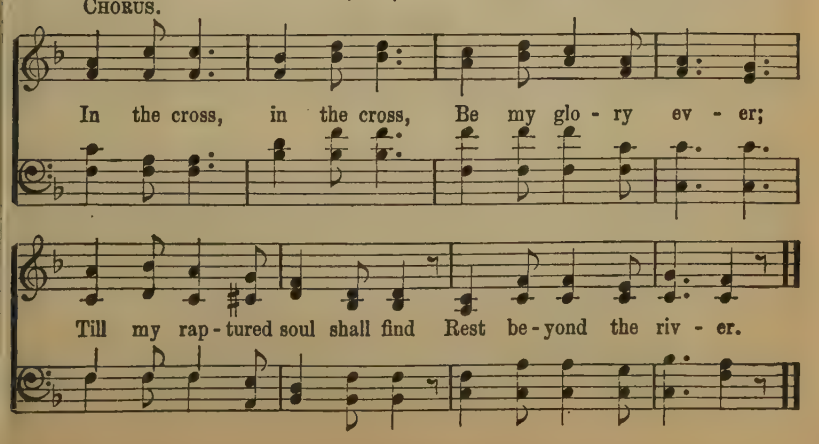
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY W. H. DOANE.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. H. Doane.



CHORUS.



No. 94. Willing Am I.

E. D. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

Wm. Edie Marks.

1. Will-ing am I, and read-y al-way; Will-ing am I His
2. Will-ing to go, nor ques-tion, nor pause; Will-ing to do my
3. Will-ing to serve as du-ty de-mands, Will-ing to aid with
4. Will-ing the emp-ty ves-sel to fill, Will-ing to live con-

word to o-bey; Will-ing am I to speak in His name, Will-ing His
best for His cause; Will-ing to be of use an-y-where, Will-ing all
kind help-ing hands; Will-ing the way to Heav-en to show, Will-ing to
formed to His will; Will-ing to work, to watch and to pray, Will-ing to

CHORUS.

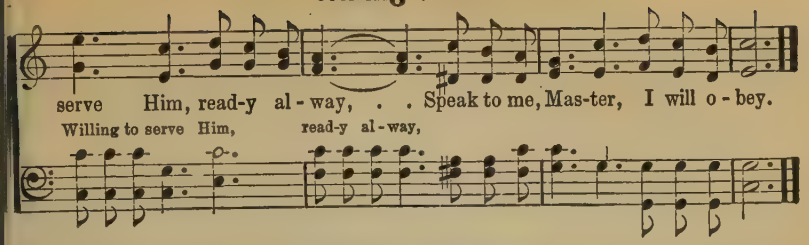
love a-broad to pro-claim. Willing to do what Je-sus re-quires,
things for Je-sus to bear.
help the best that I know.
wait His com-ing some day.

Will-ing to do what . . Je-sus requires,

Will-ing to go where Je-sus de-sires, . . Will-ing to

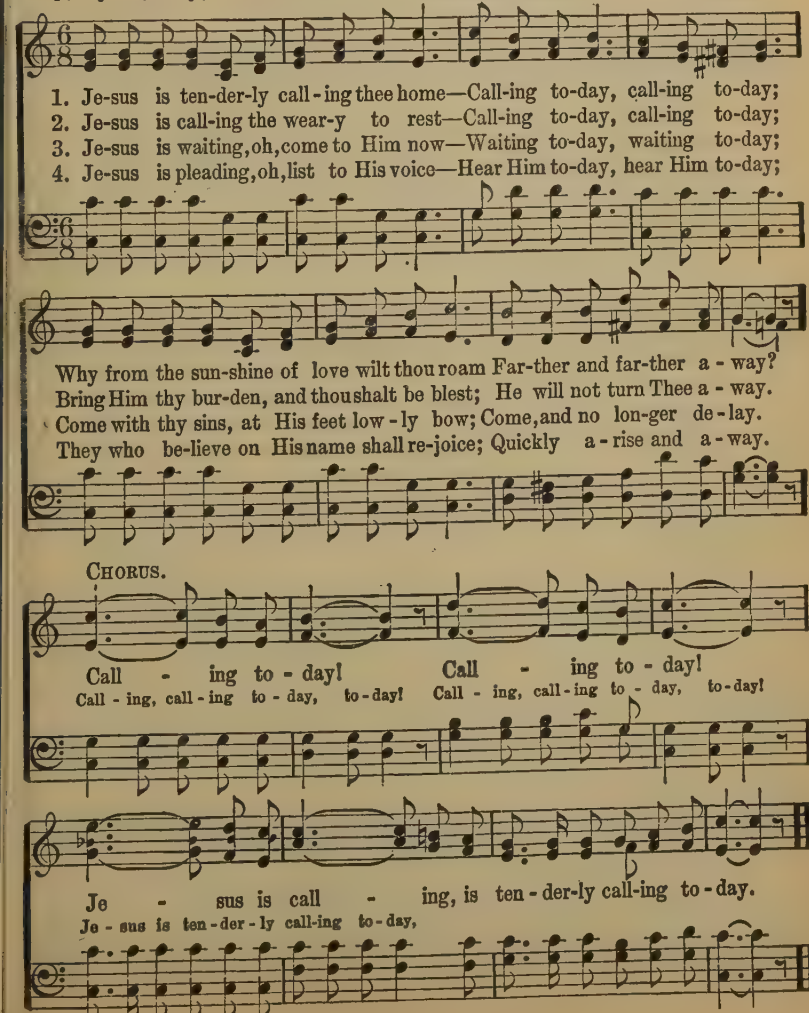
Will-ing to go where . . Je-sus de-sires,

Willing Am I.



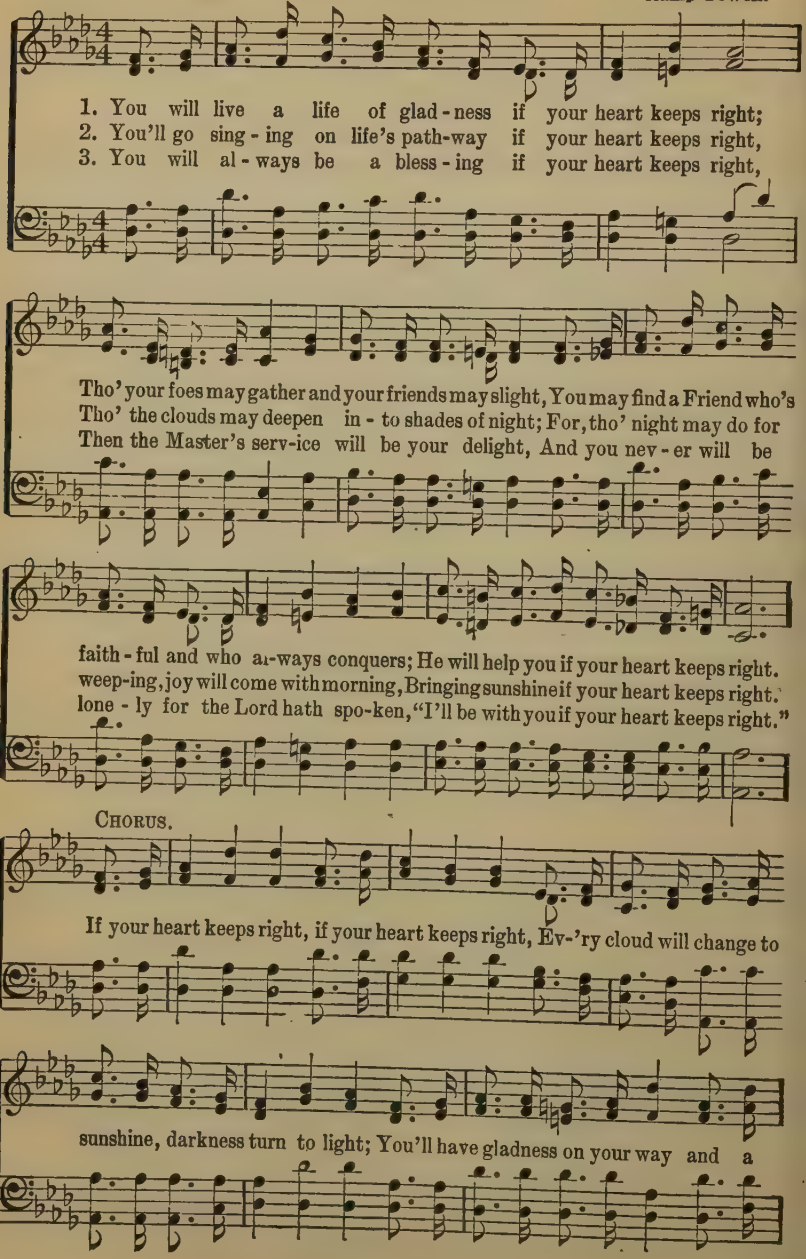
No. 95. Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS, RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.

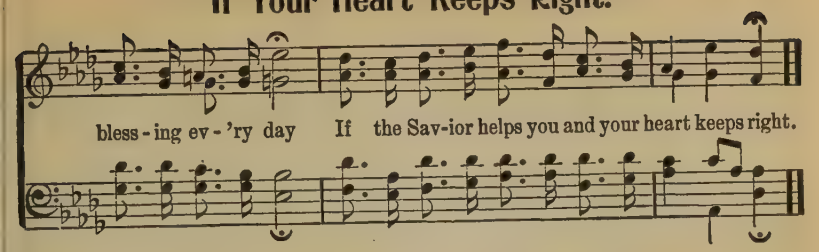


No. 96. If Your Heart Keeps Right.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.



If Your Heart Keeps Right.



No. 97. Nothing But the Blood.

R. L.

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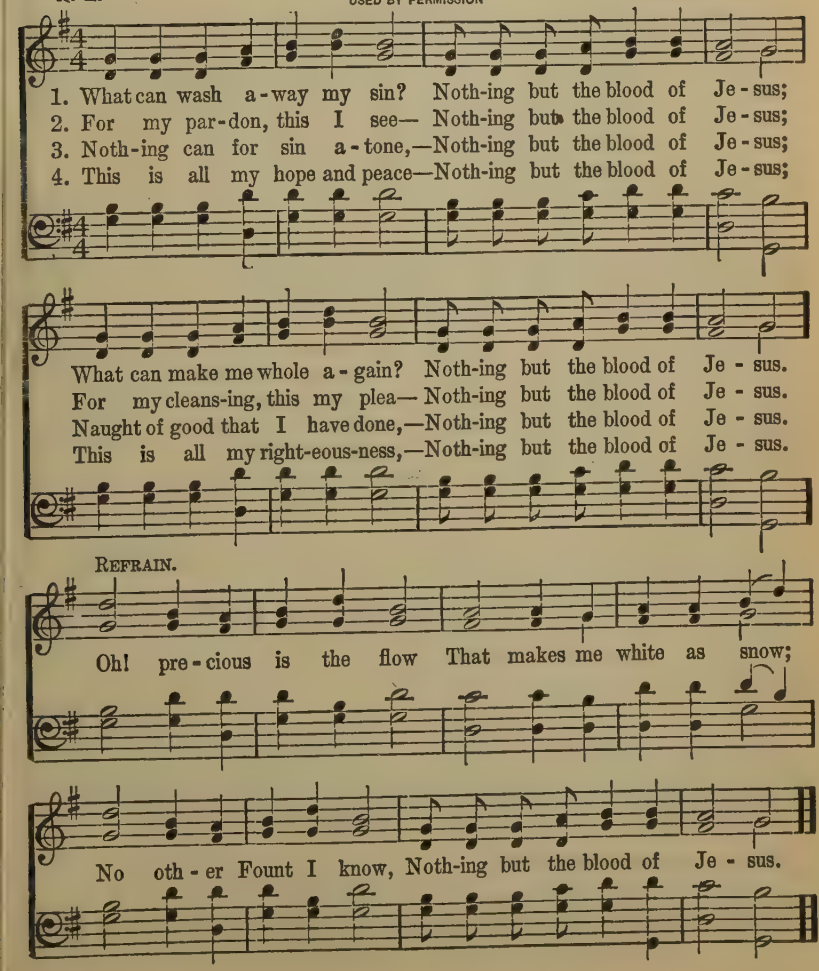
Robert Lowry.



No. 98. Where Hast Thou Gleaned To-Day?

P. P. Bliss.

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USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. Bliss.

Question.

1. Wear - y glean-er, whence comest thou, With emp-ty hands and cloud-ed brow?
2. Care - less glean-er, what hast thou here, These fad-ed flow'rs and leaf-lets sere?
3. Bur-dened glean-er, thy sheaves I see; In - deed thou must a - wear - y be!

Plod-ding a - long thy lone - ly way, Tell me, where hast thou gleaned to-day?
Hun-gry and thirst-y, tell me, pray, Where, oh, where hast thou gleaned to-day?
Sing-ing a - long the homeward way, Glad one, where hast thou gleaned to-day?

Answer.

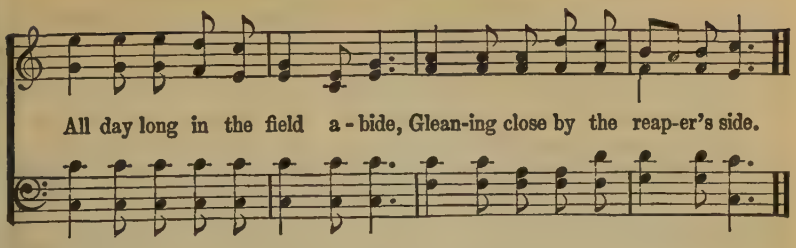
Late I found a bar - ren field, The har - vest past, my search re-vealed
All day long in sha - dy bow'rs, I've gai - ly sought earth's fairest flow'rs;
Stay me not, 'till day is done I've gath-ered hand-fuls one by one;

Oth - ers gold - en sheaves had gained, On - ly stub - ble for me re-mained.
Now, a - las! too late I see All I've gath-ered is van - i - ty.
Here and there for me they fall, Close by the reapers I've found them all.

CHORUS.

Forth to the har - vest - field a - way! Gath-er your hand-fuls while you may;

Where Hast Thou Gleaned To-Day?

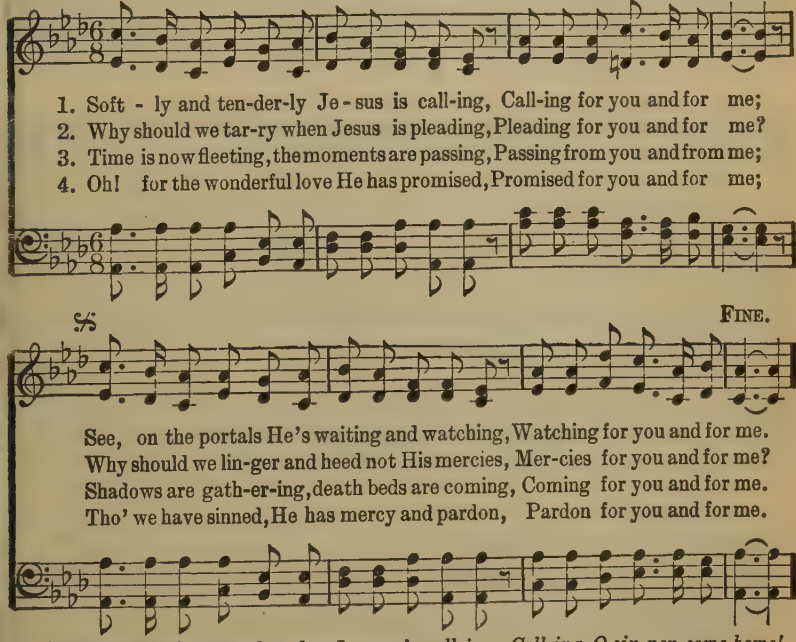


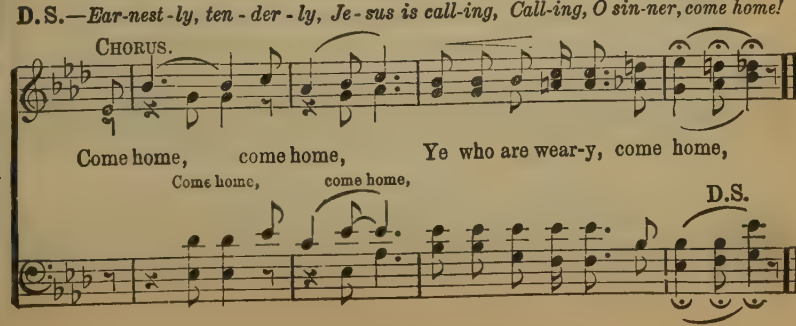
No. 99. Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

USED BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON ESTATE, EAST LIVERPOOL, O.

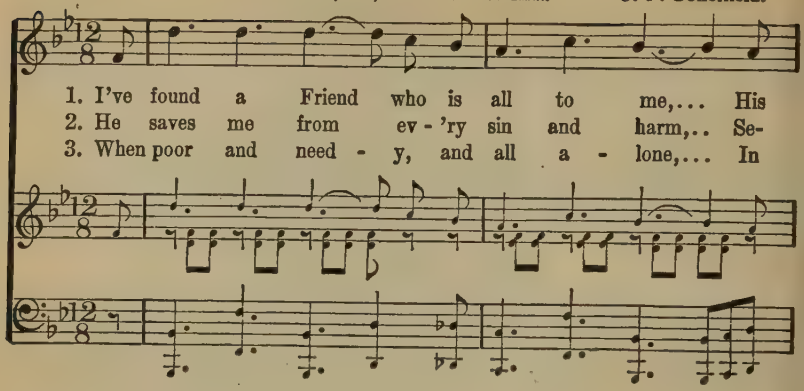
Will L. Thompson.



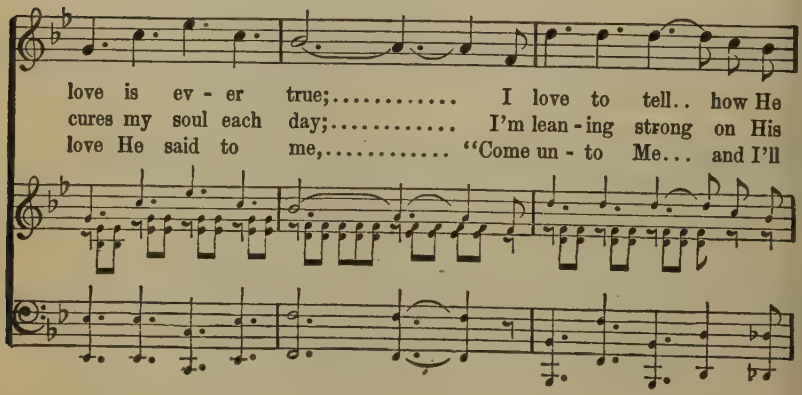


No. 100. Saved! Saved!

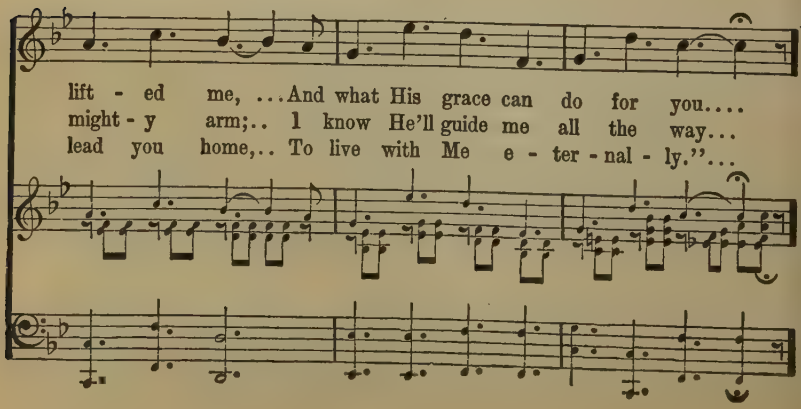
J. P. S. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. J. P. Scholfield.



1. I've found a Friend who is all to me,... His
2. He saves me from ev - 'ry sin and harm,.. Se-
3. When poor and need - y, and all a - lone,... In



love is ev - er true;..... I love to tell.. how He
cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean - ing strong on His
love He said to me,..... "Come un - to Me... and I'll



lift - ed me, ...And what His grace can do for you....
might - y arm;.. I know He'll guide me all the way...
lead you home,.. To live with Me e - ter - nal - ly."...

Saved! Saved!

CHORUS.

Saved . . by His pow'r di-vine, Saved . . to new life sub-lime!

Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life.

cres. *rit.*

Life now is sweet and my joy is complete, for I'm Saved, saved, saved!

No. 101. The Shining Shore.

Geo. F. Root.

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran-ger,
2. Should coming days be dark and cold, We need not cease our sing - ing;
3. Let sor-row's rud - est tem-pests blow, Each cord on earth to sev - er;

FINE.

Would not de - tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
That per - fect rest naught can mo - lest, Where gold - en harps are ring - ing.
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home, For-ev - er, O for - ev - er.

D. S.—*just be - fore, the shin-ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.*

D. S.

CHORUS.

For O! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are pass-ing o - ver; And

No. 102.

Jesus Needs You To-day.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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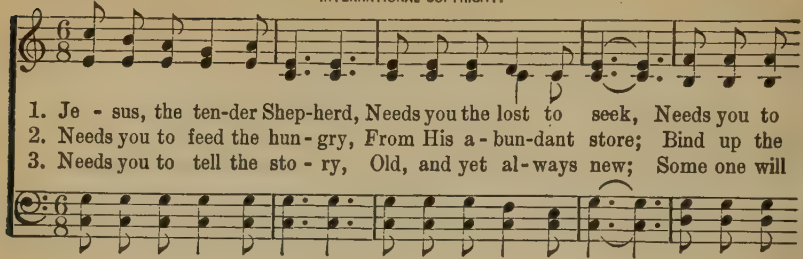
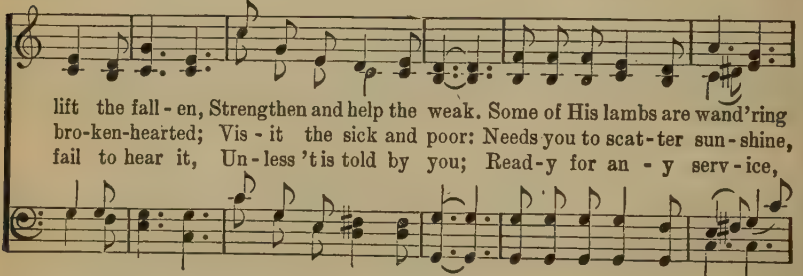
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

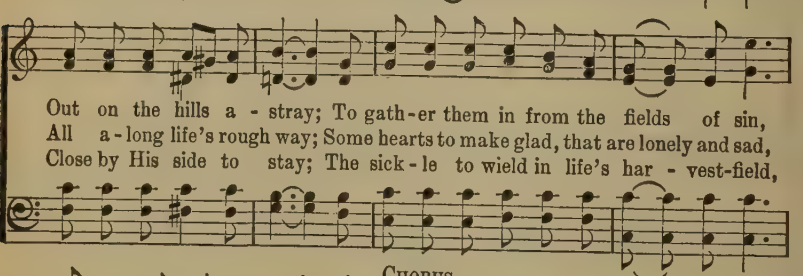
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



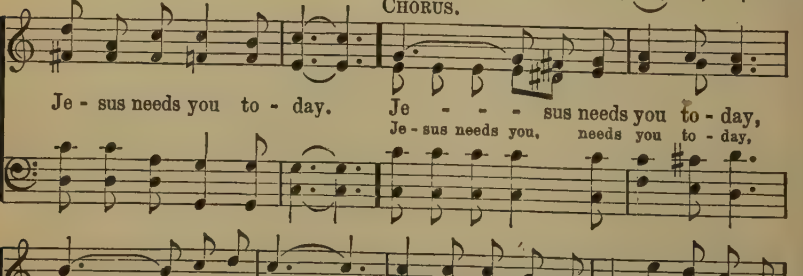
1. Je - sus, the ten-der Shep-herd, Needs you the lost to seek, Needs you to
2. Needs you to feed the hun - gry, From His a - bun-dant store; Bind up the
3. Needs you to tell the sto - ry, Old, and yet al-ways new; Some one will



lift the fall - en, Strengthen and help the weak. Some of His lambs are wand'ring
bro-ken-hearted; Vis - it the sick and poor: Needs you to scat-ter sun-shine,
fail to hear it, Un-less 't is told by you; Read-y for an - y serv-ice,

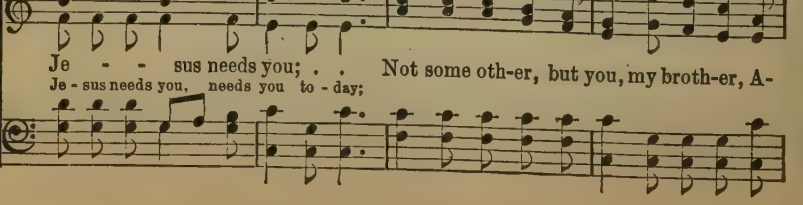


Out on the hills a - stray; To gath-er them in from the fields of sin,
All a-long life's rough way; Some hearts to make glad, that are lonely and sad,
Close by His side to stay; The sick-le to wield in life's har - vest-field,



CHORUS.

Je - sus needs you to - day. Je - - - sus needs you to - day,
Je - sus needs you, needs you to - day,



Je - - sus needs you; . . Not some oth-er, but you, my broth-er, A-
Je - sus needs you, needs you to - day;

Jesus Needs You To-day.

rise, and a - way! Je - sus needs you, . . Je - sus needs
Je - sus needs you, needs you,

you; Not some other, but you, my brother, Yes, Je-sus needs you to-day.

No. 103. Jesus Satisfies Me.

James Rowe.

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B. D. Ackley.

1. World-ly pleasures charm no more; Je-sus sat-is - fies me: Sin - ful days and
2. Day by day, He bends a - bove; Je-sus sat-is - fies me: Whisp'ring courage,
3. O - ver-flow-ing with His praise, Je-sus sat-is - fies me: At His side I'll

CHORUS.

nights are o'er; Je - sus sat - is - fies me. Je - sus sat - is - fies me, Al-ways
cheer and love; Je - sus sat - is - fies me.
spend my days; Je - sus sat - is - fies me.
Je - sus sat-is-fies me.

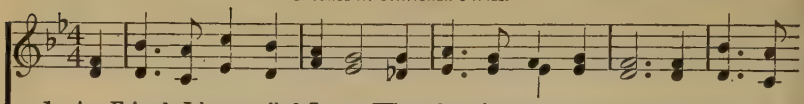
His I'll be; Naught shall ev - er sep - a-rate us Thro' e-ter - ni - ty.
I'll be;

No. 104. It's Just Like His Great Love.

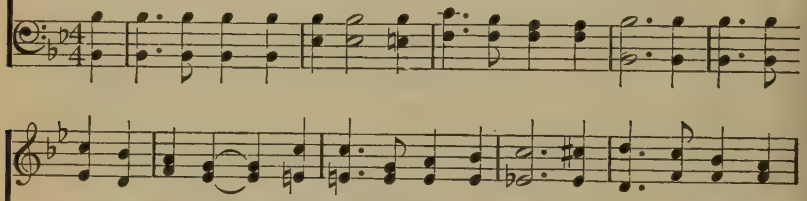
Edna R. Worrell.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CLARENCE B. STROUSE.
ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL.

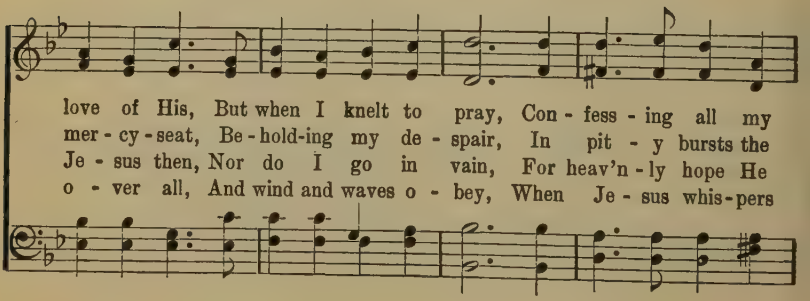
Clarence B. Strouse.



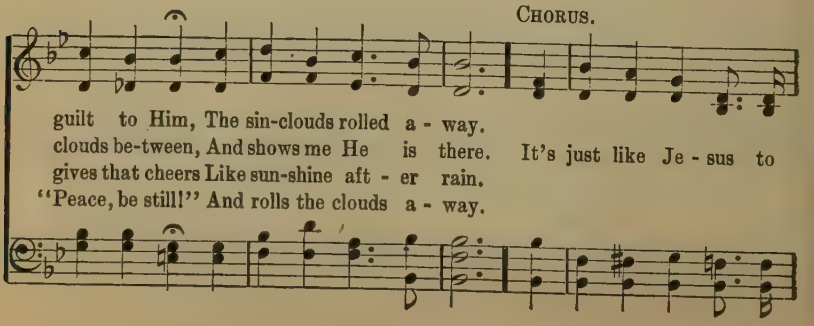
1. A Friend I have called Je-sus, Whose love is strong and true, And nev - er
2. Sometimes the clouds of troub-le Be - dim the sky a - bove, I can - not
3. When sorrow's clouds o'ertake me, And break up - on my head, When life seems
4. O, I could sing for - ev - er Of Je - sus' love di - vine, Of all His



fails how-e'er 't is tried, No mat - ter what I do; I've sinned a-gainst this
see my Sav-ior's face, I doubt His won-drous love; But He, from Heav-en's
worse than use-less, And I were bet - ter dead; I take my grief to
care and ten - der-ness For this poor life of mine; His love is in and



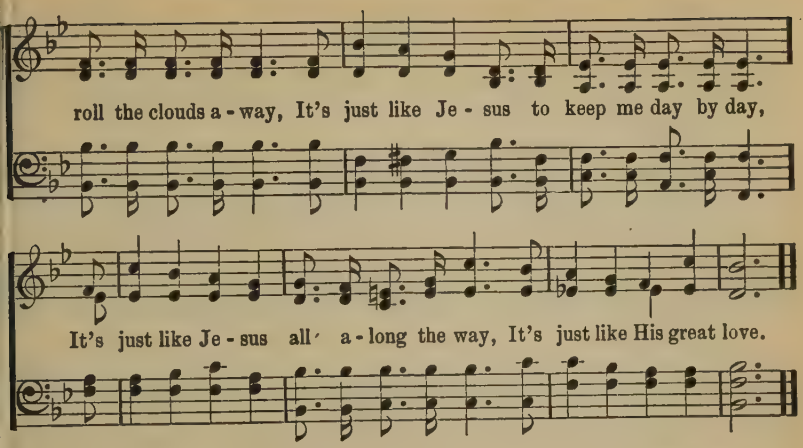
love of His, But when I knelt to pray, Con - fess - ing all my
mer - cy - seat, Be - hold-ing my de - spair, In pit - y bursts the
Je - sus then, Nor do I go in vain, For heav'n - ly hope He
o - ver all, And wind and waves o - bey, When Je - sus whis - pers



CHORUS.

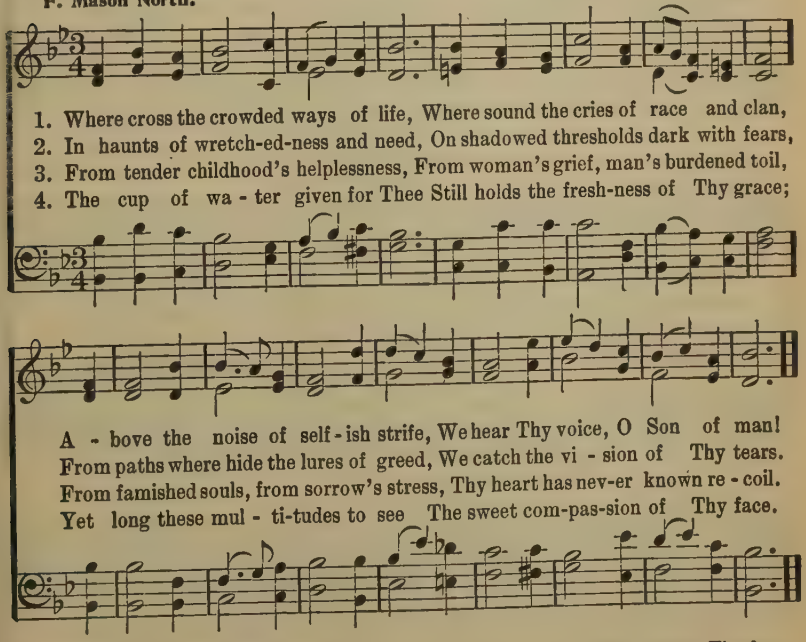
guilt to Him, The sin-clouds rolled a - way.
clouds be-tween, And shows me He is there. It's just like Je - sus to
gives that cheers Like sun-shine aft - er rain.
"Peace, be still!" And rolls the clouds a - way.

It's Just Like His Great Love.



No. 105. Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life.

F. Mason North. Beethoven.



5 O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain,
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again,

6 Till sons of men shall learn Thy love
And follow where Thy feet have trod:
Till glorious from Thy Heaven above
Shall come the city of our God.

No. 106. Can the Lord Depend on You?

Mrs. C. H M.

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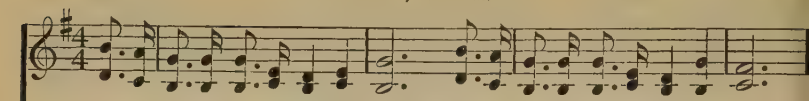
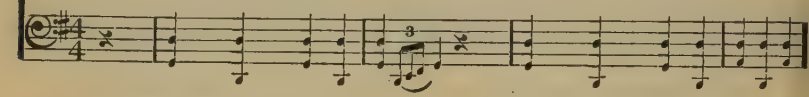
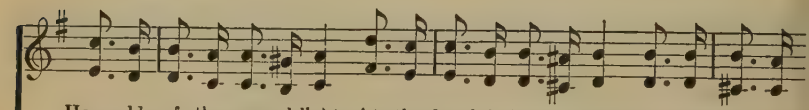
Mrs. C. H. Morris.

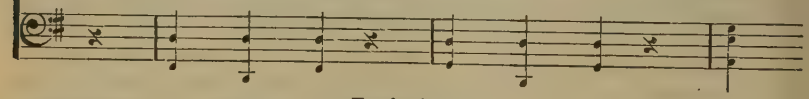


1. In the ar - my of the King of kings There's a call for soldiers brave and true,
2. In the service of the King of kings, Who will at the Master's bidding haste?
3. Loyal ev - er to the King of kings, On His business ev'ry day in - tent,
4. At the bidding of the King of kings, We'll as-sem-ble in the bye and bye,

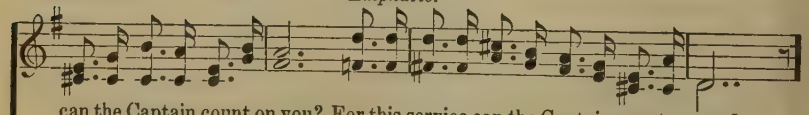




Her - alds of the gos-pel light, At the battle's front to fight; For this serv-ice
There is work that must be done Ere this world for Christ is won; For the want of
Numbered with the faithful few His am-bas-sa-dors are you, Cry-ing out to
With the o-ver-com-ers there Will you meet Him in the air, With the ransomed

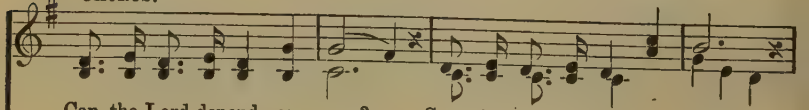


Emphatic.

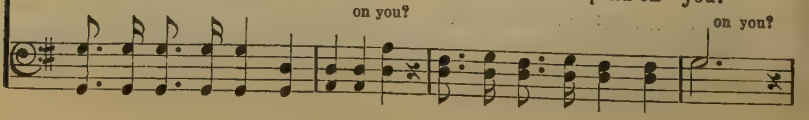


can the Captain count on you? For this service can the Captain count on you?
reapers golden harvests waste, For the want of reapers golden harvests waste.
sinners ev'rywhere, "Repent!" Cry-ing out to sinners ev'rywhere, "Repent!"
reign in glo-ry up on high? With the ransomed reign in glory up on high?

CHORUS.



Can the Lord depend on you? Can the Lord de-pend on you?



on you? on you?

Can the Lord Depend on You?

Ev - 'ry ransomed pow'r en-gag-ing, To your trust be true; (be true;)

Can the Lord de-pend on you? (on you?) Can the Lord de-pend on you? (on you?)

rit.

In the might-y con - flict rag-ing, Can the Lord de-pend on you?

No. 107. Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. DOANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. USED BY PER. **W. H. Doane.**

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth-ers
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing there in
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded,
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con-tri-tion, Help my un - be-lief. Sav-ior, Sav-ior, Hear my humble cry;
bro-ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth beside Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?

No. 108. Awake! Awake!

Fanny J. Crosby.

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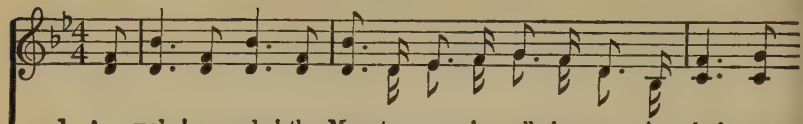
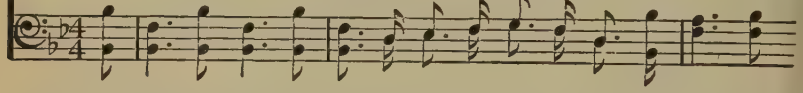
USED BY PERMISSION OF MRS. L. E. SWENEY.

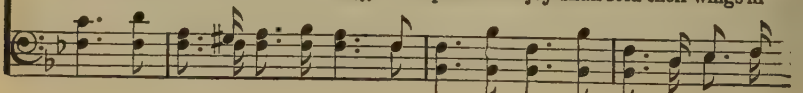
John R. Sweney.



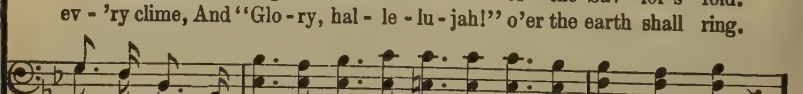
1. A - wake! a - wake! the Mas - ter now is call - ing us, A - rise! a -
2. A cry for light from dy - ing ones in heathen lands; It comes, it
3. O Church of God, ex - tend thy kind, ma - ter - nal arms To save the
4. Look up! look up! the prom - ised day is draw - ing near, When all shall



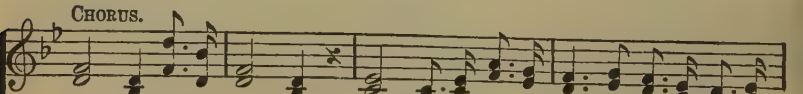
rise! and, trust - ing in His word, Go forth! go forth! pro - claim the year of
comes a - cross the ocean's foam; Then haste! oh, haste to spread the words of
lost on mountains dark and cold; Reach out thy hand with lov - ing smile to
hail, shall hail the Sav - ior King; When peace and joy shall fold their wings in



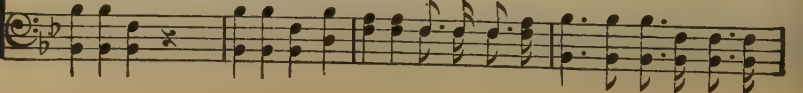
ju - bi - lee, And take the cross, the bless - ed cross of Christ our Lord.
truth a - broad, For - get - ting not the starving poor at home, dear home.
res - cue them, And bring them to the shel - ter of the Sav - ior's fold.
ev - 'ry clime, And "Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!" o'er the earth shall ring.



CHORUS.



On, on, swell the cho - rus; On, on, the morning star is shin - ing o'er us;
On, on, on, swell the cho - rus; On, on, on,



Awake! Awake!

On, on, while be-fore us Our mighty, mighty Savior leads the way.
On, on, on, while be-fore leads the way.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hear the ev-er-last-ing throng,
Shout "Hosanna!" while we boldly march along;
Faithful soldiers here below,

On-ly Je-sus will we know; Shouting "Free salvation!" o'er the world we go.

No. 109. Hear Our Prayer.

Anon. John Adcock.

1. Hear us, heav'nly Fa-ther, Thou whose gentle care Tends the young and
2. Par-don our of-fen-ces; Guard us from all ill; Make us, like true
3. Let not sin be-guile us From Thy paths to stray; But with Thy great

p *pp*

fee-ble,— Hear our sim-ple prayer! Hear our prayer! Fa-ther, hear!
chil-dren, Love Thy ho-ly will. Hear our prayer! Fa-ther, hear!
mer-cy Keep us night and day. Hear our prayer! Fa-ther, hear!

No. 110. I'll Live For Him.

R. E. Hudson. COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY R. E. HUDSON. USED BY PERMISSION. C. R. Dunbar.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—*I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!*

D. C. for Chorus.

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

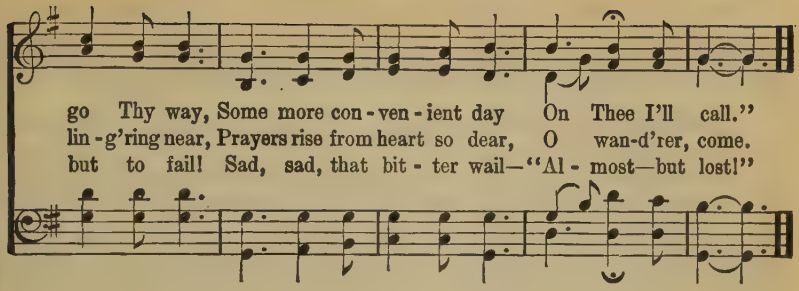
No. 111. "Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al-most per-suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed"
2. "Al-most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
3. "Al-most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per - suad - ed,"

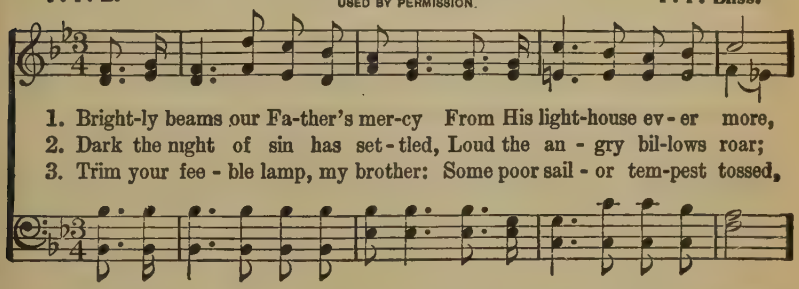
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is

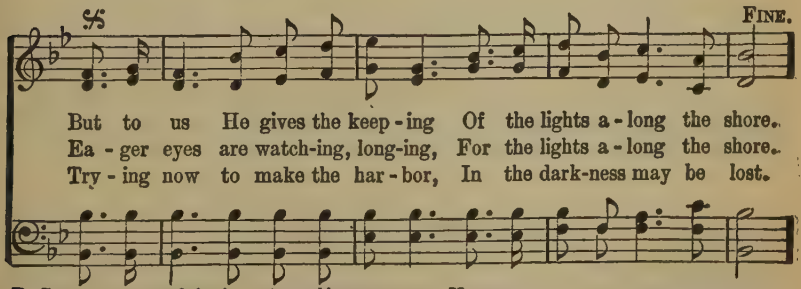
"Almost Persuaded."



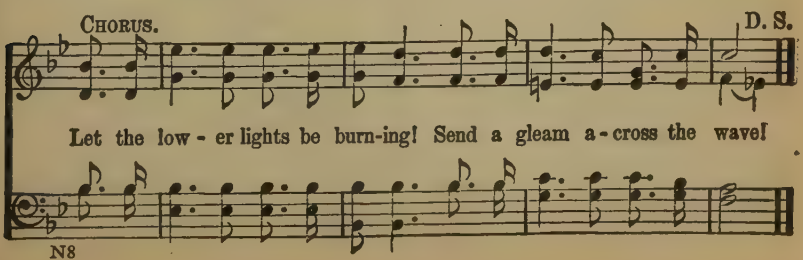
No. 112. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.





D. S.—*Some poor fainting, struggling sea-man You may res - cue, you may save.*



No. 113. Faith of Our Fathers!

Frederick W. Faber. H. F. Hemy, adpt.

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword:
2. Our fathers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
3. Faith of our fa - thers, God's great pow'r Shall soon all na - tions win for thee;
4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,

O how our hearts beat high with joy, When-e'er we hear that glo-rious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!
And thro' the truth that comes from God Mankind shall then be tru - ly free.
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life.

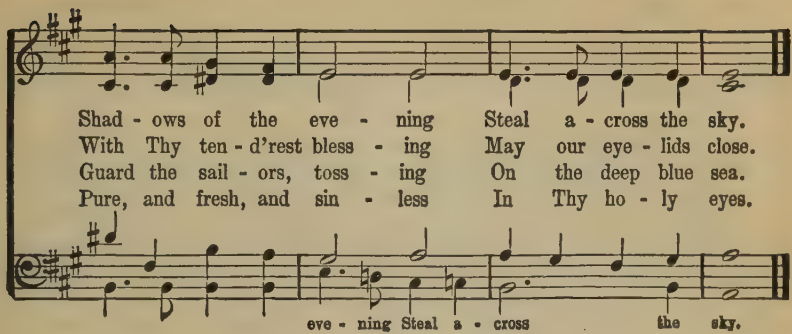
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

No. 114. Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. Joseph Barnby.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee;
4. When the morn-ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise

Now the Day is Over.



No. 115. Why Not Now?

El Nathan.

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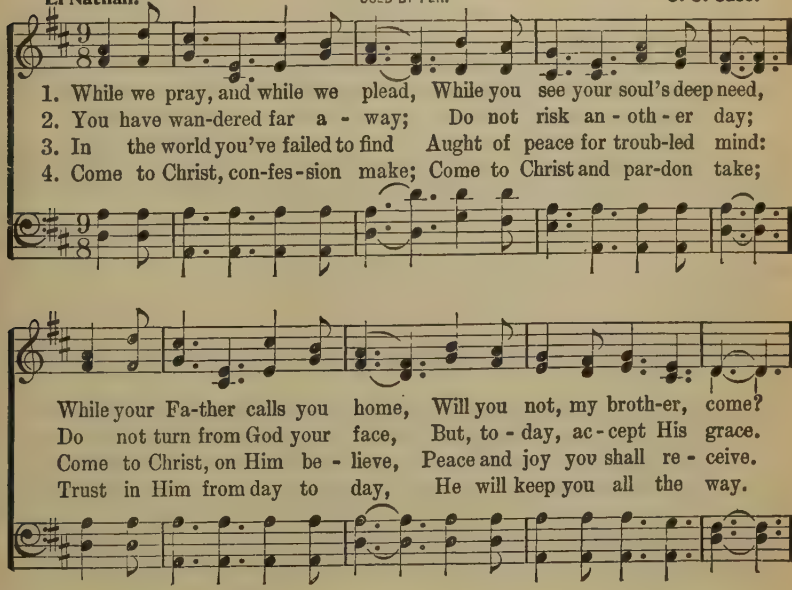
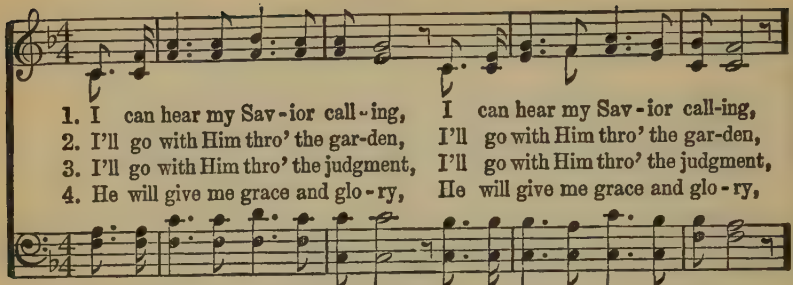
C. C. Case.



No. 116. Where He Leads Me.

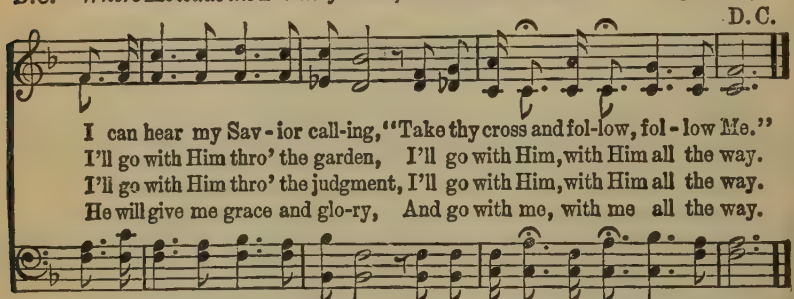
E. W. Blandly. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS. USED BY PER. J. S. Norris.



1. I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

D.C.—*Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,*

D.C.

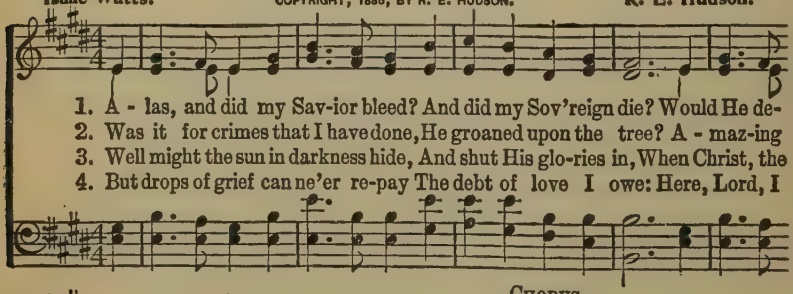


I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

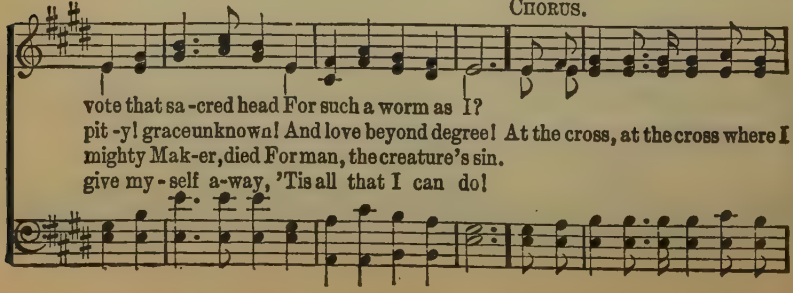
No. 117. At the Cross.

Isaac Watts. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON. R. E. Hudson.



1. A-las, and did my Sav-ior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He de-
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree? A-maz-ing
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glo-ries in, When Christ, the
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe: Here, Lord, I

CHORUS.



vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
pit-y! grace unknown! And love beyond degree! At the cross, at the cross where I
mighty Mak-er, died For man, the creature's sin.
give my-self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do!

At the Cross.

first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled away, (rolled away,) It was

there by faith I received my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day!

No. 118 I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. USED BY PERMISSION. S. C. Foster.

1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The
doubts and fears within; Once was a - fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

D. S.—*Because He first loved me, And*

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.
now my guilt is washed a-way in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He a-lone can give.

purchased my sal-va - tion On Calv'ry's tree.

No. 119. The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF WORDS AND MUSIC
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Dr. William S. Pitts.

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love-li-er
2. Oh, come to the church in the wild-wood, To the trees where the
3. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn-ing To list to the
4. From the church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, When day fades a-

spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my child-hood As the
wild flow-ers bloom; Where the part-ing hymn will be chant-ed, We will
clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, Oh,
way in-to night, I would fain from this spot of my child-hood Wing my

D. S.—*No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the*

FINE. CHORUS.

lit-tle brown church in the vale. Come to the
weep by the side of the tomb.
come to the church in the vale.
way to the man-sions of light. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,

lit-tle brown church in the vale.

D. S.

church in the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the vale;
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

Children's Songs

No. 120. Dear Little Stranger.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Low in a man - ger—dear lit - tle Stran - ger, Je - sus, the won-der - ful
2. An - gels de-scend - ing, o - ver Him bend - ing, Chant-ed a ten - der and
3. Dear lit - tle Stran - ger, born in a man - ger, Mak - er and Monarch, and

Savior, was born; There was none to receive Him, none to believe Him, None but the
si - lent refrain; Then a won-der-ful sto - ry told of His glo - ry, Un - to the
Sav-ior of all; I will love Thee for-ev - er! grieve Thee? no, never! Thou didst for

CHORUS.

an-gels were watching that morn. { Dear lit - tle Stranger, slept in a man - ger,
shepherds on Beth-le-hem's plain. { But with the poor He slumbered se-cure, The
me make Thy bed in a stall.

1 2

No down-y pil - low un - der His head; dear lit - tle Babe in His bed.

No. 121. What They Seem to Say.

Eleanor Allen Schroll.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Have you seen the sunbeams shin-ing, Shin-ing all a-long the way?
2. Have you heard the wild birds sing-ing, Sing-ing all a-long the way?
3. Have you seen the flow-ers grow-ing, Grow-ing all a-long the way?

Have you ev-er stopped to lis-ten What they al-ways seem to say?
Have you ev-er stopped to lis-ten What they al-ways seem to say?
Have you ev-er stopped to lis-ten What they al-ways seem to say?

Ev-'ry beam of beau-ty gives us Just a glimpse of heav'n a-bove;
Ev-'ry lit-tle song-ster gives us Just a glimpse of heav'n a-bove;
Ev-'ry pret-ty blos-som gives us Just a glimpse of heav'n a-bove;

FINE.

Ev-'ry lit-tle sunbeam whispers: God is wis-dom, God is love.
Ev-'ry lit-tle wild bird whispers: God is wis-dom, God is love.
Ev-'ry lit-tle flow-er whispers: God is wis-dom, God is love.

D. S.—*May the children's hearts re-ech-o: God is wis-dom, God is love.*

CHORUS. D. S.

God is wis-dom, God is love; Read it in the stars a-bove;

No. 122.

Little Evangels.

Ida L. Reed.

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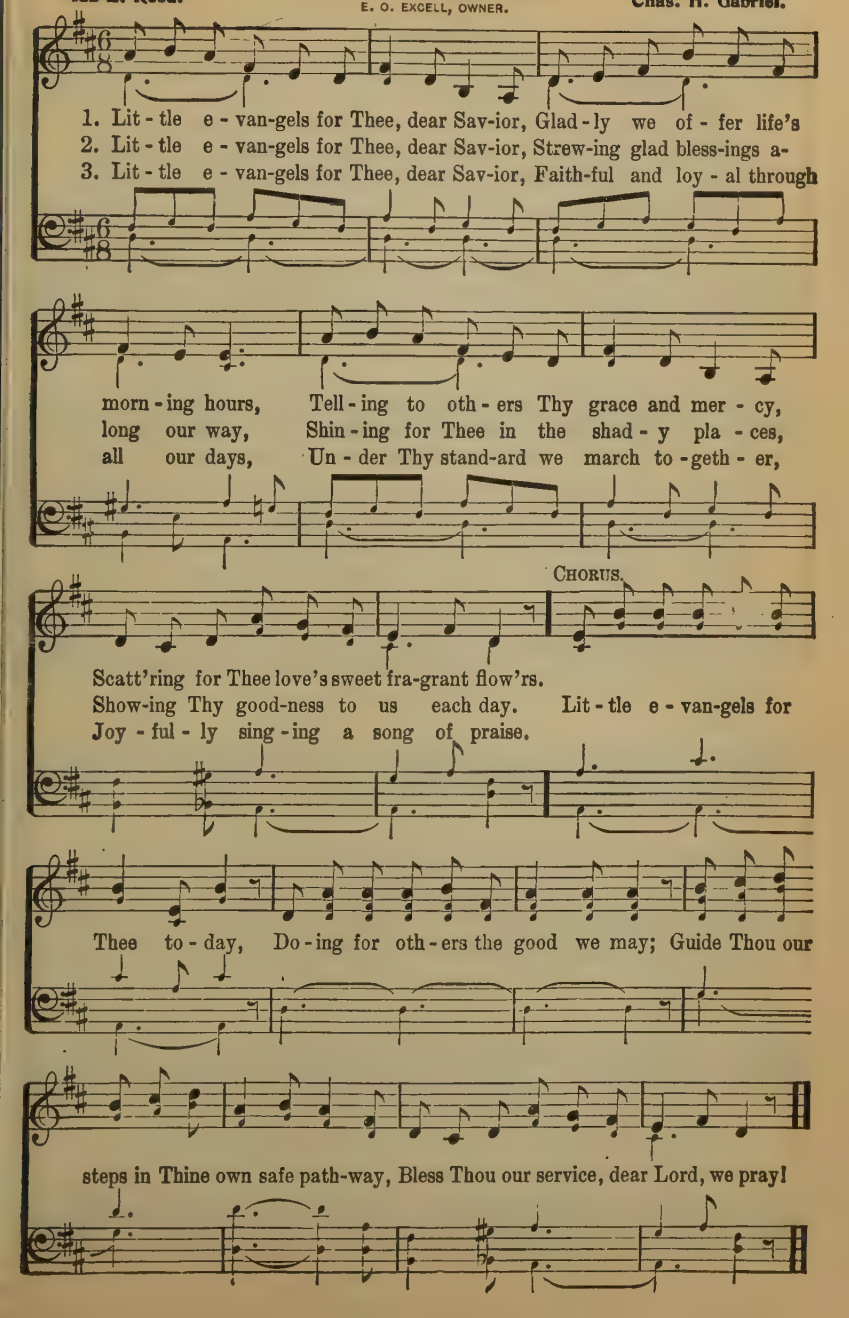
Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 123. Little Stars.

H. H. Pierson.

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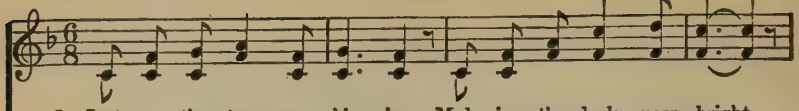
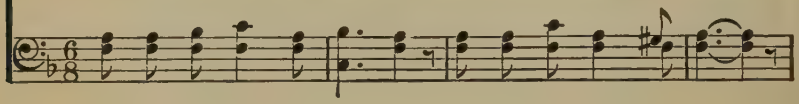
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.

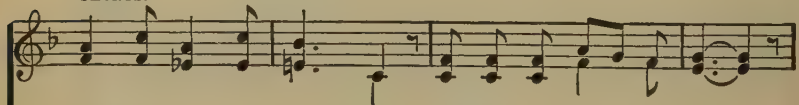


1. Just as the stars are shin - ing, Mak - ing the dark - ness bright,
2. And as the stars are smil - ing Down on the earth be - low,
3. Each in his lit - tie cor - ner, Wheth-er at work or play,
4. How could they do with - out us? Dark would the world be then;

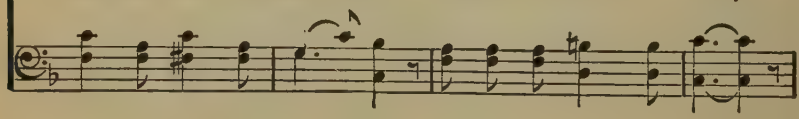


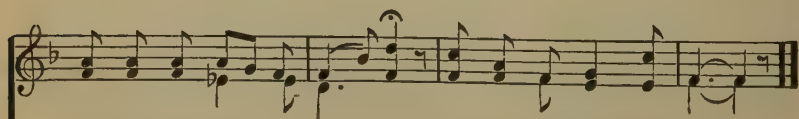
So we are shin - ing, shin - ing, Shed-ding our gold - en light.
We may re - flect the sun - light, Shin - ing wher-e'er we go.
We would be al - ways shin - ing, Turn - ing the night to day.
We are the Sav - ior's jew - els, Cheer - ing the hearts of men.

CHORUS.

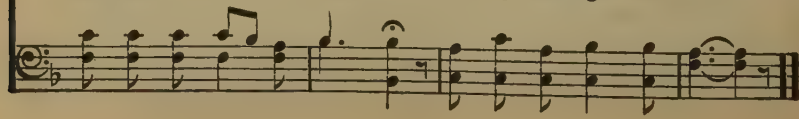


Shin - ing, shin - ing, shin - ing, Just like the stars a - bove,





Mak - ing the world a - round us Hap - py with light and love.



No. 124.

I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

Nellie Talbot.

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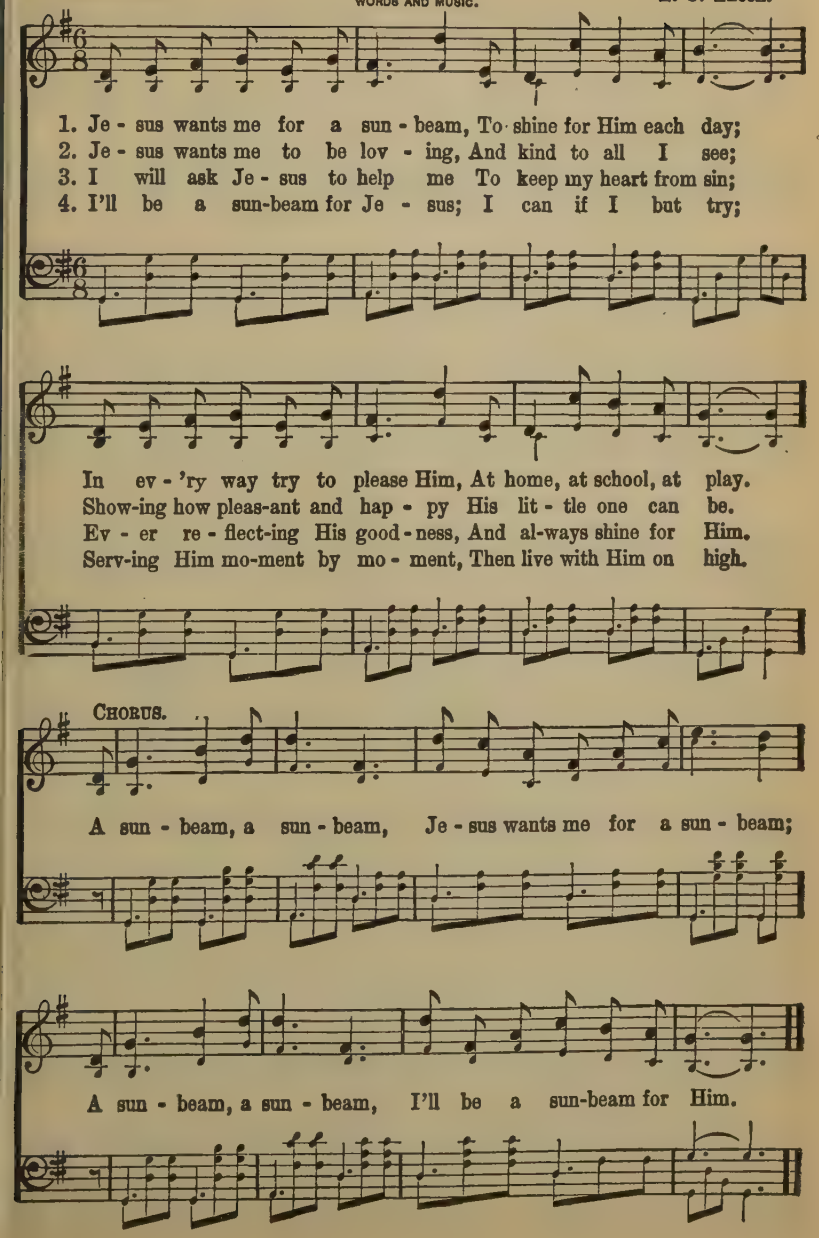
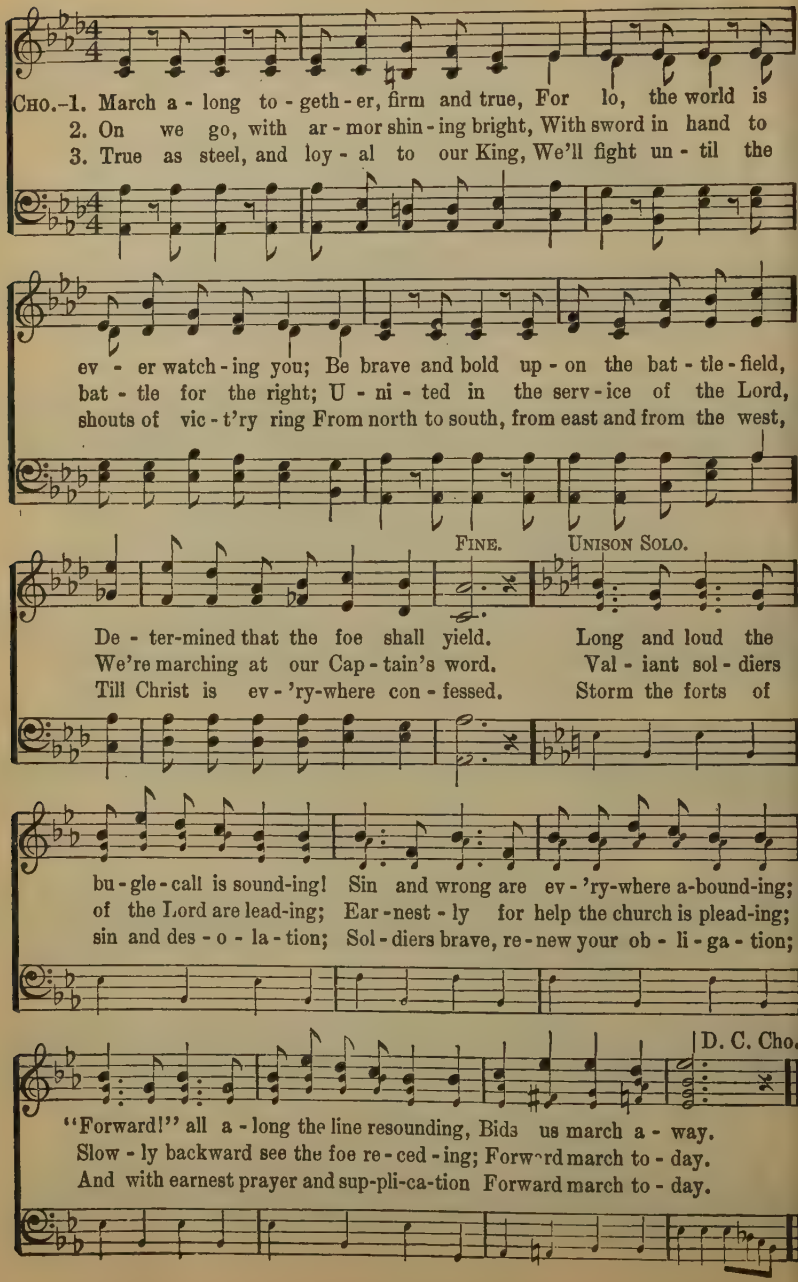
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



No. 125. The Sunday-School Army.

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Mrs. Carrie B. Adams.



No. 126.

Marching Orders.

Eleanor W. Long.

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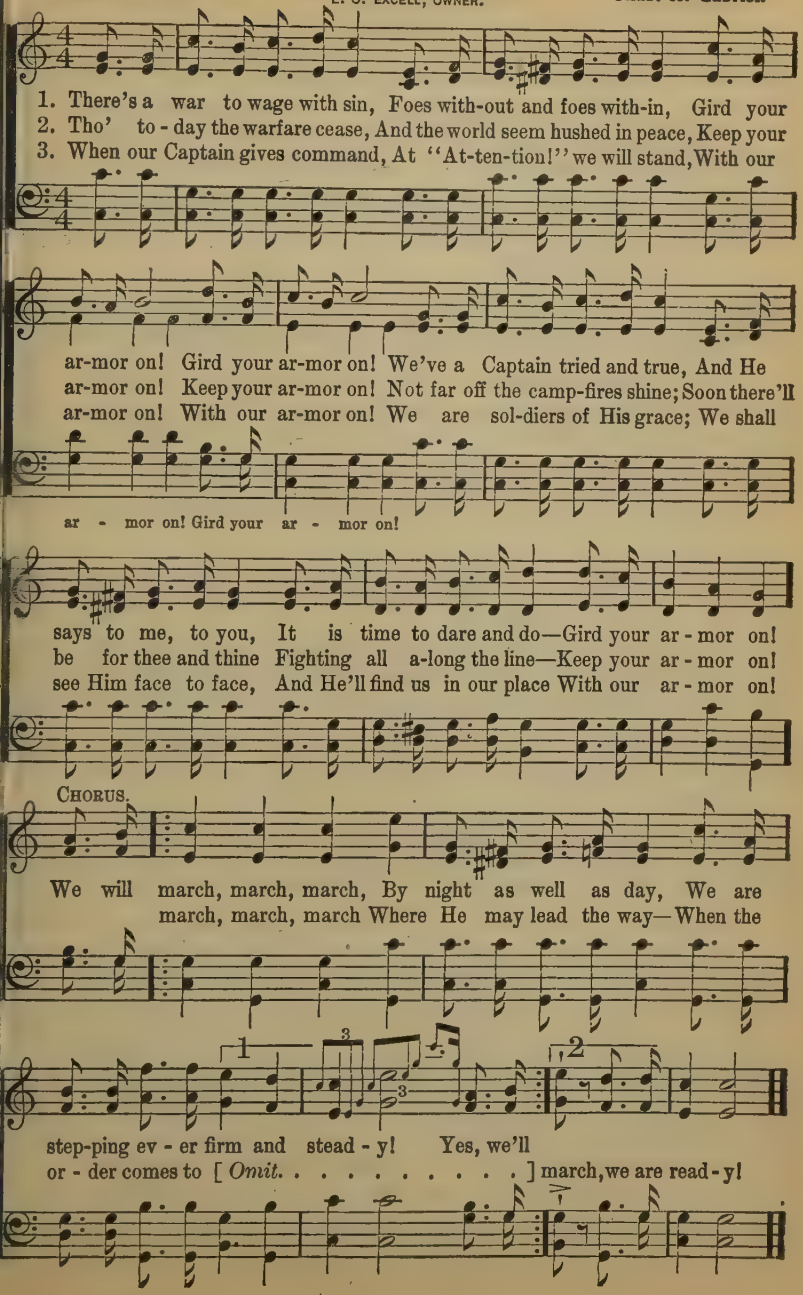
Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 127. Luther's Cradle Hymn.

Martin Luther.

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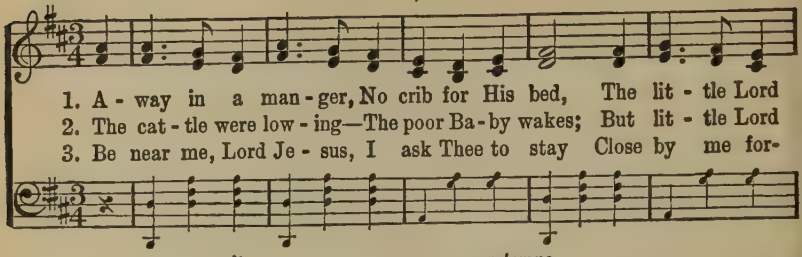
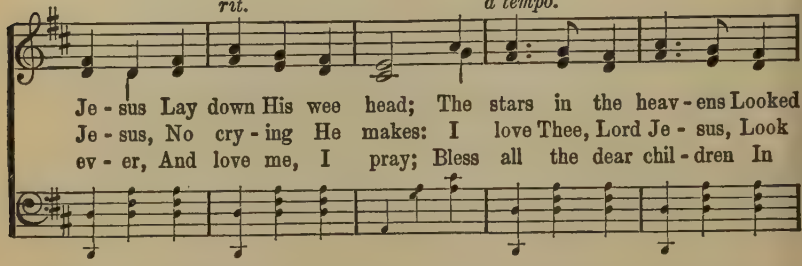
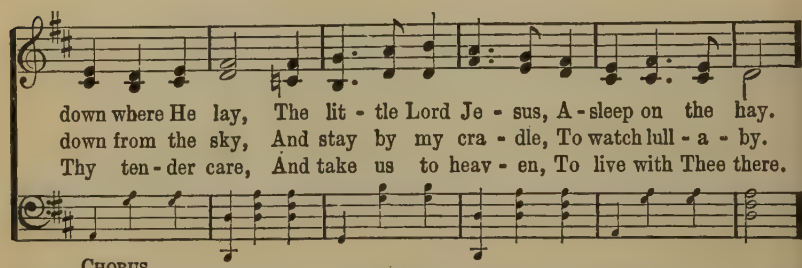
Chas. H. Gabriel.



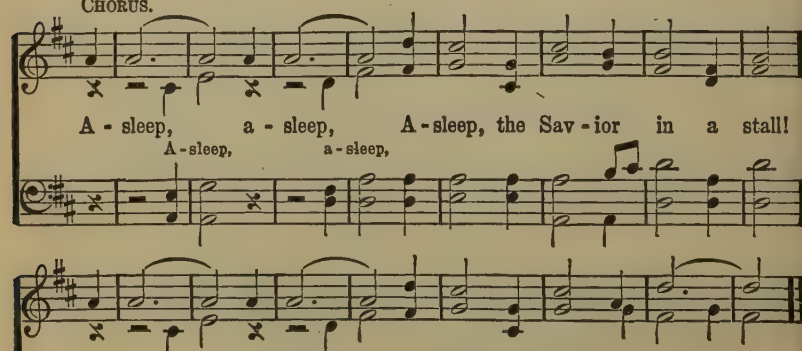
1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for His bed, The lit - tle Lord
2. The cat - tle were low - ing—The poor Ba - by wakes; But lit - tle Lord
3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for-



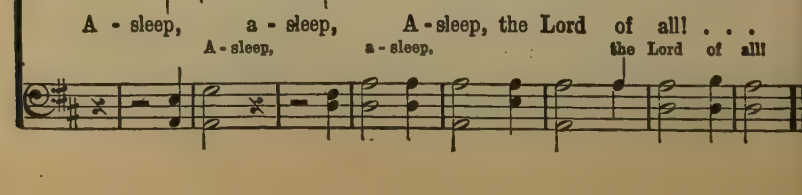
Je - sus Lay down His wee head; The stars in the heav - ens Looked
Je - sus, No cry - ing He makes: I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, Look
ev - er, And love me, I pray; Bless all the dear chil - dren In



down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A - sleep on the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle, To watch lull - a - by.
Thy ten - der care, And take us to heav - en, To live with Thee there.



A - sleep, a - sleep, A - sleep, the Sav - ior in a stall!
A - sleep, a - sleep,



A - sleep, a - sleep, A - sleep, the Lord of all! . . .
A - sleep, a - sleep, the Lord of all!

No. 128.

Little Sunbeams.

Eben E. Rexford.

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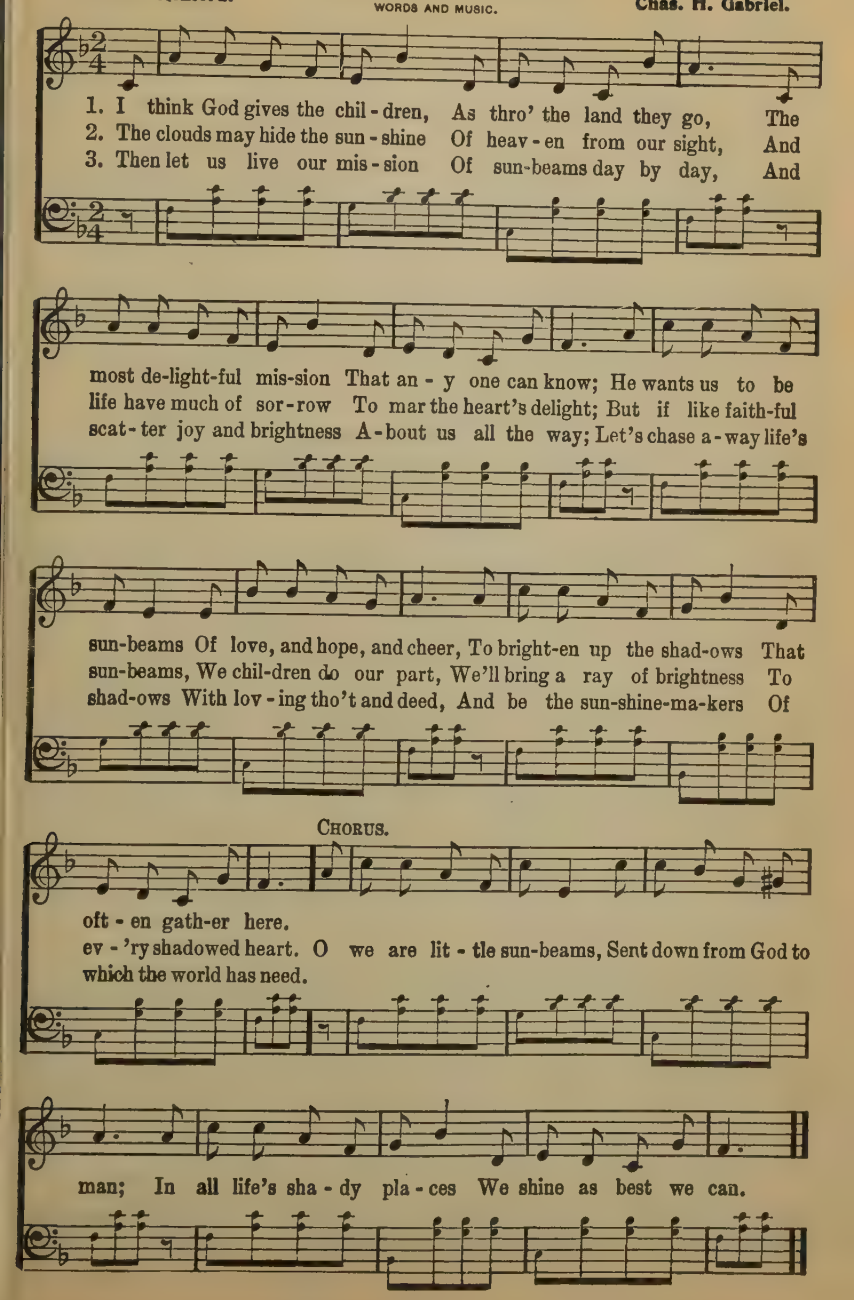
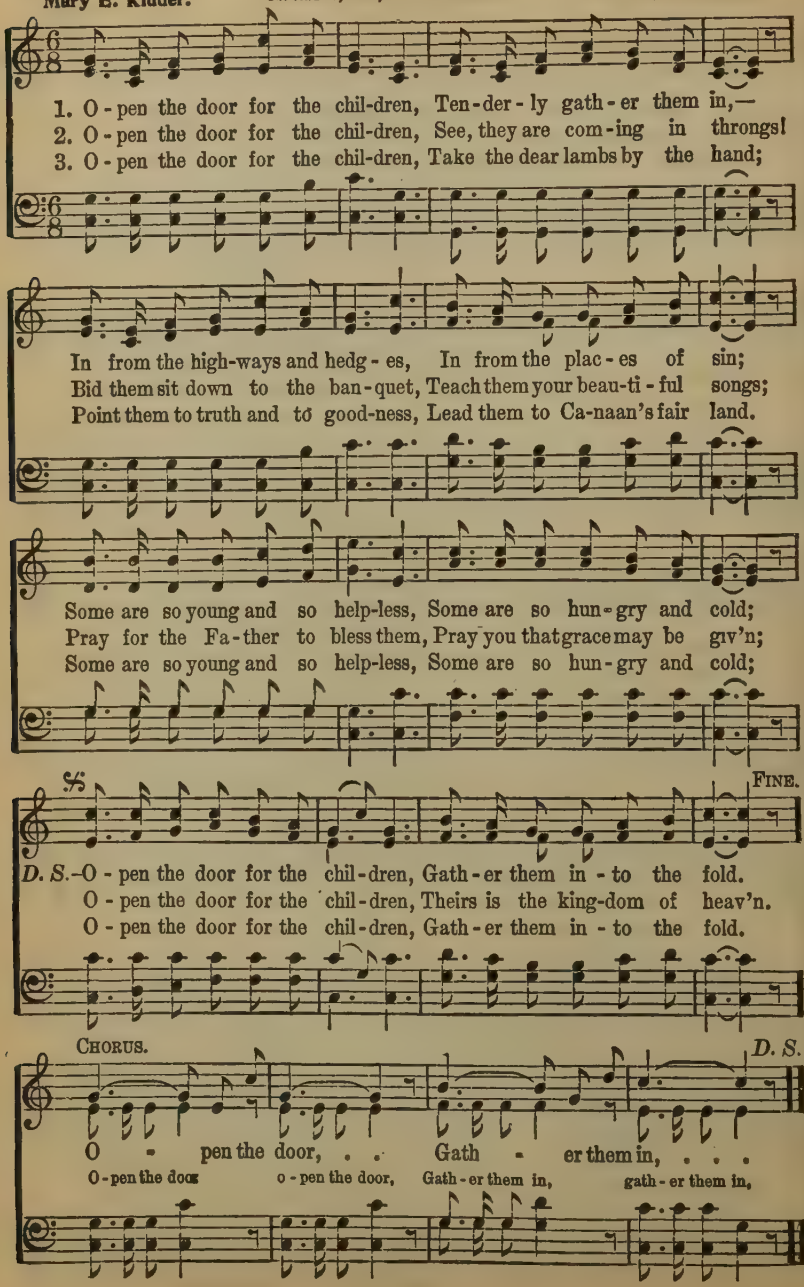
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 129. Open the Door for the Children.

Mary B. Kidder. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.



No. 130.

Sunshine and Rain.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Had we on - ly sun-shine all the year a - round, Without the bless - ing of re-fresh-ing rain, Would we scat-ter seed up-on the fallow ground,
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the bur - den of our sin, Would we know the sweetness of His love and care,
3. Can we prize the sun-shine and de-plore the rain, Re - pin - ing when the days are dark and drear? Can we hope for pleasures, yet de-ny the pain,

CHORUS.

And hope to gath - er flow - ers, fruit and grain?
Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win? Sun - shine and rain re-
Or share the joys of life with-out the tear?

freshing, reviving rain, Light of faith and love, Showers from above! Sunshine and rain, to nour-ish the growing grain, Send us, Lord, the sunshine and the rain.

No. 131. Our Colors So True.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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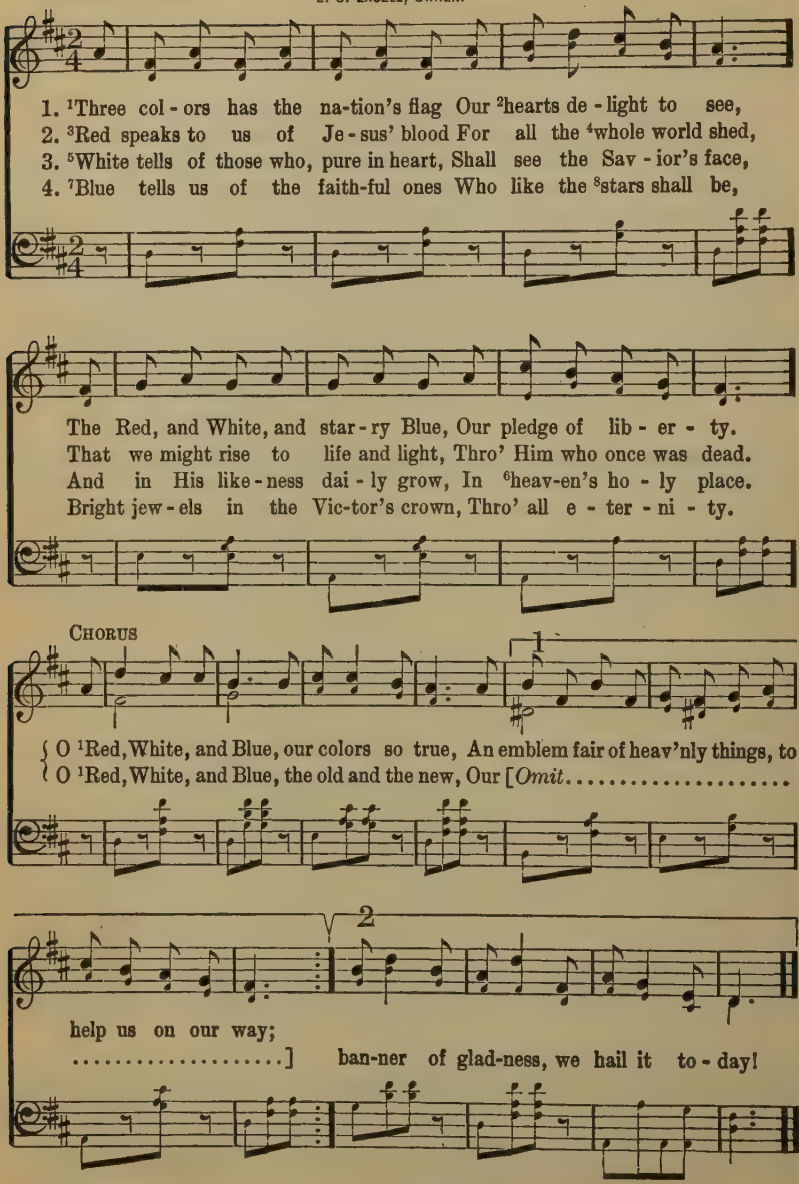
Chas. H. Gabriel.



GESTURES:—1. Wave flags. 2. Lay flags across hearts. 3. Touch red stripe. 4. Describe semicircle outwards with flags. 5. Touch white stripe. 6. Hold flags up high. 7. Touch blue square. 8. Move flags held high, from left to right, shaking them slightly to give twinkling motion, like the stars.

All hold American flags.

No. 132. The Birds' Nest.

Mrs. B. B. Selby. Arr.

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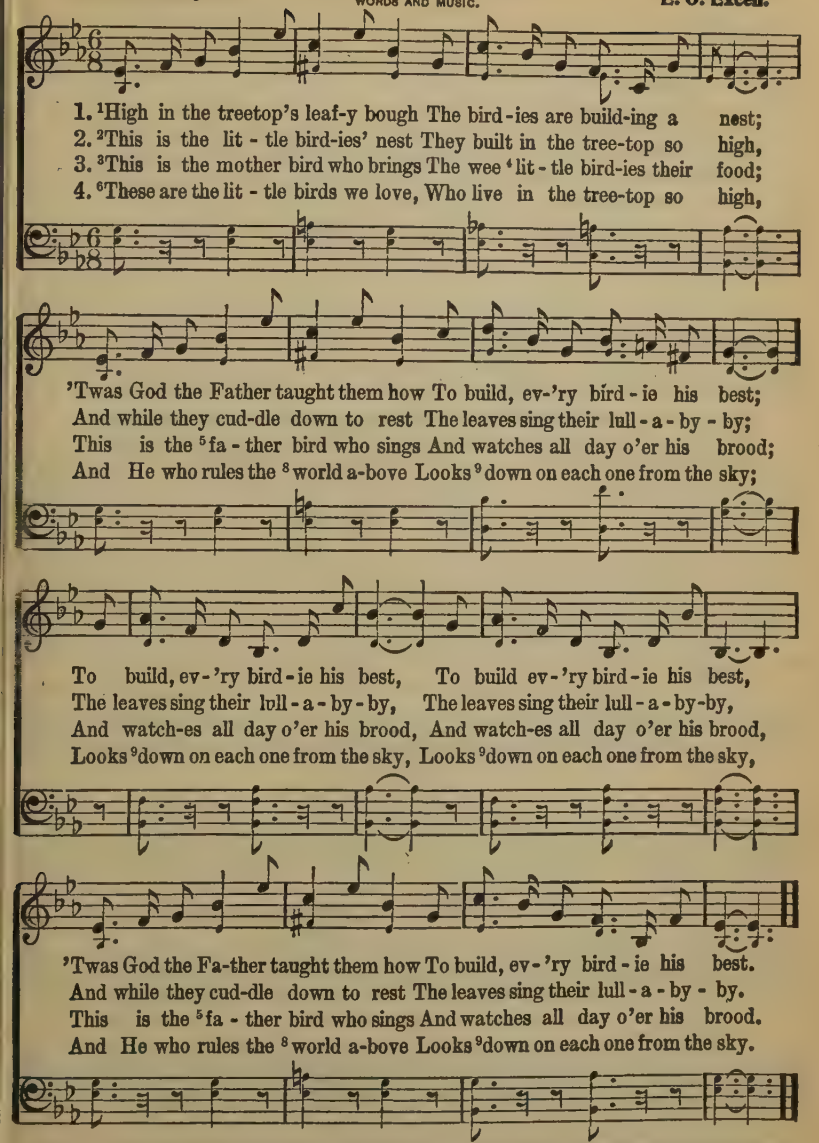
E. O. Excell.



NOTE—To form bird's nest clasp hands, with little fingers raised in the palm of the hands to represent the baby birds. Let the thumbs represent the father and mother bird sitting on the forefingers which form the edge of the bird's nest.

MOTIONS—1, Point upward to treetop; 2, Hands clasped to form bird's nest; 3, Raise left hand thumb to represent the mother bird; 4, Raise little fingers representing the baby birds; 5, Raise right hand thumb representing the father bird; 6, Raise little fingers and thumbs representing the family of birds in the nest; 7, Point upward to treetop; 8, Look upward toward the sky; 9, Look down on the birds in the nest.

No. 133. Honor-Bright Cadets.

C. B. A.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. Carrie B. Adams.

1. We're ca-dets that want to bat-tle for the right, you see; That is why we
For our watch-word we have chosen "Honor bright!" you see, [*Omit.*] . . . .

2. We're de-ter-mined that we'll never know de-feat, you see; If we fight for
For our Lead-er nev-er taught us to re-treat, you see, [*Omit.*] . . . .

band ourselves together; And we'll keep it up in ev-'ry kind of weather.
right, we'll win the battle; No matter how the guns and sabers rattle.

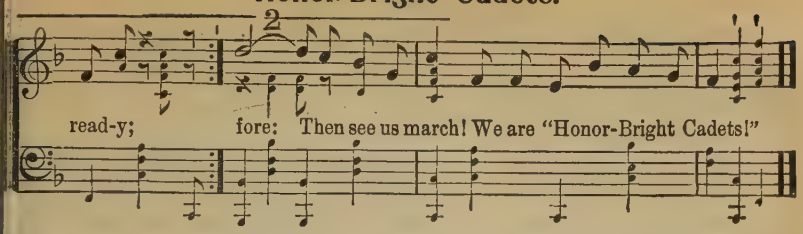
For the right, then; Honor bright, then; We will march on our journey thro' the world;
We'll be strong, then, 'Gainst the wrong, then, And we'll work till the setting of the sun;

Col-ors fly-ing, Ev-er try-ing To be true, as our banner is un-furled.
Col-ors fly-ing, Ev-er try-ing To be faithful un-til the vict'ry's won.

CHORUS.

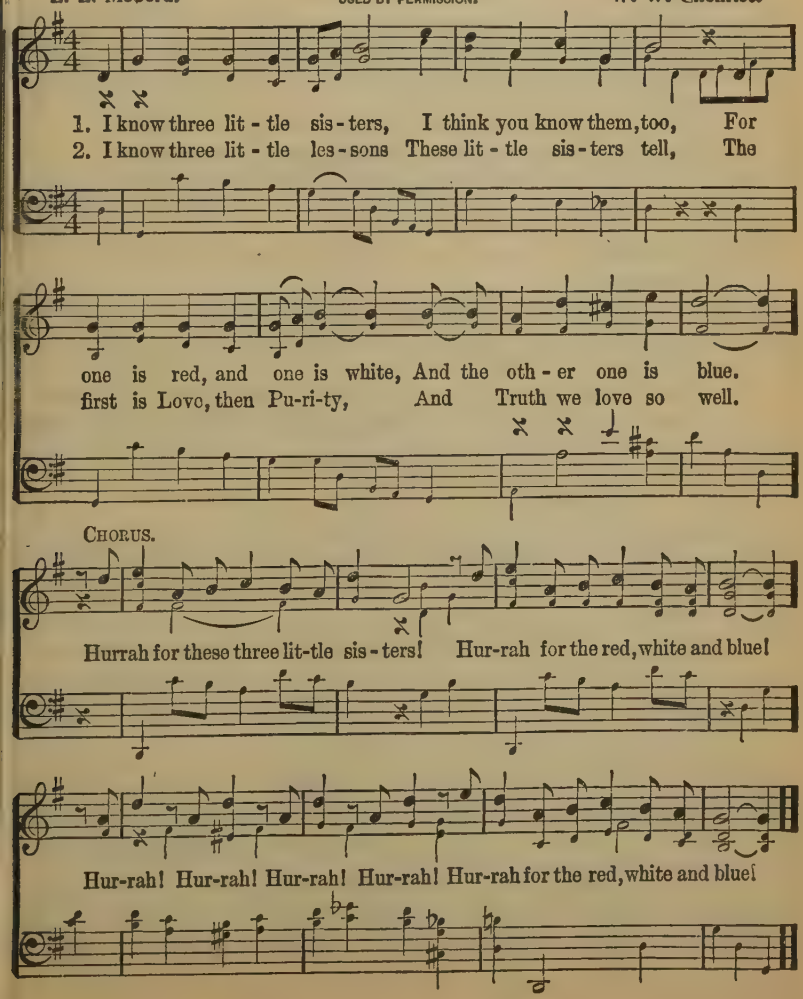
Then see us marching as to war; . . . With purpose steady, Our hearts are
Our gal-lant Lead-er goes be- [*Omit.*] . . . . . .

Honor-Bright Cadets.



No. 134. Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue.

B. L. McCord. USED BY PERMISSION. W. W. Gilchrist.



No. 135. Rose, Rose, Rose.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. What is sweeter, tell me, Than a pret-ty rose? Fra-grant in its beau - ty, Loveliest flow'r that grows.
2. If a rose could whisper, Could it, think you, tell Of that bless-ed coun - try Where the an - gels dwell?
3. Je - sus, keep me ev - er Like un - to this flow'r— Pure and sweet and mod - est, Ev - 'ry day and hour.

Waltz time.

REFRAIN.

Rose, rose, rose, Pret - ti - est flow'r that grows, Em-blem of
Rose, rose, rose, Not till the whole world knows Of my dear

1

love that came from heaven, Thro' which a Savior, Christ, was giv-en;

2

Sav - ior King, Will I cease to sing, Sweet rose, rose, rose. . .

Special Selections

No. 136. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. (DIADEM.) James Ellor.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall, Let an-gels
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Ye ransomed
3. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, On this ter-
4. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall, We at His

And crown . . . . . .

prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him,
from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
res-trial ball, To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe,
feet may fall! We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown . . . . . .

And crown Him, crown Him,

. . . . . .Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him;

crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all, crown Him; And crown Him Lord of all!
. . . . . Him, Crown Him, crown. . . . .Him;

crown Him, Crown . . . . . Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

No. 137. I'm Not Your Judge.

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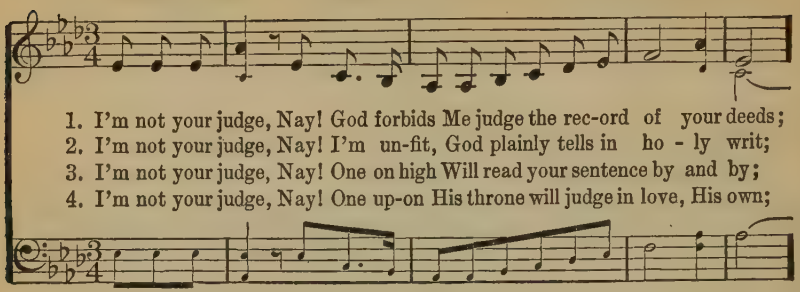
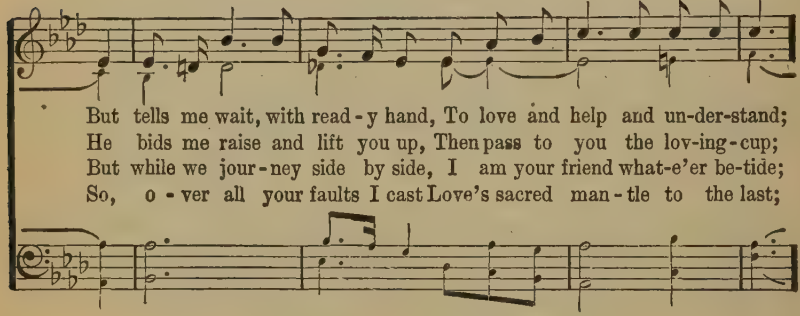
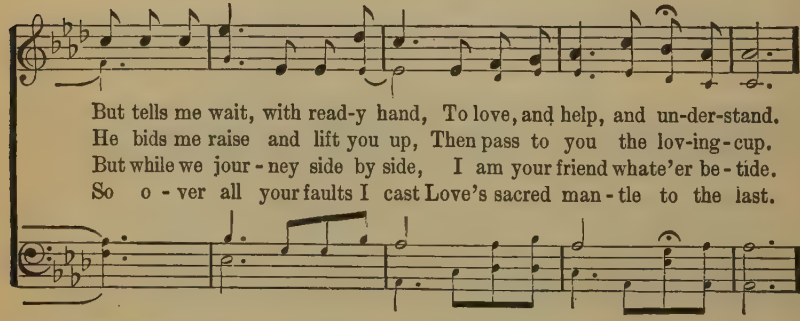
Sarah Spencer-Ruff. WORDS AND MUSIC Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I'm not your judge, Nay! God forbids Me judge the rec-ord of your deeds;
2. I'm not your judge, Nay! I'm un-fit, God plainly tells in ho - ly writ;
3. I'm not your judge, Nay! One on high Will read your sentence by and by;
4. I'm not your judge, Nay! One up-on His throne will judge in love, His own;

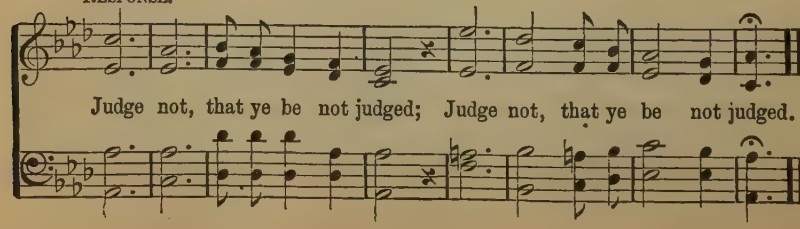


But tells me wait, with read - y hand, To love and help and un-der-stand;
He bids me raise and lift you up, Then pass to you the lov-ing-cup;
But while we jour - ney side by side, I am your friend what-e'er be-tide;
So, o - ver all your faults I cast Love's sacred man - tle to the last;



But tells me wait, with read-y hand, To love, and help, and un-der-stand.
He bids me raise and lift you up, Then pass to you the lov-ing-cup.
But while we jour - ney side by side, I am your friend whate'er be - tide.
So o - ver all your faults I cast Love's sacred man - tle to the last.

RESPONSE.



Judge not, that ye be not judged; Judge not, that ye be not judged.

No. 138. What Will You Do When the Judge Appears?

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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B. D. Ackley.

1. What will you do when the Judge ap-pears, What will you say of your
2. What will you do when The Cru - ci - fied Points to the cross where for
3. What will you do when you stand in need, With-out a friend who can
4. What will you do with your pomp and pride, What will you do, for you

mis - spent years, How can you an - swer your moth - er's tears,
you He died, How can you hide from your guilt - y fears,
in - ter - cede, Too late your plead-ings, in vain your tears,
must de - cide? Has - ten to - day, for the judg - ment nears;

REFRAIN.

What will you do when the Judge ap-pears? What will you do when the

Judge ap-pears? Christ is a ref-uge what-ev-er be-tide; You will be

saved if in Him you a - bide; What will you do when the Judge ap-pears?

No. 139. He Loves Even Me.

S. L.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Scott Lawrence.

1. When I think of my Sav-ior's great love, In com-ing from Heav-en a-
2. When I think of the thorns on His brow, Seems as if I can see Je-sus
3. When I think how He saves me from sin, Though oft-en un-grate-ful I've

bove, To die on the tree For a sin-ner like me, I am sure that He
now, As He suf-fered for me, That my soul might be free: I am sure that He
been, My vow I re-new, "To be faith-ful and true;" I am sure that He

CHORUS.

loves e-ven me. I am sure that He loves e-ven me, . . .

I am sure that He loves e-ven me; . . . . And His love is so

sweet, Makes my joy so complete When I think how He loves e-ven me. . . .

No. 140. Is It Not Wonderful?

S. L.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Scott Lawrence.

1. I heard a voice saying, "Come unto Me," Is it not won-der - ful? . .
2. When I am tempted, to Je-sus I go; Is it not won-der - ful? . .
3. I have not found such a friend an-y-where; Is it not won-der - ful? . .

"I have redeemed thee, from sin set you free;" Is it not won-der - ful? . .
Strength He doth give me to conquer each foe; Is it not won-der - ful? . .
He nev-er leaves me lest I should despair; Is it not won-der - ful? . .

CHORUS.

Is it not won-der - ful? . . Is it not won - der - ful? . . His

dy-ing for me, From my sins set me free, Is it not won-der - ful?

No. 141.

Jesus Will!

Ina Duley Ogdon.

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E. O EXCELL, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley.

DUET.

1. Who will o - pen mer-cy's door? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!
2. Who can take a - way my sin? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!
3. Who can conquer doubts and fears? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!
4. Who will be my dear - est Friend? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!

As for par - don I im - plore? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Make me pure, with-out, with - in? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Share my joys and dry my tears? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Love and keep me to the end? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!

CHORUS.

Je - sus will, Je - sus will! Yes, your lov - ing Sav - ior will;
sure - ly will;

He will each and ev - 'ry need ful - fill, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!

No. 142. Because His Name is Jesus.

Arr. by E. O. E.

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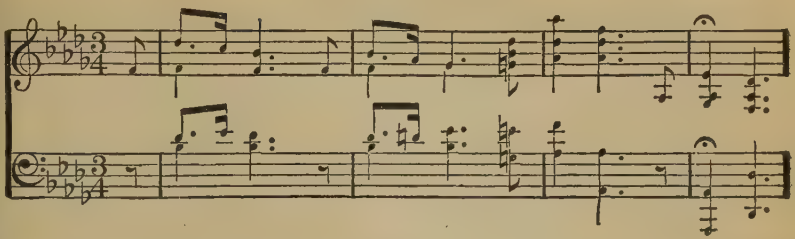
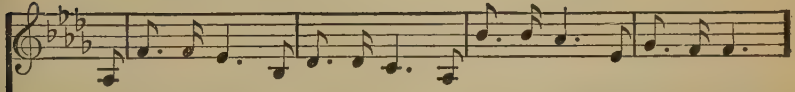
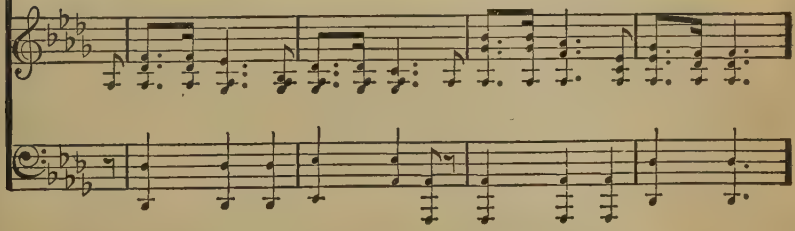
MUSIC AND ARR. OF WORDS.

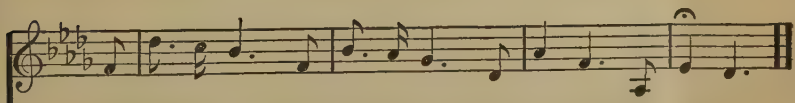
E. O. Excell.



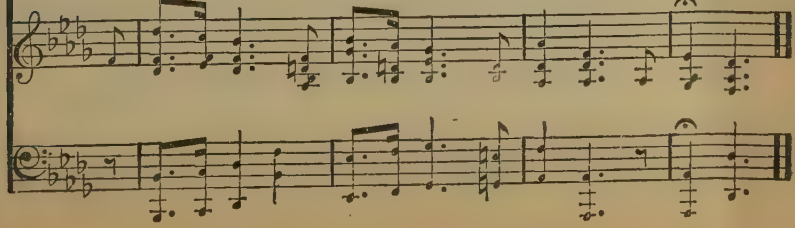


1. In vain I've tried a thousand ways My fears to quell, my hopes to raise,
2. My soul is night, my heart is steel, I can-not see, I can-not feel;
3. He died for me, He lives, He pleads, There's love in all His words and deeds;
4. Tho' some will scorn, tho' some will blame, I'll go with all my guilt and shame,





But what I need for all my days Is Je - sus, is Je - sus.
For light, for life, I must ap-peal To Je - sus, to Je - sus.
There's all a guilt - y sin-ner needs In Je - sus, in Je - sus.
I'll go to Him be-cause His name Is Je - sus, is Je - sus.



No. 143. There Will I Follow Thee.

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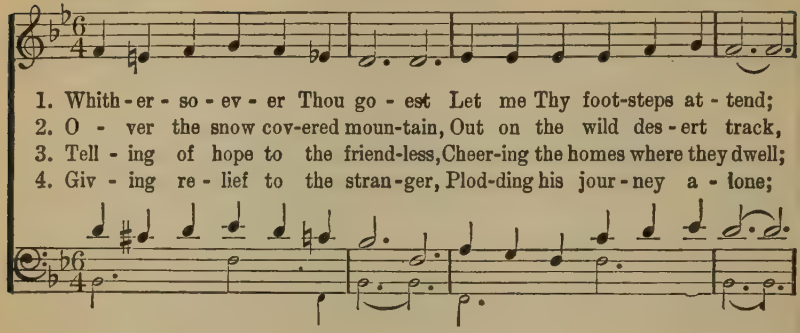
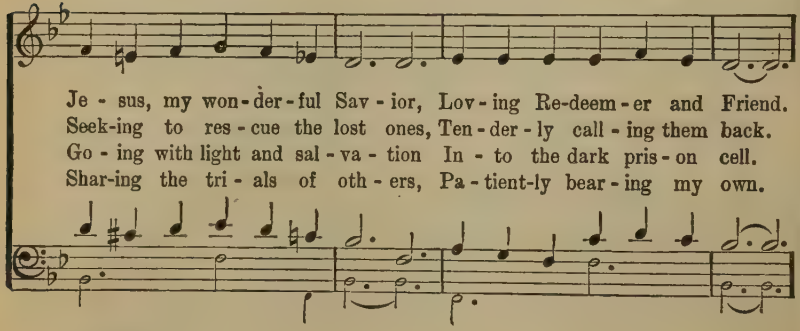
Fanny J. Crosby. B. D. Ackley.

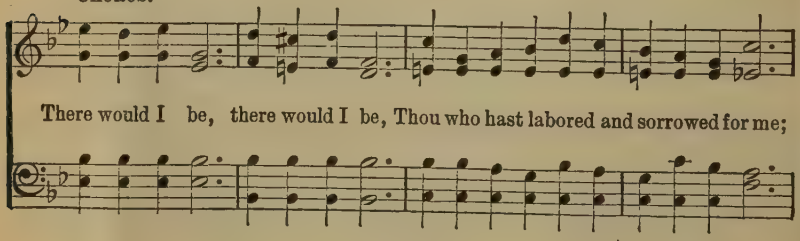


1. Whith-er - so - ev - er Thou go - est Let me Thy foot-steps at - tend;
2. O - ver the snow cov-ered moun-tain, Out on the wild des - ert track,
3. Tell - ing of hope to the friend-less, Cheer-ing the homes where they dwell;
4. Giv - ing re - lief to the stran-ger, Plod-ding his jour - ney a - lone;

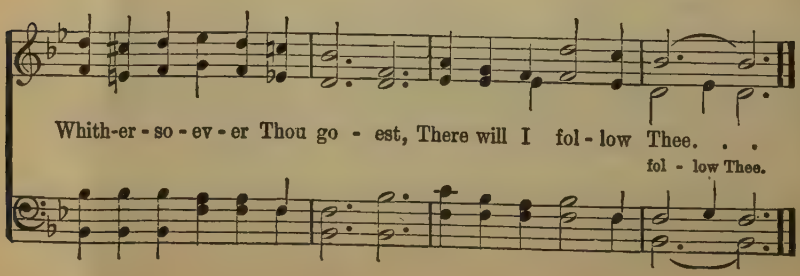


Je - sus, my won-der-ful Sav - ior, Lov - ing Re-deem - er and Friend.
Seek-ing to res - cue the lost ones, Ten - der - ly call - ing them back.
Go - ing with light and sal - va - tion In - to the dark pris - on cell.
Shar-ing the tri - als of oth - ers, Pa - tient-ly bear - ing my own.

CHORUS.



There would I be, there would I be, Thou who hast labored and sorrowed for me;



Whith-er - so - ev - er Thou go - est, There will I fol - low Thee. . .
fol - low Thee.

No. 144. I Am Happy in Him.

E. O. E.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring afar from the fold;
3. His love and His mer-cy surround me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down;

His voice it is music to hear it, His face it is heaven to see.
Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
His Spir - it, to guide and to comfort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go.
Till then I will ev-er be faith - ful, In gath - er-ing gems for His crown.

CHORUS.

I am hap-py in Him, . . I am hap-py in Him; . .
I . . . . am hap-py in Him, I . . . . am hap-py in Him;

My soul with de-light He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him.

No. 145. Better Than I Know.

Ina Duley Ogdon.

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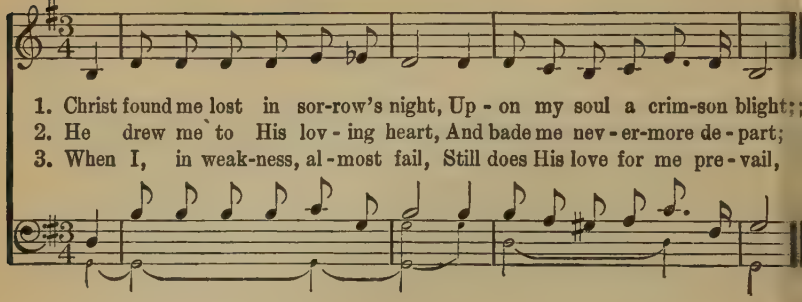
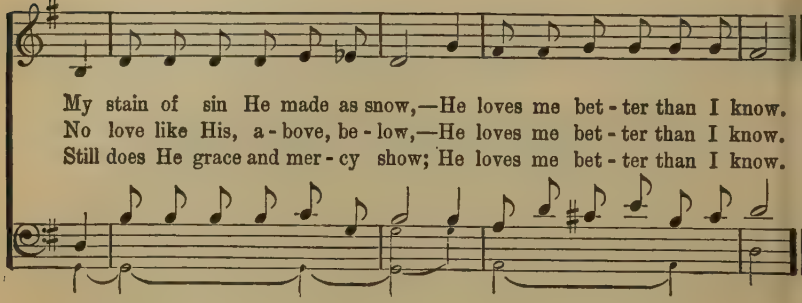
B. D. Ackley.

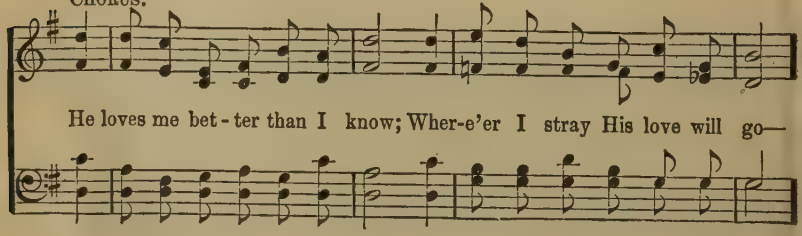


1. Christ found me lost in sor-row's night, Up - on my soul a crim-son blight;
2. He drew me to His lov - ing heart, And bade me nev - er-more de - part;
3. When I, in weak-ness, al - most fail, Still does His love for me pre - vail,

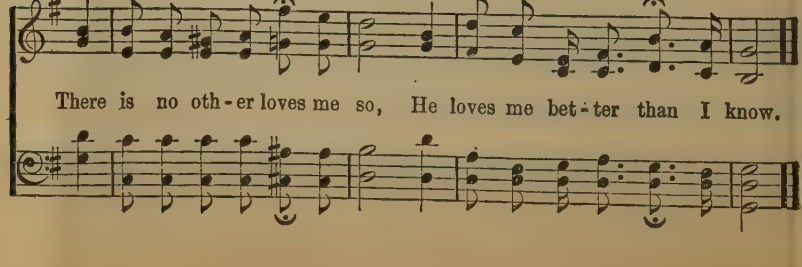


My stain of sin He made as snow,—He loves me bet - ter than I know.
No love like His, a - bove, be - low,—He loves me bet - ter than I know.
Still does He grace and mer - cy show; He loves me bet - ter than I know.

CHORUS.



He loves me bet - ter than I know; Wher-e'er I stray His love will go—



There is no oth - er loves me so, He loves me bet - ter than I know.

No. 146. He Knows It All.

Mrs. Ophelia Adams.

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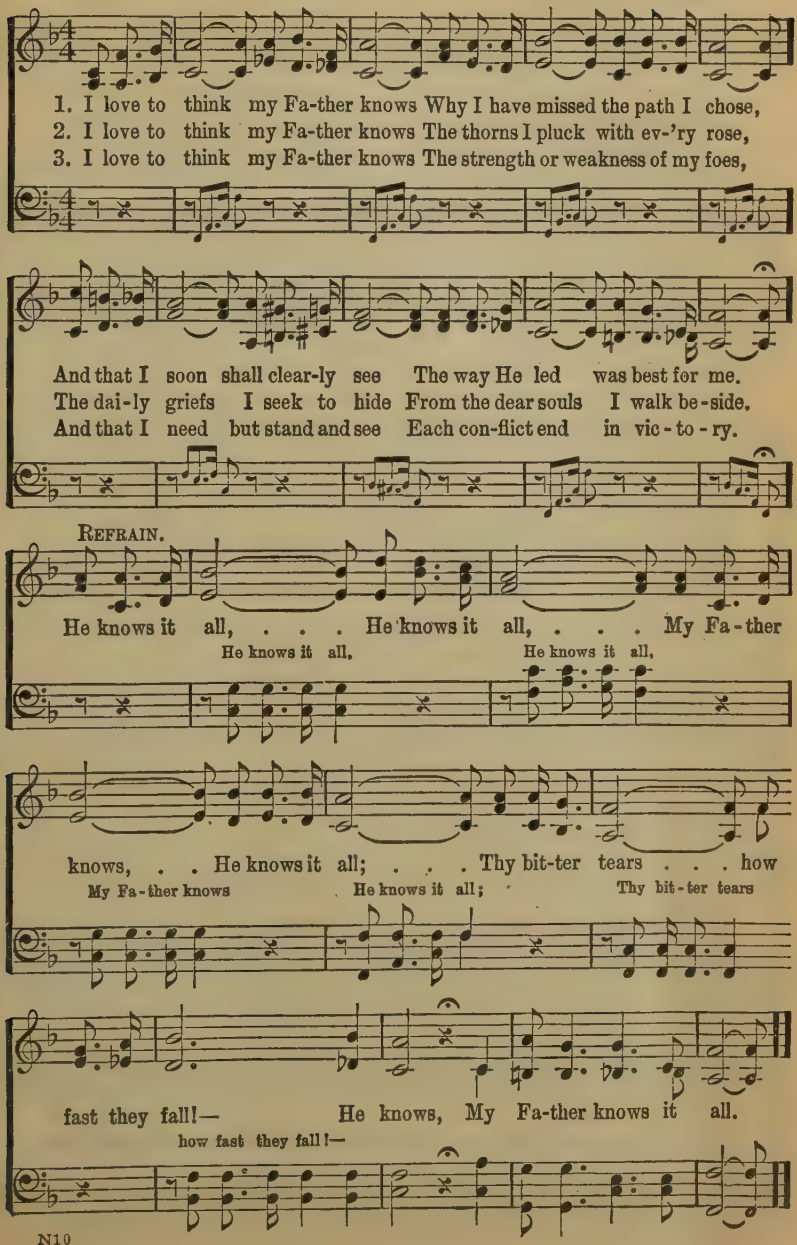
C. M. Davis.



No. 147. Holy Bible, Book Divine.

John Burton. COPYRIGHT 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

Slow, with dignity.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre-cious treas-ure, thou art mine:
2. Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Sav-ior's love;
3. Mine to com-fort in dis-tress, Suf-f'ring in this wil - der-ness;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin-ner's doom:

rit.

Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to tell me what I am;
Mine thou art to guide and guard; Mine to pun-ish or re - ward;
Mine to show, by liv - ing faith, Man can tri-umph o - ver death;
O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre-cious treas-ure, thou art mine.

CHORUS.

Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre-cious treas - ure, thou art mine;

O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre-cious treas - ure, thou art mine!

No. 148. My Father Holds My Hand.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W ELMER BAILEY. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

SOLO.

1. My Fa - ther holds my hand, My Lord who loves me so;
2. Se - cure in Him I trust My all from day to day;
3. His love can nev - er fail; His mer - cy knows no end;
4. He knows the way I take; My life by Him was planned;

His grace en - a - bles me to stand; He will not let me go. . .
'Mid good or seem-ing ill I rest, Be - cause He knows the way. . .
Tho' tempt-ed oft, I shall pre-vail; He will my soul de - fend. . .
Tho' friends may fail and earth-ties break, He still will hold my hand. . .

CHORUS.

My Fa-ther holds my hand; . . No fear my heart shall know; . .
My Heav'n - ly Fa - ther holds my hand; shall know;

He'll bring me safe to Glo - ry - land, He will not let me go. . .

No. 149. Somebody Knows.

Alfred H. Ackley.

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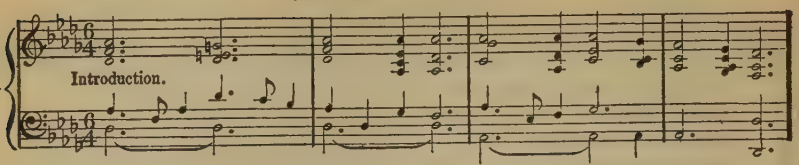
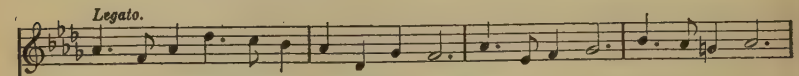
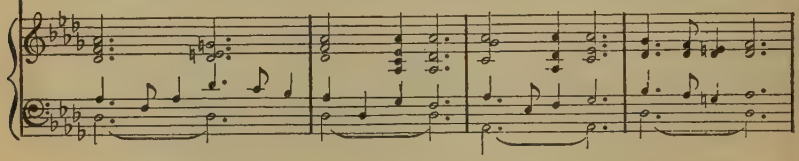
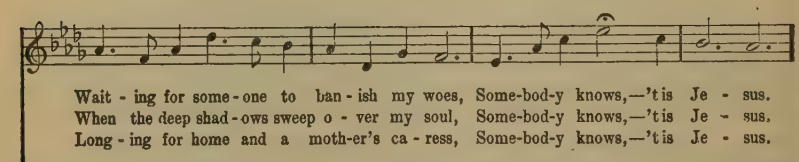
B. D. Ackley.



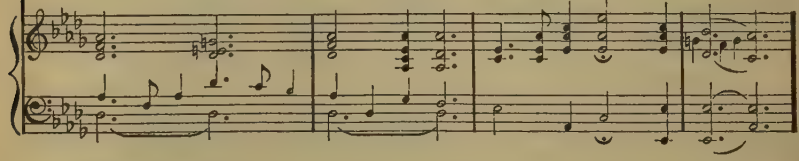


1. Fail - ing in strength when op - prest by my foes, Some - bod - y knows, Some-bod-y knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care - bil-lows roll? Some - bod - y knows, Some-bod-y knows;
3. Wound-ed and help - less and sick with dis - tress, Some - bod - y knows, Some-bod-y knows;

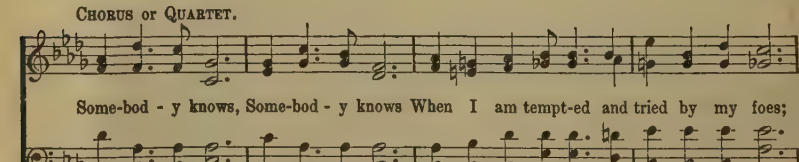




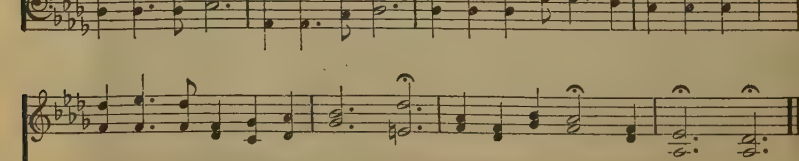
Wait - ing for some - one to ban - ish my woes, Some-bod-y knows,—'t is Je - sus.
When the deep shad - ows sweep o - ver my soul, Some-bod-y knows,—'t is Je - sus.
Long - ing for home and a moth-er's ca - ress, Some-bod-y knows,—'t is Je - sus.



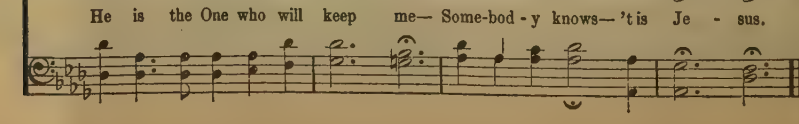
CHORUS or QUARTET.



Some-bod - y knows, Some-bod - y knows When I am tempt-ed and tried by my foes;



He is the One who will keep me— Some-bod - y knows— 't is Je - sus.



No. 150. The Slighted Stranger.

C. H. G.

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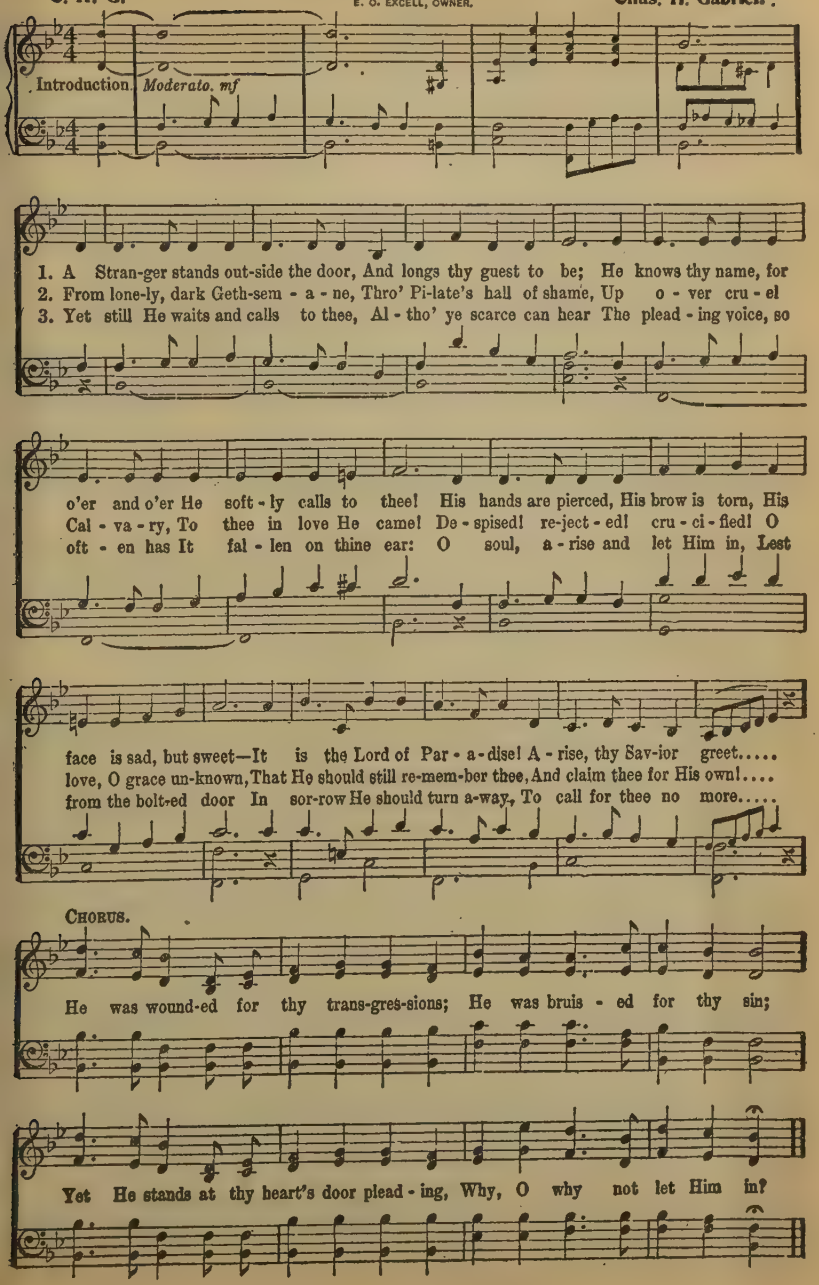
Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 151. His Love For Me.

F. M. Eastwood.

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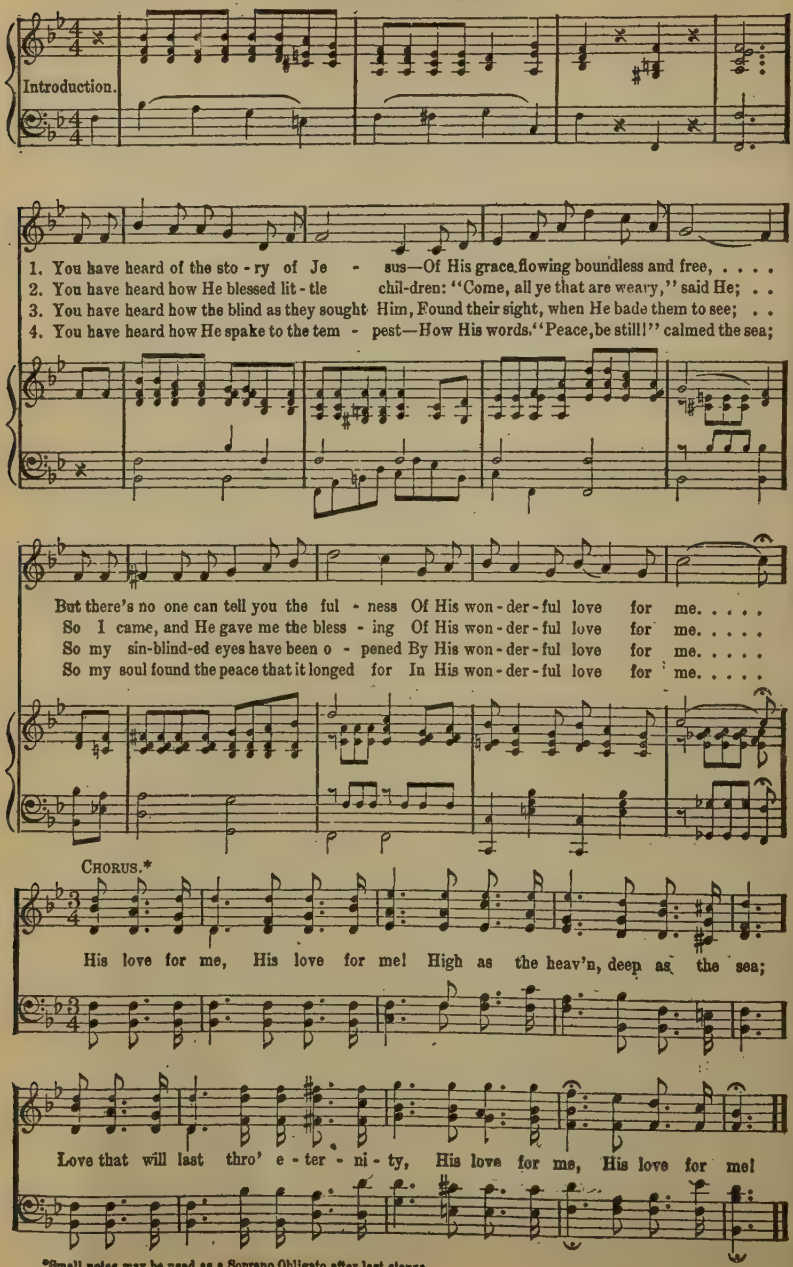
Fred H. Byshe.

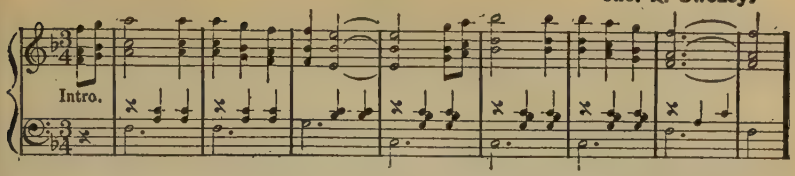


*Small notes may be used as a Soprano Obligato after last stanza.

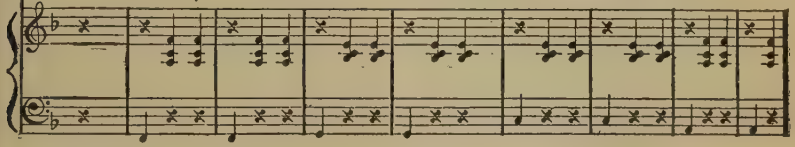
No. 152. There's a Hand Held Out.

USED BY PERMISSION OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

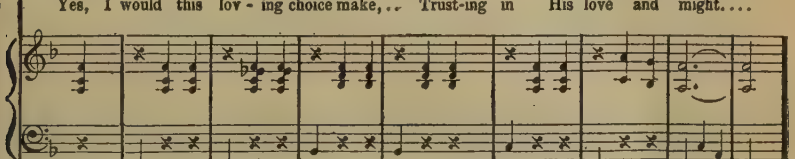
M. W. Morse. Jno. R. Sweney.



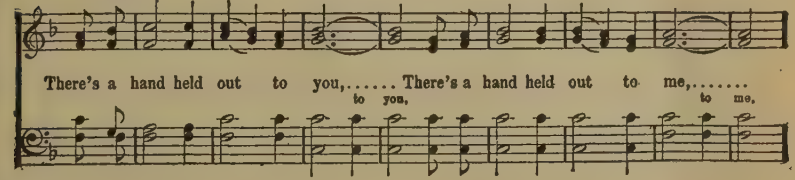
1. There's a hand held out in pit - y,..... There's a hand held out in love:.....
2. Oh, how gen - tly will it lead us!..... Oh, how ten - der is its touch!....
3. Shall I, to this hand ex-tend - ed,..... Pay no heed as it in - vites?.....
4. Nay, I would this prof-fered hand take,..... Know-ing that it leads a - right;.....



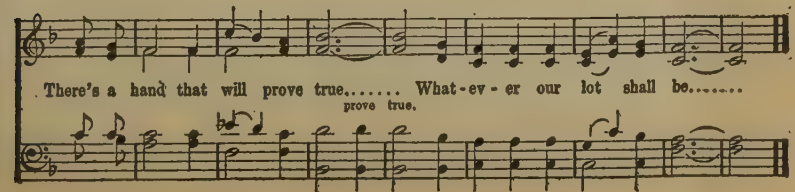
It will pi - lot to the cit - y,..... Where our Fa - ther dwells a - bove.....
'T is the bless - ed hand of Je - sus; .... We all need it, oh, so much!....
Shall my Sav - ior be of - fend-ed,..... Give I not to Him His rights?...
Yes, I would this lov - ing choice make,.. Trust-ing in His love and might....



CHORUS.



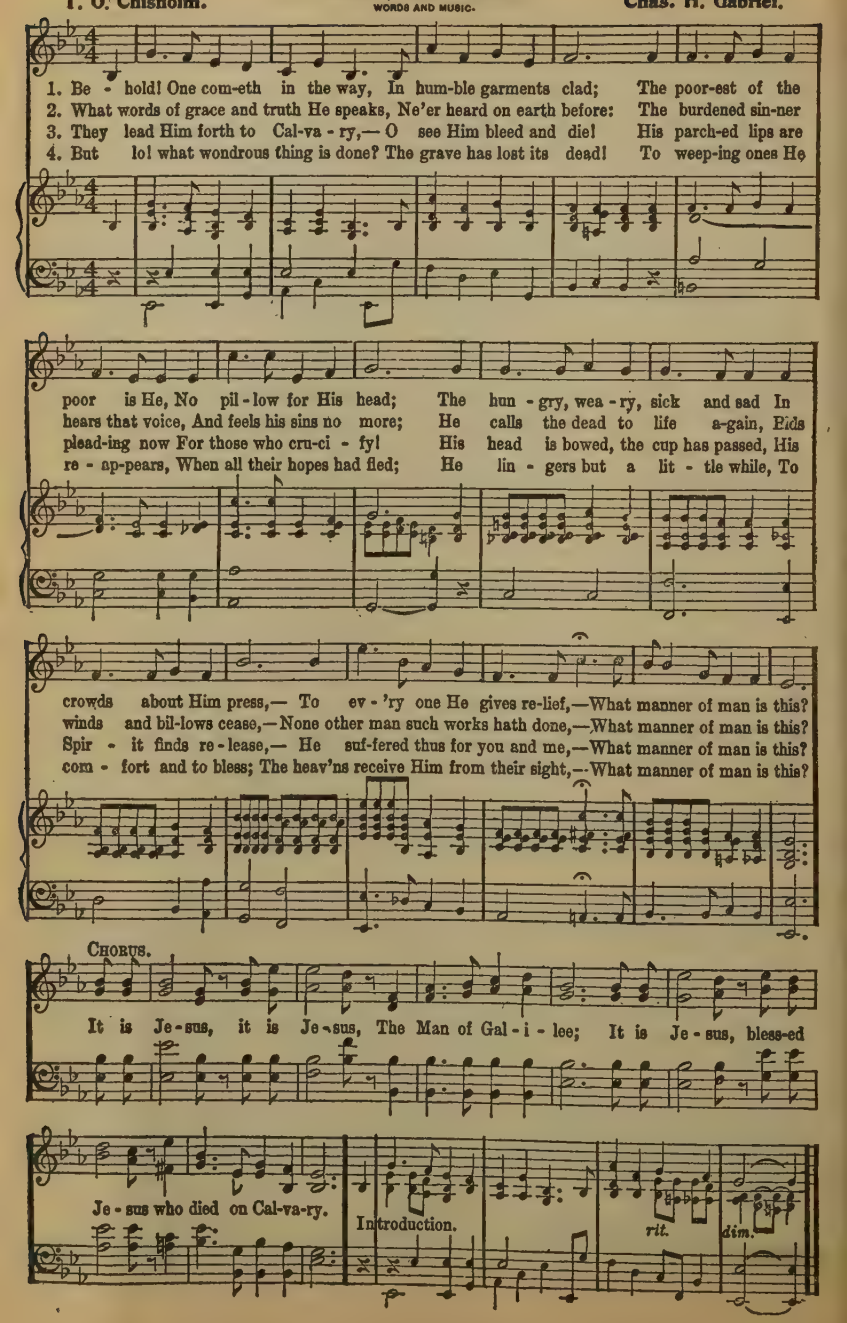
There's a hand held out to you,..... There's a hand held out to me,.....
to you, to me,



There's a hand that will prove true..... What-ev - er our lot shall be.....
prove true.

No. 153. It Is Jesus.

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1909 BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 154. The Good Old-Fashioned Way.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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E. O. Excell.

1. I am on the Gos-pel highway, Pressing for-ward to the goal, Where for me a rest re-
2. From the snares of sin-ful pleas-ure, Here my feet are al - ways free; Tho' the way may be called
3. Man - y friends have gone before me, They have laid their ar-mor down, With the pil-grims and the
4. Just a few more steps to fol-low, Just a few more days to roam; But the way grows more de-

main-eth In the home-land of the soul: Ev-'ry hour I'm mov-ing on-ward, Not a
nar - row, It is wide e-nough for me; It was wide e-nough for Dan - iel, And for
mar-tyrs Have ob-tained a robe and crown; On this road they fought their battles, Shouting
light - ful As I'm draw-ing near - er home; When the storms of life are o - ver, And the

mo - ment to de - lay; I am go - ing home to glo - ry In the good old-fashioned way.
Da - vid in his day; I am glad that I can fol - low In the good old-fashioned way.
vic - t'ry day by day: I shall o - ver-come and join them In the good old-fashioned way.
clouds have rolled a - way, I shall find the gates of Heav-en In the good old-fashioned way.

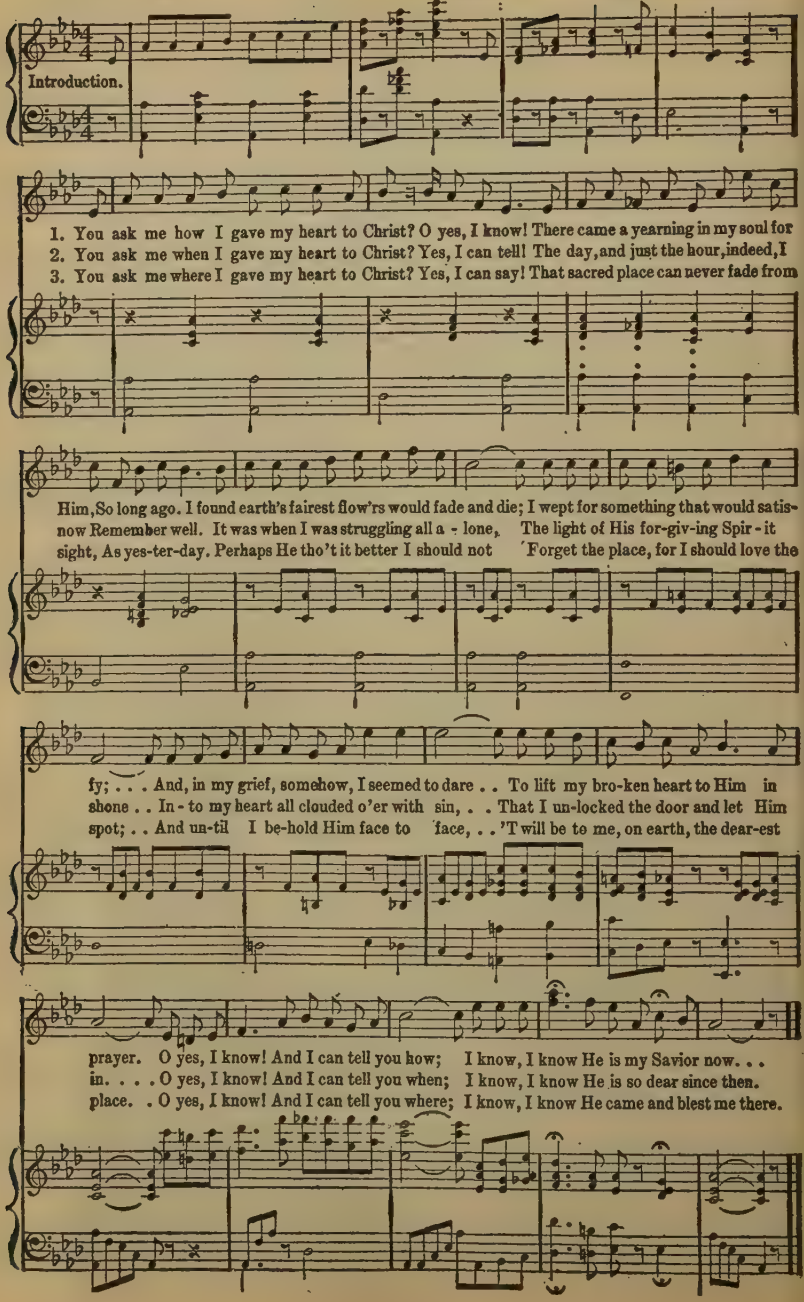
CHORUS or QUARTET.

In the good old - fash-ioned way, In the good old - fash-ioned way,

I am go - ing home to glo - ry In the good old - fash-ioned way.

No. 155. I Know.

W. H. O. and C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 156. He Will Not Forsake You.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. He will not for - sake you, Whose glo - ries shine a - far; He who feeds the
2. He will not for - sake you, The chil - dren of the King, Made in His own
3. He will not for - sake you; Oh, let the mes - sage ring, Bright or storm - y

ra - ven, And num - bers ev - 'ry star, Will not let His chil - dren One
like - ness, His sav - ing grace to sing; Bought with blood so pre - cious, Re-
weath - er, 'T will hope and glad - ness bring; Let us sweet - ly trust Him, Re-

hour for - got - ten be; Trust the heav'nly Fa - ther, Trust Him who cares for thee.
deemed at such a cost, He will not for - get you, His word can-not be lost.
joic - ing in His love, Till we bet - ter praise Him In that bright home a - bove.

CHORUS OR QUARTET.

Trust Him, trust Him, Whatever may be-tide; He who clothes the lil-ies Is ev - er at your side;

Trust Him, trust Him Whose glories shine afar; He will not for-sake you Who numbers ev-'ry star.

No. 157. Clinging Close to His Hand.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Samuel W. Beazley.

1. As I cling to the hand of my Lord each day, . . . What a glad-ness is mine in the heav'nward way! . . Bless - ed fel-low-ship ours all the way a - long, As my glad - ness voi - ces it - self in song. . .
2. If I cling to His hand when the way grows dim, . . What is there I need fear, since I trust in Him? . For His love lights the way that my feet must tread, And Faith's day - star bright-ens the path a - head. . .
3. I will cling to the hand whose nail-prints I see, . . And will rest in the love that is full and free; . . Cling - ing ev - er to Him, of His grace I sing, Christ, my Sav - ior, ev - er to be my King. . .

CHORUS.

Clinging, clinging by faith to my Savior's hand; Clinging, clinging to Him who my way hath planned;

Cling-ing, cling-ing to Je-sus, my Hope, my All; Cling-ing, clinging, clinging, I can-not fall.

No. 158. I'm a Pilgrim.

Mary S. B. Dana. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar - ry but a night!
2. Of that Cit - y to which I jour - ney, My Re-deem - er is the Light;
3. There the sun-beams are ev - er shin - ing,— O my long - ing heart is there;
(1.) I can tar-ry but a night, I can tar-ry but a night!

Do not de-tain me, for I am go - ing To where the foun-tains are ev - er flow - ing;
There is no sor - row, nor an - y sigh - ing, Nor an - y tears there, nor an - y dy - ing;
Here in this coun - try, so dark and drear - y, I long have wan-dered, forlorn and wear - y;
(1.) Do not de-tain me, for I am go - ing To where the fountains are ever flow - ing;

rit.

Do not de-tain me, for I am go - ing To where the foun-tains are ev - er flow - ing.
There is no sor - row, nor an - y sigh - ing, Nor an - y tears there, nor an - y dy - ing.
Here in this coun - try, so dark and drear - y, I long have wan-dered, forlorn and wear - y.
(1.) Do not de-tain me, for I am go - ing To where the fountains are ever flow - ing.

CHORUS.

I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar - ry but a night;
I'm a pilgrim and a stranger, I'm a pilgrim and a stranger; I can tarry but a night, I can tarry but a night; For

I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger, I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.
I'm a pilgrim and a stranger, I'm a pilgrim and a stranger,

No. 139. "Heaven Is Not Far Away."

J. E. Ramsey.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Roger Cox.

1. Kneel - ing by my trun-dle bed, Moth - er's hand up - on my head, She would kiss my cheek and say, "Heav'n is not far a - way." Man-y years have rolled be-tween,
2. Dark-ness comes with guilt-y fears, Sin and shame bring bit - ter tears, Pray - ing there, night turns to day;—"Heav'n is not far a - way." Ho - ly now, my Beth - el ground,

D. S.—Then how sweet will be my bliss;

Mother's feet have en-tered in, Still that whis-per when I pray, "Heav'n is not far a - way."
An-gel hosts en-camped a-round, In my dreams I hear them say, "Heav'n is not far a - way."
Dear-er than a moth-er's kiss—On His breast my head to lay, "Heav'n is not far a - way."

FINE.

Still that whis-per when I pray, "Heav'n is not far a - way."
In my dreams I hear them say, "Heav'n is not far a - way."
On His breast my head to lay, "Heav'n is not far a - way."

3. When at last 'mid shadows deep,

D. S. AL FINE.

I shall "lay me down to sleep," He who keeps my soul will say, "Heav'n is not far a - way."

No. 160. My Mother's Song.

J. E. Ramsey.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Sing me the song my moth-er sang In ac-cents sweet and low, That dear old song she
2. O sing it as she sang that day, So tender and so sweet, When pen - i - tent I
3. Sing me the dear old song a-gain, It brings a sweet re - lief; 'Twas mother's song in
4. Sing as she sang, with faith so strong, When called by an - gel band, To join her song with

sang to me In childhood long a - go; Me thinks I hear her voice a-gain, And
knelt to pray, Be - fore the mer - cy - seat; It seemed a song from angel tongue, My
joy or pain, Her balm for ev - 'ry grief; In vale or on the mountain steep, She
ser-aph throng, In heav'n's sweet sum-mer land; Still sing-ing God's re-deem-ing love, His

see her smil - ing face, As when she sang that sweet re-frain .Of God's A-maz - ing Grace.
bro-ken heart to bless, When mother sang that dear old song Of God's A-maz - ing Grace.
sang her song of praise,—The Lord my soul will safe-ly keep, Thro' His A-maz - ing Grace.
glo - ry on her face, She winged her way to realms a-bove, Thro' God's A-maz - ing Grace.

After each stanza sing the corresponding stanza of the following hymn: "Amazing Grace,"

No. 161. Amazing Grace.

John Newton.

Arr. by E. O. Excell.

1. { Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart
And grace my fears relieved; [to fear
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils and
I have already come; [snares,
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus
And grace will lead me home. [far,

4 When we've been there ten thou-
Bright shining as the sun, [sand years
We've no less days to sing God's
Than when we first begun. [praise

No. 162. We've a Story to Tell.

Colin Sterne. H. E. Nichol.

Voices in Unison.

1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall turn their hearts to the right, A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness,
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall lift their hearts to the Lord; A song that shall con-quer e - vil
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the Lord Who reigneth a - bove, Hath sent us His Son to save us,
4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions, Who the path of sor - row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ple

A sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light.
And shat-ter the spear and sword, And shat-ter the spear and sword.
And show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.
Might come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God!

REFRAIN.

For the darkness shall turn to dawn-ing, And the dawning to noon-day bright,

And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth, The king-dom of love and light.

No. 163. Rejoice! Rejoice! the Lost is Found.

F. L. B. *Written expressly for E. O. Excell.* Frank L. Bristow.

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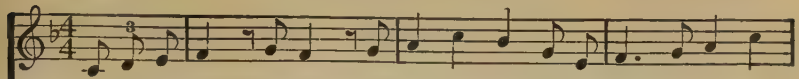
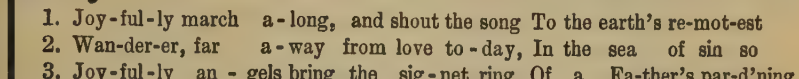
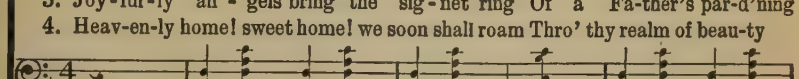
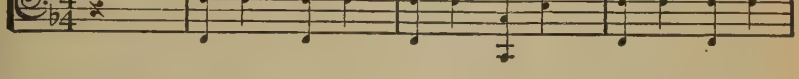


1. Joy-ful-ly march a-long, and shout the song To the earth's re-mot-est
2. Wan-der-er, far a-way from love to-day, In the sea of sin so
3. Joy-ful-ly an-gels bring the sig-net ring Of a Fa-ther's par-d'ning
4. Heav-en-ly home! sweet home! we soon shall roam Thro' thy realm of beau-ty



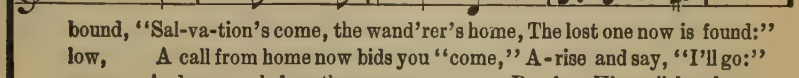


bound, "Sal-va-tion's come, the wand'rer's home, The lost one now is found:"
low, A call from home now bids you "come," A-rise and say, "I'll go:"
grace, And roy-al fare they now pre-pare, Be-fore His smil-ing face:
rare, With an-gel throng join in the song Of joy be-yond com-pare:



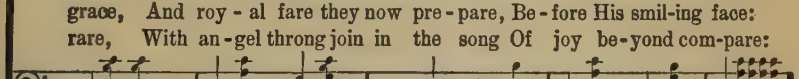
Sing in Unison except the D. S.

Re-joice! re-joice! with heart and voice; Re-peat the wel-come sound!
A crown of life is wait-ing there, And rai-ment white as snow!
A-way with fears! a-way with tears! Re-ceive His fond em-brace!
"Re-deem-er!" "King!" for-ev-er sing The loved ones gath-ered there!



D. S.—*Sal-va-tion's come! the wan-d'rer's home, The lost one now is found!*

CHORUS. D. S.



With songs of joy, Your tongues em-ploy, And re-peat the wel-come sound;

No. 164. Reapers Are Needed.

C. H. G.

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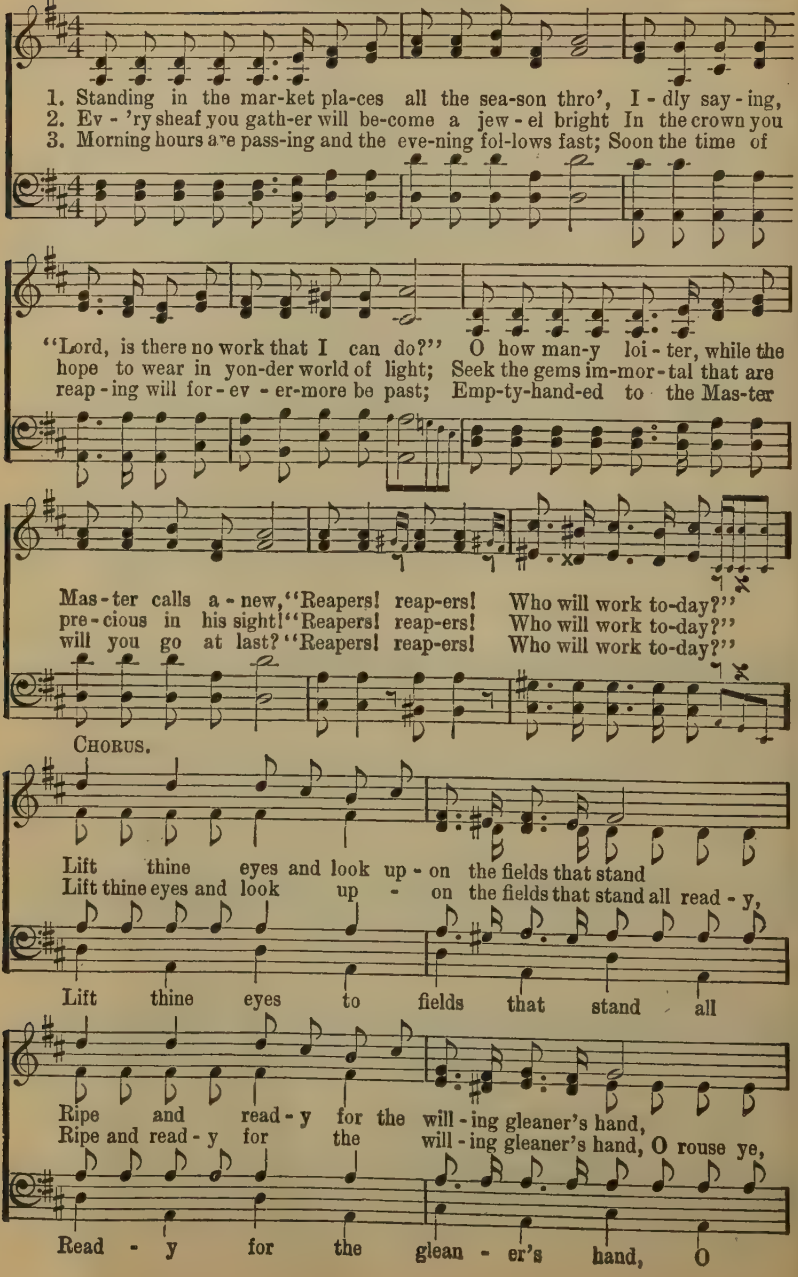
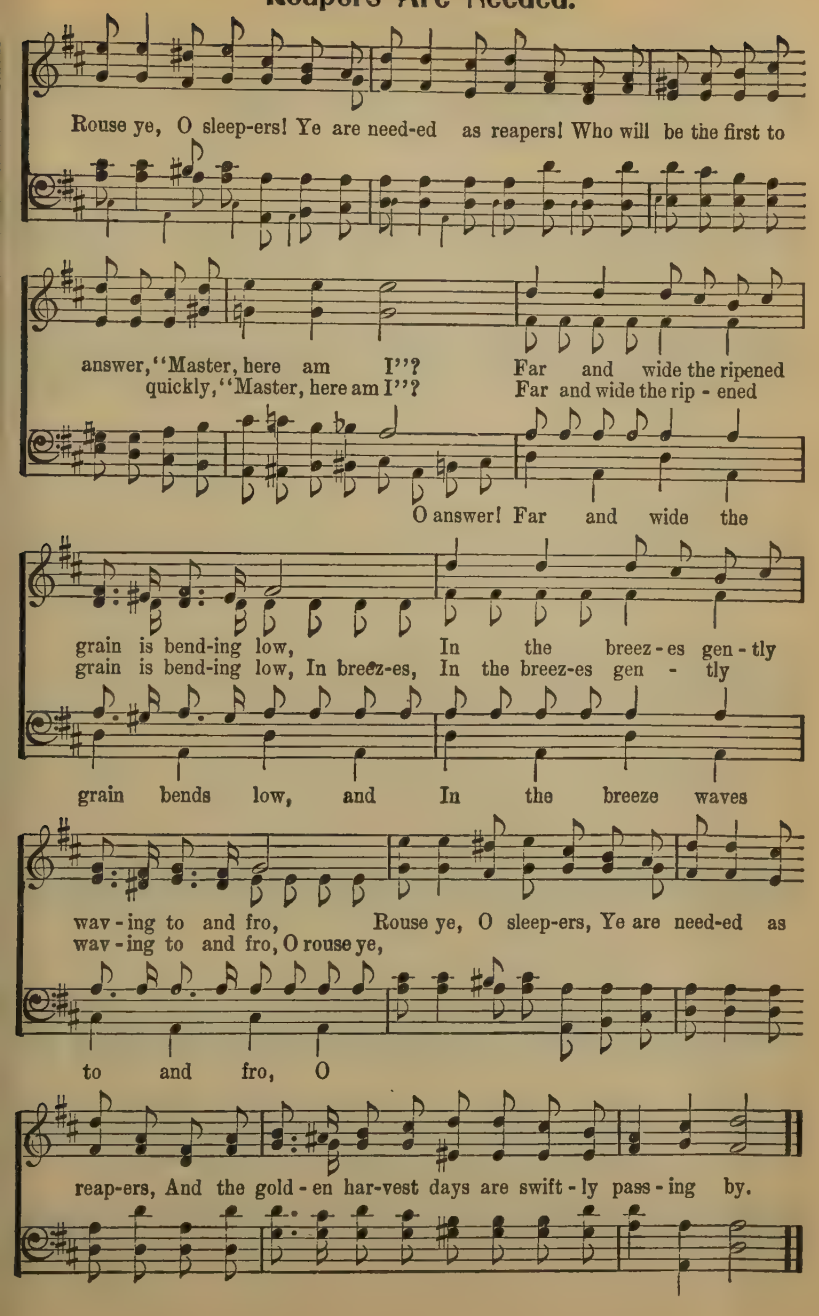
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

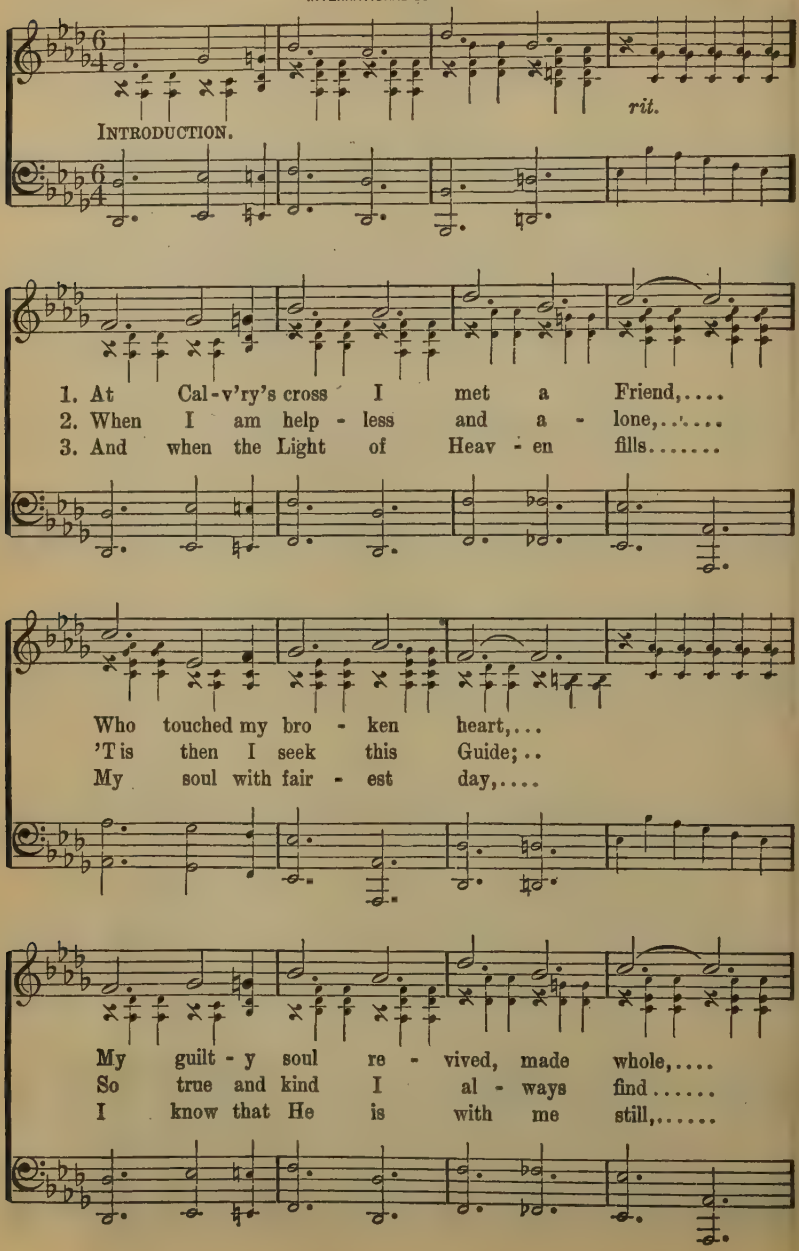


Reapers Are Needed.



No. 165. O How I Love Him.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. B. D. Ackley.



O How I Love Him.

Thro' grace set me a - part. . .
Him wait - ing at my side. . .
And will be all the way. . .

CHORUS.

O how I love Him, The Man of Gal - i - lee! . . .
O how I love Him, The Man of Gal - i - lee!

O how I love Him, Who died on Cal - va - ry! . . .
O how I love Him, Who died on Cal - va - ry!

There is no oth - er Such a Friend or Broth - er;

O how I love Him, Be - cause He died for me! . .

No. 166. Crown Him King of Kings.

E. E. Rexford.

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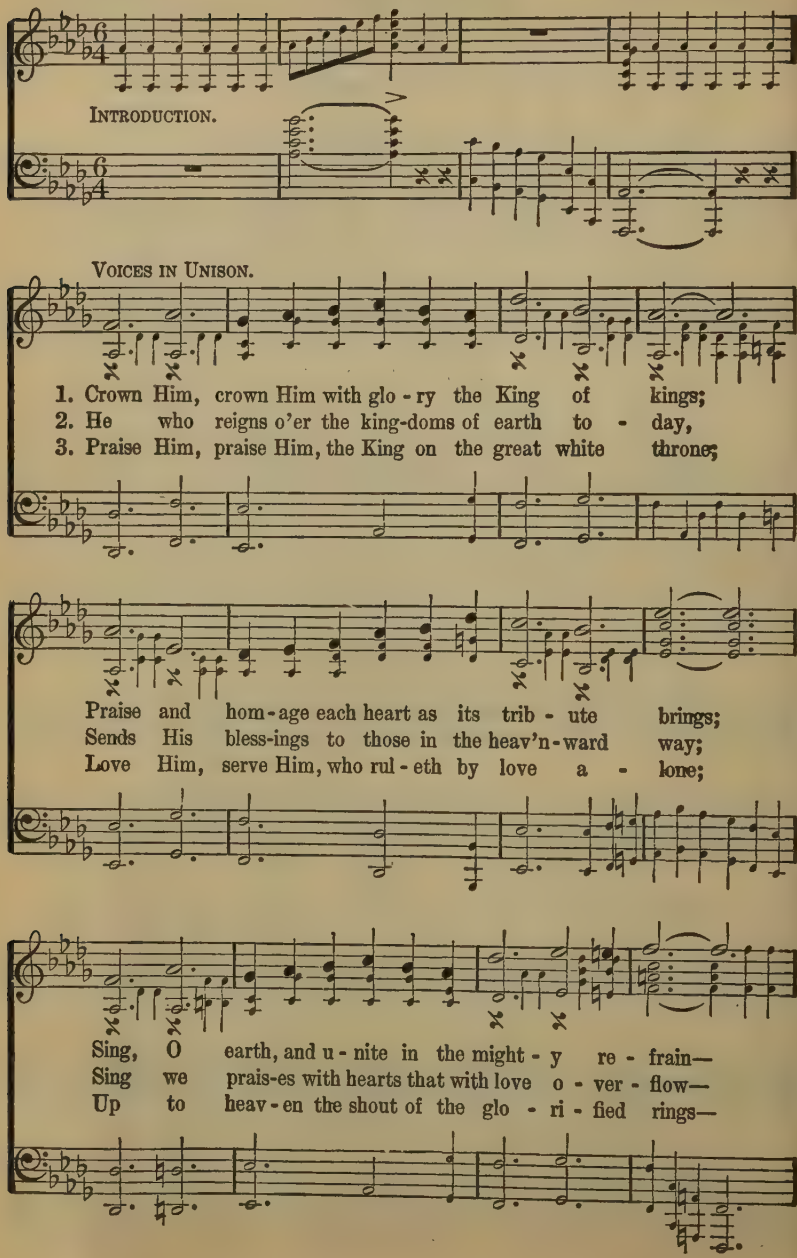
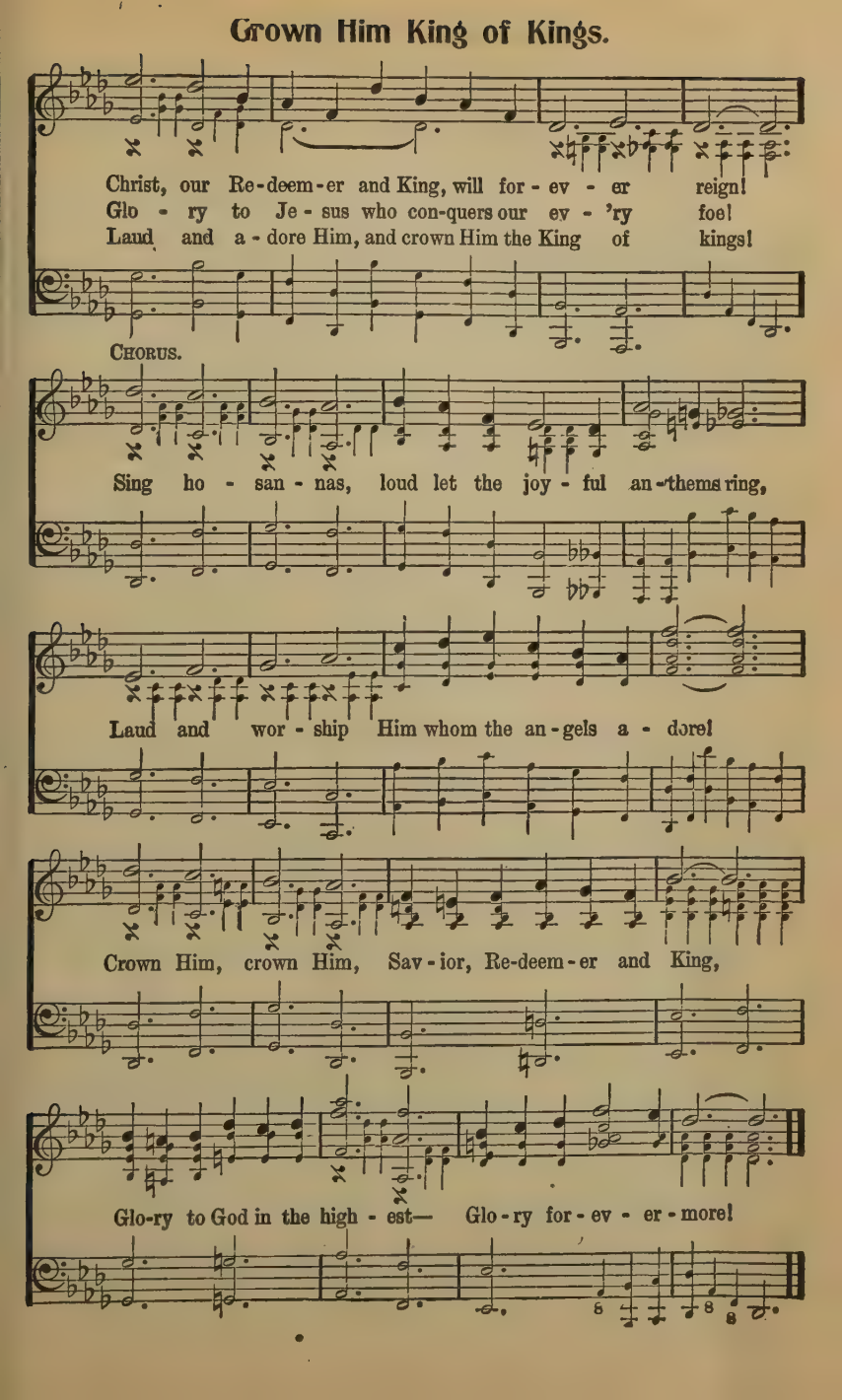
WORDS AND MUSIC.

DeLoss Smith.



Crown Him King of Kings.



No. 167. The King of Kings.

C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Joy-ful-ly now our
2. Strangely He wro't the

songs are re-sound-ing, As to our Sav-ior each heart a tribute brings; Sweet-ly the
Fa-ther's commission; Teaching and preaching the Word in Galilee; Bear-ing the

FINE.

ech-oes, too, are re-bound-ing, Ech-oes of prais-es un-to the King of Kings.
scorn of low-ly po-si-tion, That from the burden of sin we might be free.

CHORUS.

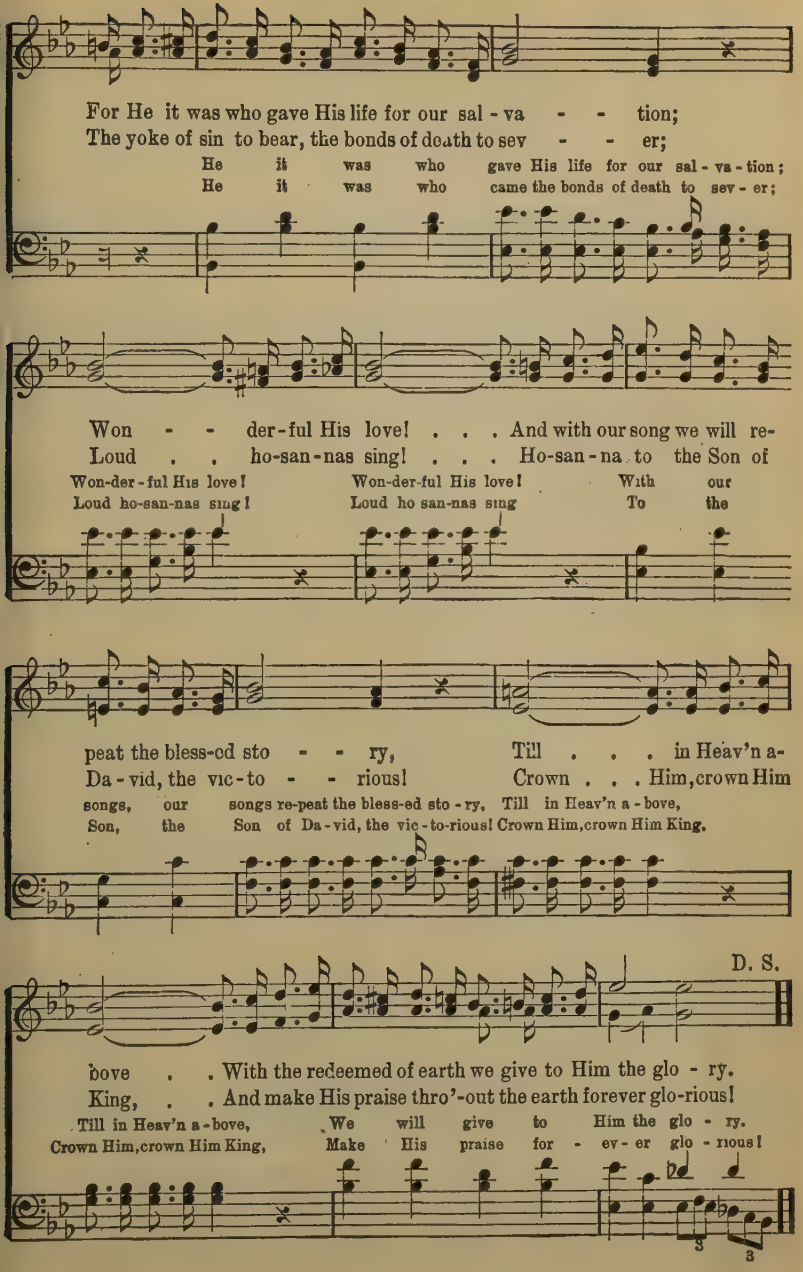
1. He . . . is Lord of all, . . . And He a-lone is wor-thy of our
2. Bless - - ed be His name, . . His glory shall endure, and He shall

1. He is Lord of all, He is Lord of all, He a - lone
2. Blessed be His name, Bless-ed be His name, He shall reign

ad-o-ra - tion! We . . His name ex-tol, . .
reign for-ev - - er! Un - - to us He came . .

is wor-thy of our ad-o-ra-tion! We His name ex-tol, We His name ex-tol,
for - ev-er, He shall reign for-ev-er! Un-to us He came, Un-to us He came

The King of Kings.



No. 168. All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, We cast.....our crowns be-
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, The ran - - somed hosts sur-
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, Our ris - - en King and

fore Thee; Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a-
round Thee; And earthly monarchs clamor forth Their Sov - 'reign, King to
Sav - ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om - nip - o - tent for-

dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior, King, The vi-brant chords of
crown Thee. While those redeemed in a - ges gone, As-semb-led round the
ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa-tan's pow'r is

heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might - y strain: All
great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song: All
burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name: All

ff

hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im - man - u - el!
All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,
Hail! . . . . . .

Im-man - u - el, Im-man - u - el!

Hail, Im - man - u - el! Glo - ry and hon - or and maj - es - ty,
Hail! . . . . . Glo - - ry and maj - es - ty,

Wis-dom and pow-er be un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more!
Wis - - dom be un - to Thee,

Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,
Hail! . . . . . .

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!

Hail, Im - man - u - el! King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u-el!
Hail! . . . . . .

No. 169. Wounded for Our Transgressions.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ARTHUR S. MAGANN, MADISON, WISCONSIN.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H Morris.

Adagio.

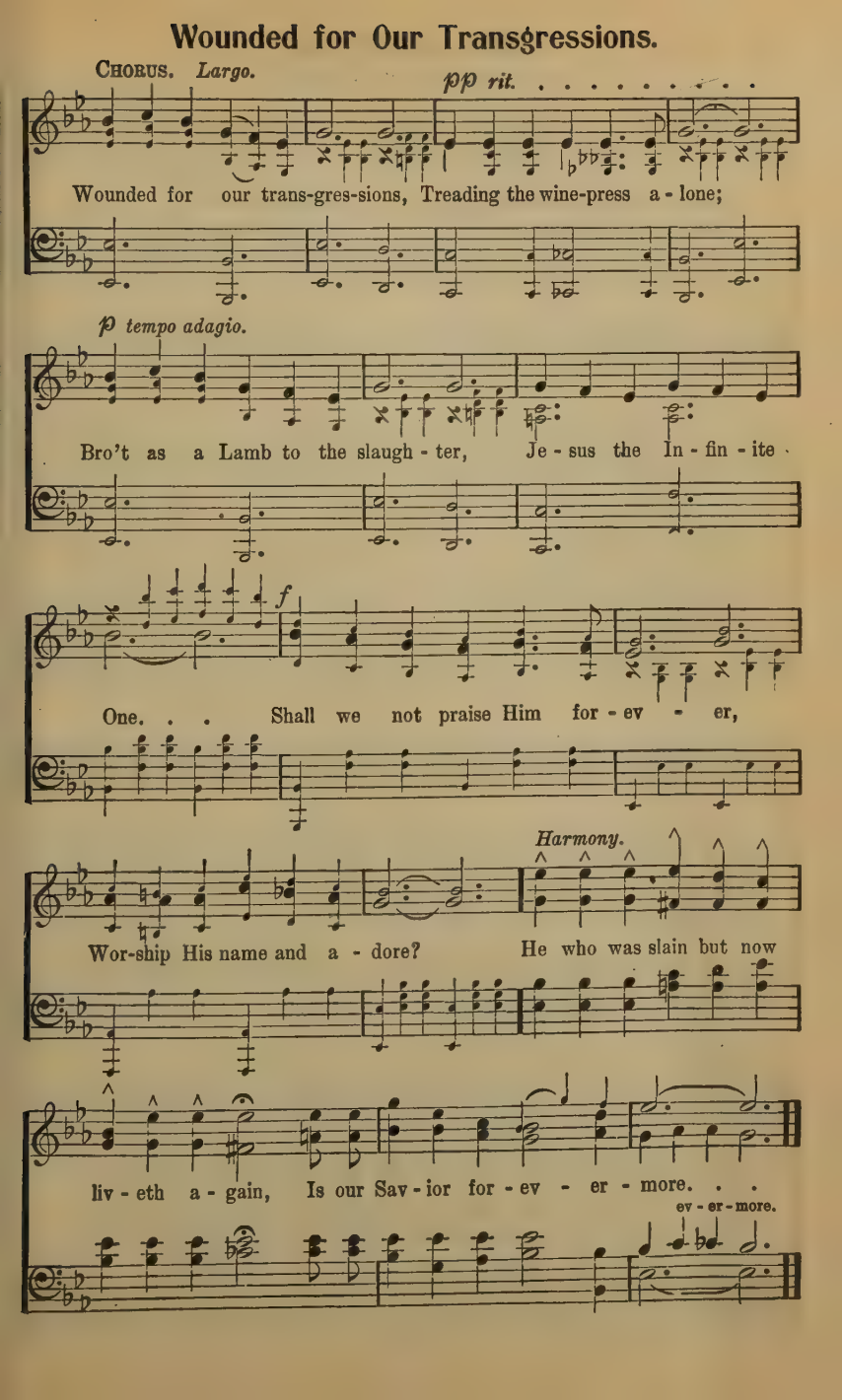
1. Sing we the prais-es of Je-sus, the won-der-ful Savior of men;
2. To Beth - le - hem of Ju-de-a, a Babe in a manger He came;
3. Glo - ry to God in the highest, our glad hearts exultantly sing,

Sing how He died for our ransom, yet liv-eth in glo-ry a - gain;
Lived He a life of the low-ly, en - dur-ing the cross and its shame;
Prais - es for - ev - er and ev - er to Je-sus our Savior and King;

Tell how His grace is suf - fi-cient a world of lost sinners to save;
Tempt - ed in all points as we are, and yet without sin was He found;
No more despised and re-ject-ed, for sin-ners to suf-fer and die,

Tell how who-ev - er be-liev-eth a per-fect sal-va-tion shall have.
God - man, our frailties He knows, and His grace doth to sinners a-bound.
Wor-shiped, enthroned and exalted, He liv-eth for-ev - er on high.

Wounded for Our Transgressions.

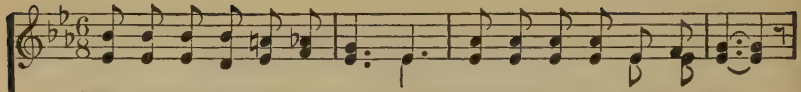


No. 170. Servant of All.

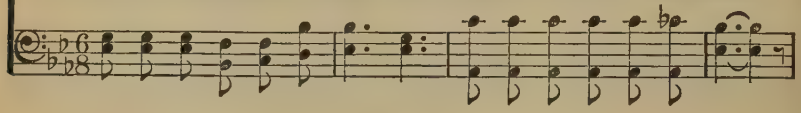
C. A. F.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY VAWTER AND HACKLEMAN.

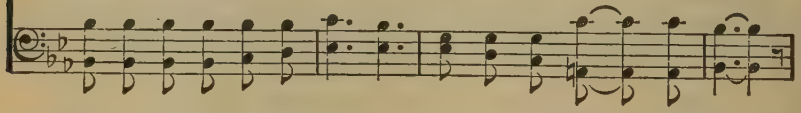
Chas. A. Finch.



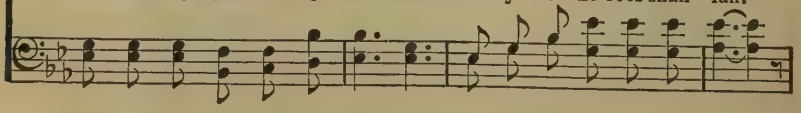
1. Who would be greatest a-mong you, Let him be serv-ant of all;
2. Who would be greatest a-mong you, Let him be serv-ant of all;
3. Who would be greatest a-mong you,—What shall the prof-it then be,
4. Who would be greatest a-mong you,—Moth-er of Zeb-e-dee's sons,



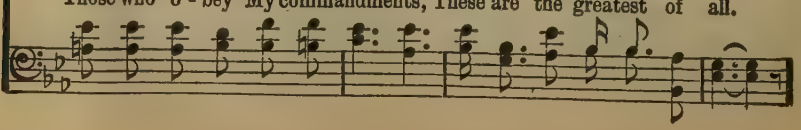
This is the Sav-ior's commandment, This is the Spir-it's sweet call.
Drink of the cup of My sor-row, Taste of earth's wormwood and gall.
Gain-ing the world, if thou los-est Life thro' e-ter-ni-ty?
Seats of the kingdom are giv-en Him who in low-li-ness comes.



Un-to the true and the faith-ful Soundeth this clar-i-on call:
Deep are Geth-sem-a-ne's shad-ows, Yon-der the cross, grim and tall:
Voi-ces of pleas-ure are call-ing Un-to the ban-quet-ing hall:
Thrones on My right and My left hand On-ly to he-roes shall fall:



Who would be great-est a-mong you, Let him be serv-ant of all.
Who would be great-est a-mong you, Let him be serv-ant of all.
Who would be great-est a-mong you, Let him be serv-ant of all.
Those who o-bey My commandments, These are the greatest of all.



Servant of All.

CHORUS.

Let him be serv-ant of all, . . . This is the Savior's sweet
be serv-ant of all, the

call; . . . Hon-ors of earth fade a-way, . . .
Sav-ior's sweet call; fade a-way,

Treasures in heav-en re-pay. . . Un-to the true and the
in heav-en re-pay.

faith-ful Sound-eth this clar-i-on call: . . . Who would be
clar-i-on call:

rit.

greatest a-mong you, Let him be serv-ant of all. . . .
be serv-ant of all.

No. 171. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.

1. Rock . . of A - - ges, cleft . . for me,
2. Could . . my tears . . for - ev - - er flow,
3. While . . I draw . . this fleet - - ing breath,

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Oh! Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, Yes, While I draw this fleet - ing breath,

Let . . me hide . . my - self . . in Thee;
Could . . my zeal . . no lan - - guor know,
When . . mine eyes . . shall close . . in death,

Let me hide my - self in Thee, Oh! Let me hide my - self in Thee;
Could my zeal no lan-guor know, Oh! Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
When mine eyes shall close in death, Yes, When mine eyes shall close in death,

Let . . the wa - - ter and . . the blood,
These . . for sin . . could not . . a - tone;
When . . I rise . . to worlds . . un - known,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, Oh! Let the wa - ter and the blood,
These for sin could not a - tone, No, These for sin could not a - tone;
When I rise to worlds un-known, Yes, When I rise to worlds un-known,

Rock of Ages.

From . . Thy wound - ed side . . which flowed,
Thou . . must save . . and Thou . . a - lone;
And . . be - hold . . Thee on . . . Thy throne,

From Thy wound-ed side which flowed, Yes, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
Thou must save and Thou a - lone, Yes, Thou must save and Thou a - lone;
And be - hold Thee on Thy throne, Yes, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

rit.

Be . . of sin . . the doub - - le cure,
In . . my hand . . no price . . I bring;
Rock . . of A - - ges, cleft . . for me,

rit.

Be of sin the doub-le cure, Yes, Be of sin the doub-le cure,
In my hand no price I bring, Lord, In my hand no price I bring;
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,

Repeat pp.

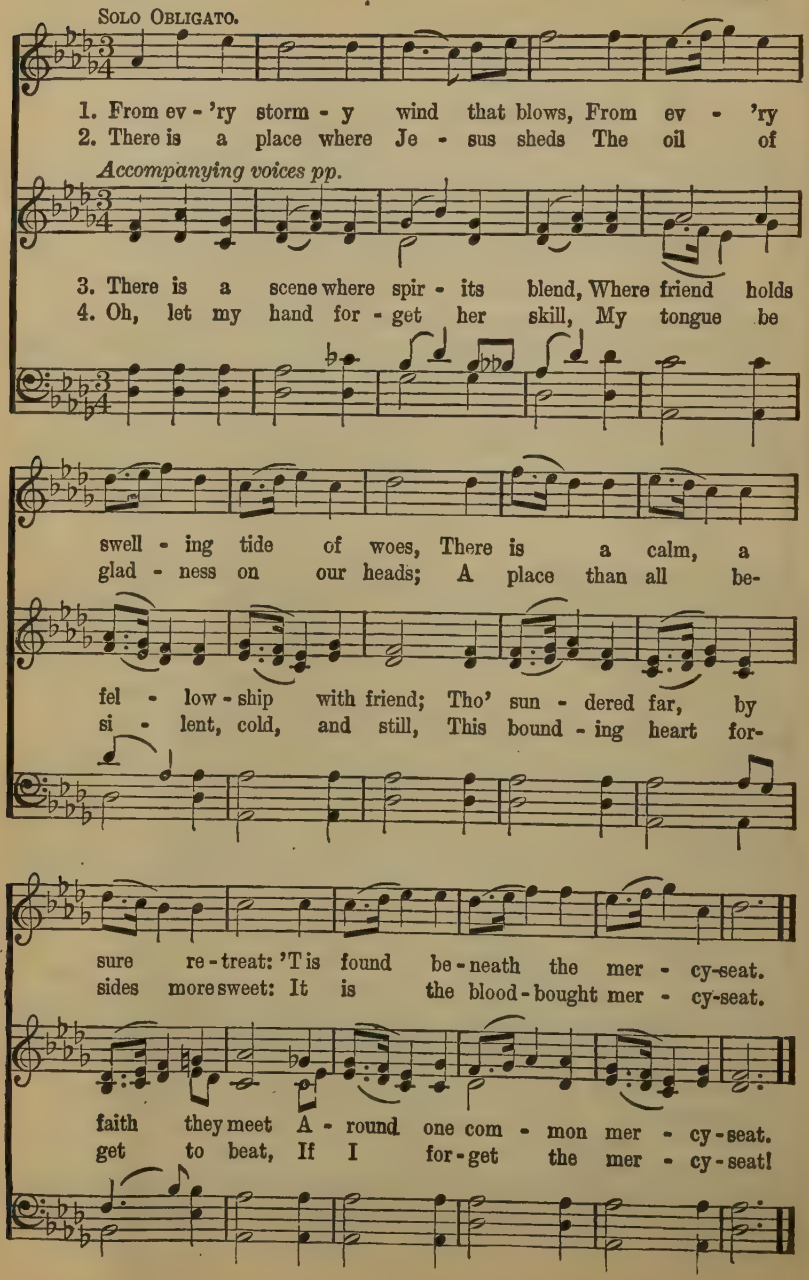
Save . . from wrath . . and make . . me pure.
Sim - - ply to . . . Thy cross . . I cling.
Let . . me hide . . my - self . . . in Thee.

Repeat pp.

Save from wrath and make me pure, Yes, Save from wrath and make me pure.
Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling, Lord, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Let me hide my - self in Thee, Oh, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

No. 172. From Every Stormy Wind.

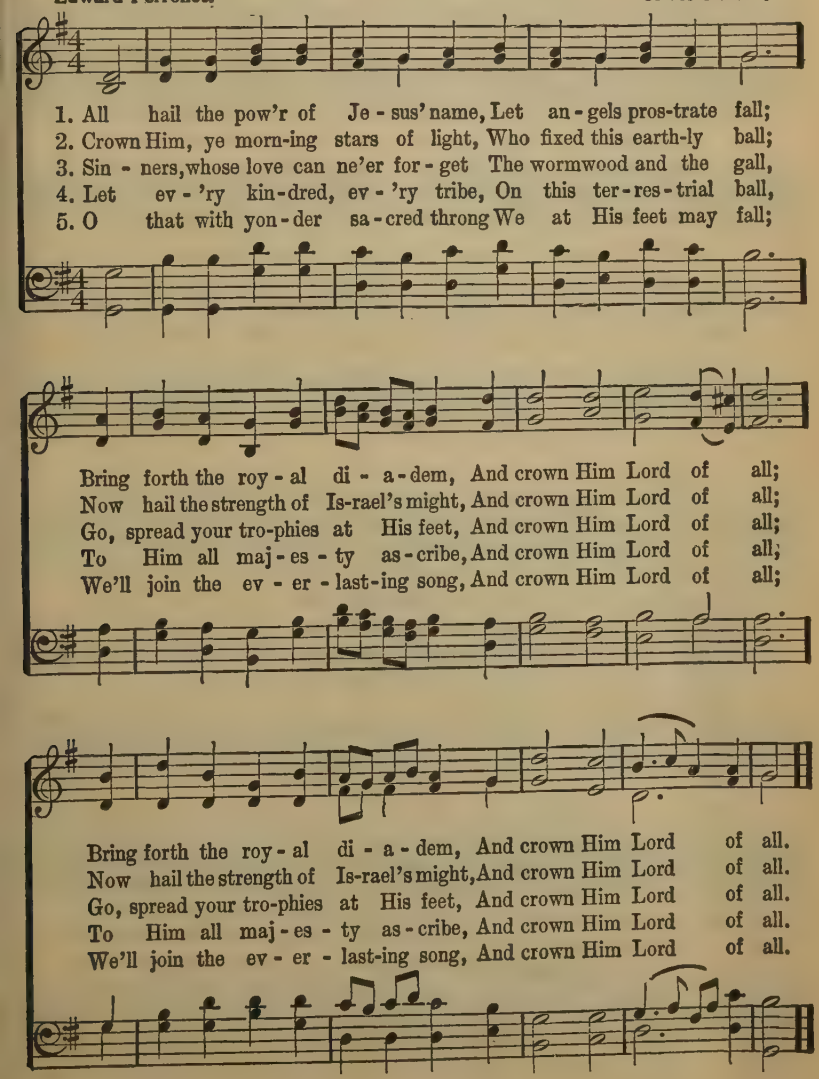
H. Stowell. S. Wilder.



Devotional Hymns

No. 173. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. Oliver Holden.



No. 174. It Is Well With My Soul.

H. G. Spafford. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor-rows like sea - bil-lows roll; What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as- sur - ance con-trol, That Christ has re-gard - ed my help - less es - tate,
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound and the Lord shall de-scend,

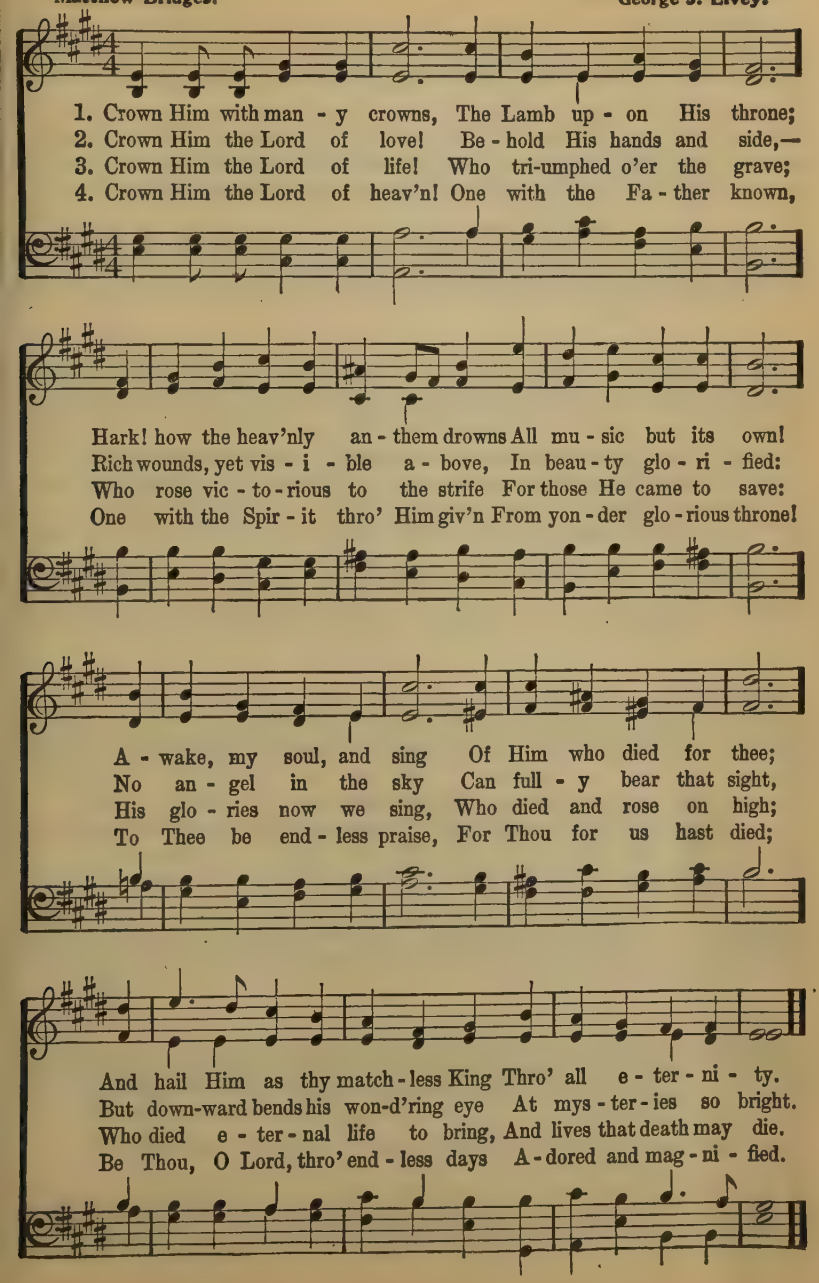
CHORUS.

It is well, it is well with my soul.
And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well . . .
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul! It is well,
"E - ven so"— it is well with my soul.

with my soul, . . . It is well, it is well with my soul.
with my soul,

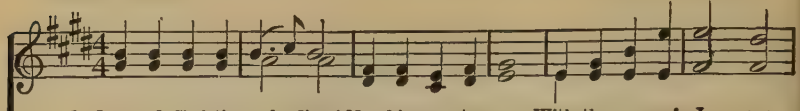
No. 175. Crown Him With Many Crowns.

Matthew Bridges. **George J. Elvey.**

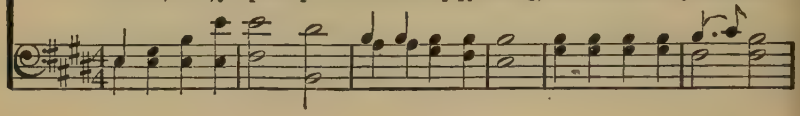


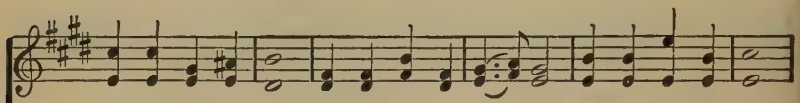
No. 176. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould. **Arthur Sullivan.**

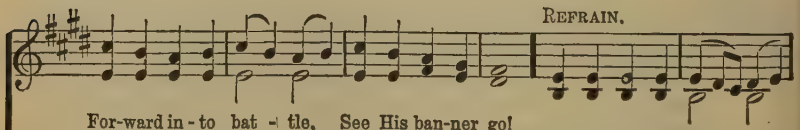


1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa-tan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol-diers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng; Blend with ours your voices



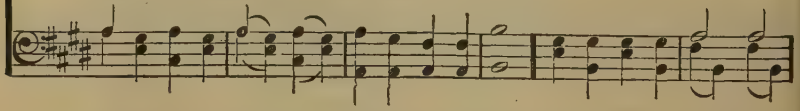


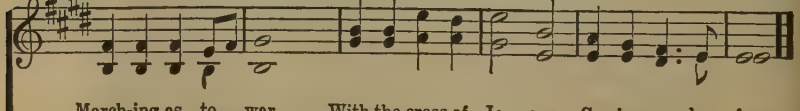
Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ the King,



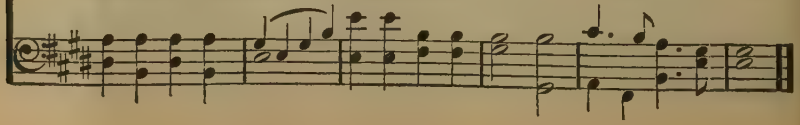
REFRAIN.

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Brothers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your anthems raise. Onward, Christian sol - diers!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.



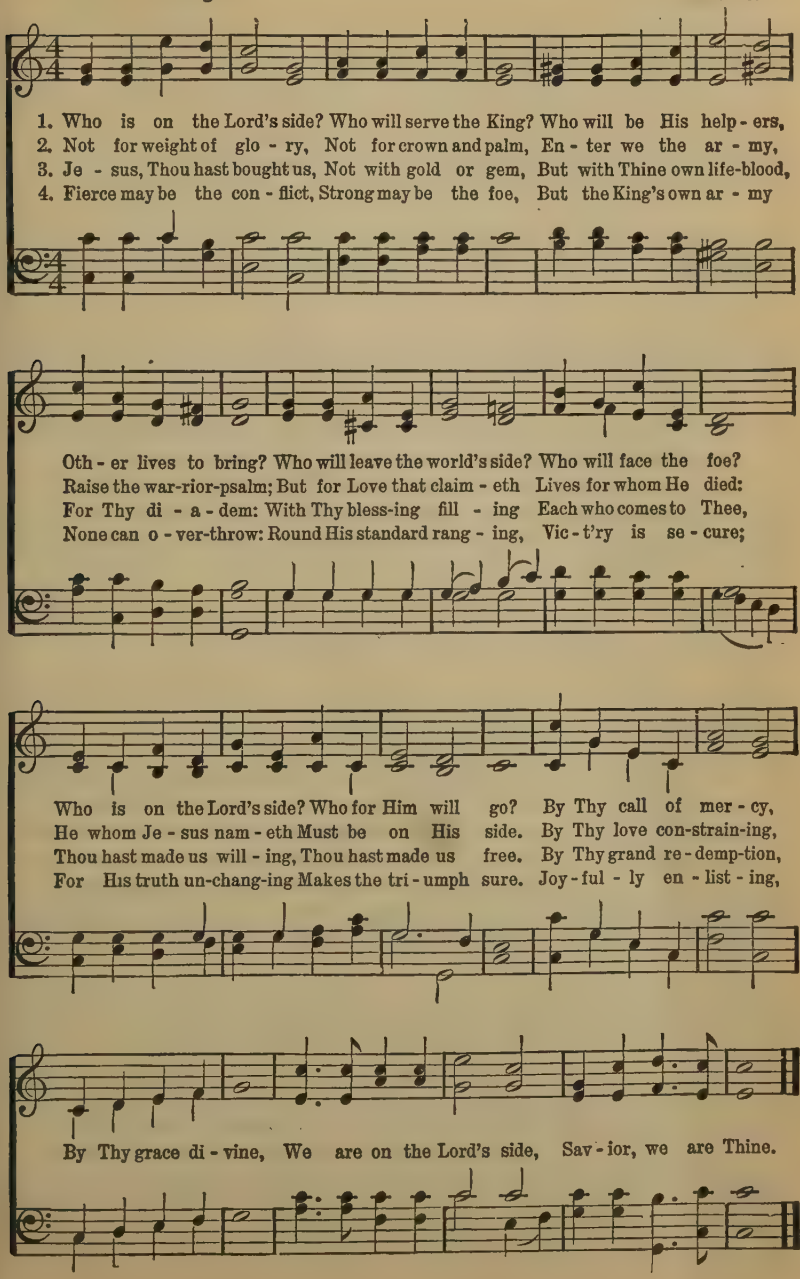


March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.



No. 177. Who is On the Lord's Side?

Frances R. Havergal. Sir John Goss.



No. 178. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. Albert L. Peace.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wear-y soul in Thee; I give Thee
2. O Light that followest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-
3. O Joy that seekest me thro' pain, I can-not close my heart to Thee; I trace the
4. O Cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to hide from Thee; I lay in

back the life I owe, That in Thine ocean depths its flow May rich-er full-er be.
stores its borrowed ray, That in Thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter, fair-er be.
rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the promise is not vain That morn shall tearless be.
dust life's glory dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall endless be.

No. 179. Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

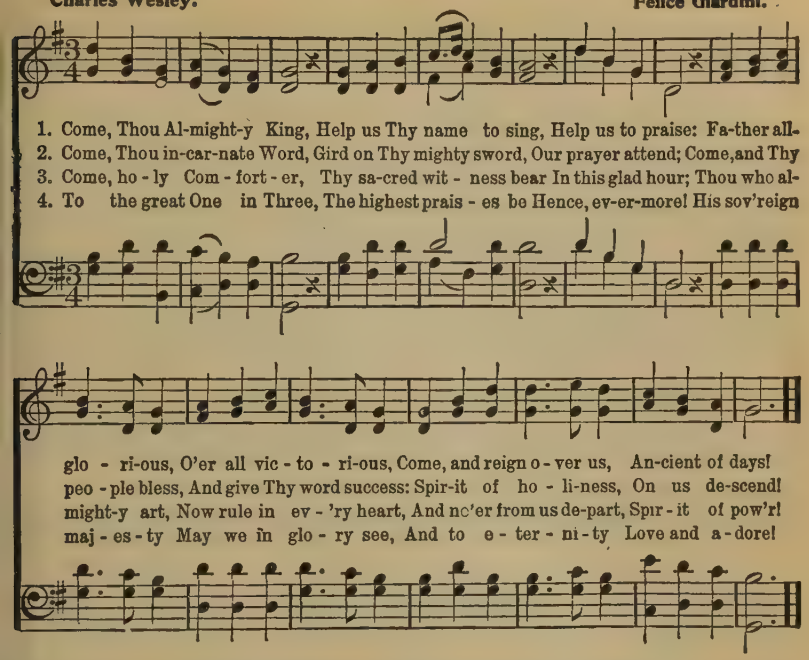
Edward Caswall. John B. Dykes.

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem-'ry find
3. O Hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart! O Joy of all the meek!
4. But what to those who find? ah! this No tongue or pen can show;

But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav-ior of man-kind!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
The love of Je - sus, what it is None but His loved ones know.

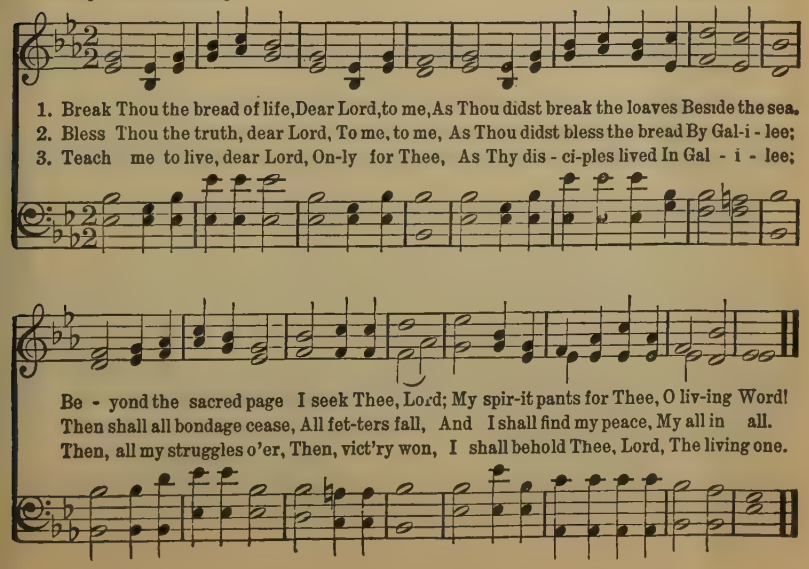
No. 180. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. **Felice Giardini.**



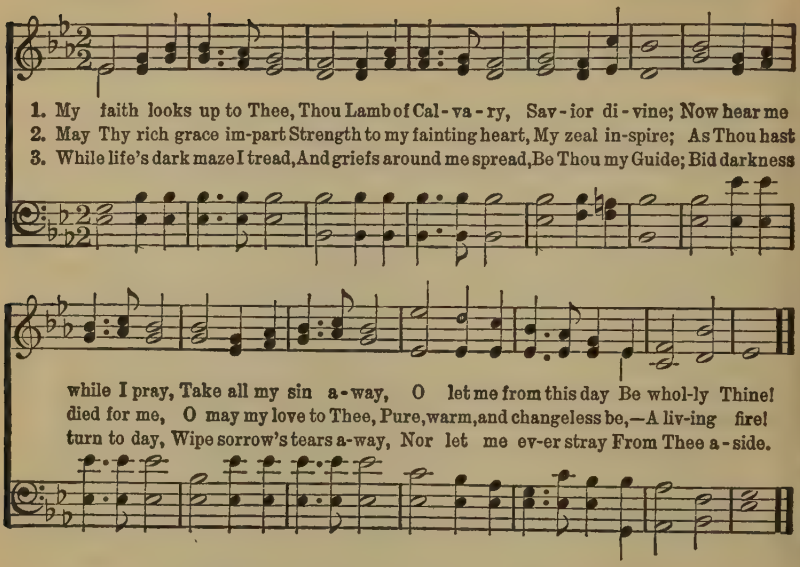
No. 181. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. **William F. Sherwin.**



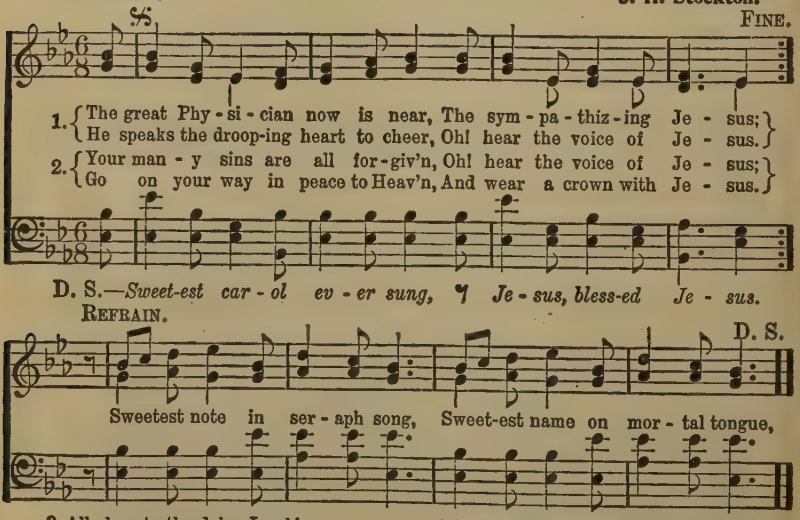
No. 182. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.



No. 183. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.



3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

No. 184. Walk In the Light.

Bernard Barton. Haydn.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fellowship of love His Spir-it on-ly
2. Walk in the light! and thou shall find Thy heart made truly His, Who dwells in cloudless

can be-stow, Who reigns in light a-bove.
light enshrined, In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

No. 185. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love,
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light,
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain,

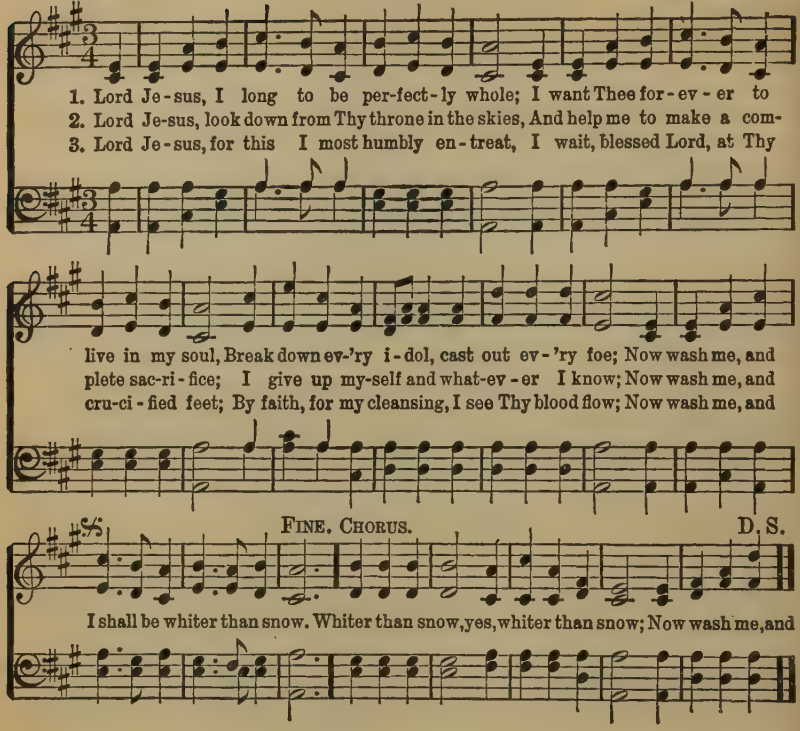
For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
Who has shown us our Sav - ior, And scat - tered our night.
Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Re-vive us a - gain.

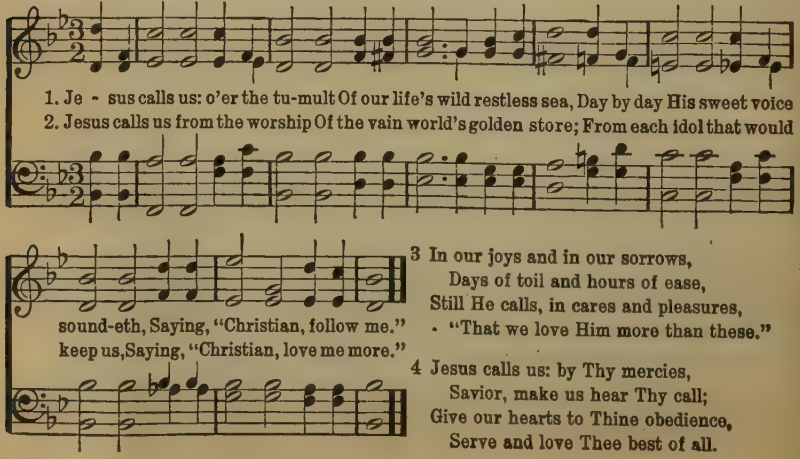
No. 186. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. Wm. G. Fischer.



No. 187. Jesus Calls Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. H. Jude.



3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"That we love Him more than these."

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 188. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How. Justin H. Knecht. Edw. Husband.

1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand-ing Out - side the fast-closed door, In low - ly pa-tience wait-ing To pass the threshold o'er: We bear the name of Chris-tians, His name and sign we bear; O shame, thrice shame up-on us, To keep Him standing there! pa - tient-ly to wait! O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate! o - pen now the door; Dear Sav - ior, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev-er - more!

2. O Je - sus, Thou art knocking; And lo! that hand is scarred, And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred: O love that pass-eth knowledge, So you, my chil-dren, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sor - row We

3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead-ing In ac - cents meek and low, "I died for you, my chil-dren, And will ye treat me so?"

No. 189. In the Cross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sublime.

2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3. When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 190. Holy Ghost, With Love Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad - dened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
Long hath sin with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my man - y woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleed - ing heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol - throne, Reign su - preme—and reign a - lone.

No. 191. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. J. E. Gould.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes - tuous sea:
D. C.—Chart and com - pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.

D. C.

Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 192. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. **Lowell Mason.**

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me;
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way appear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;

Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
An-gels to beck-on me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

No. 193. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. **Wm. Bradbury.**

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fight-ing and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 194. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. William B. Bradbury.

1. { Sav-ior, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care; In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare: } Blessed Je-sus,

2. { We are Thine; do Thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way; Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go a-stray: } Blessed Je-sus,

Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Blessed Jesus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray; Jesus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 195. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. Handel.

1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a-bode; The Church our blest Re-
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be-fore Thee stand, Dear as the ap-ple

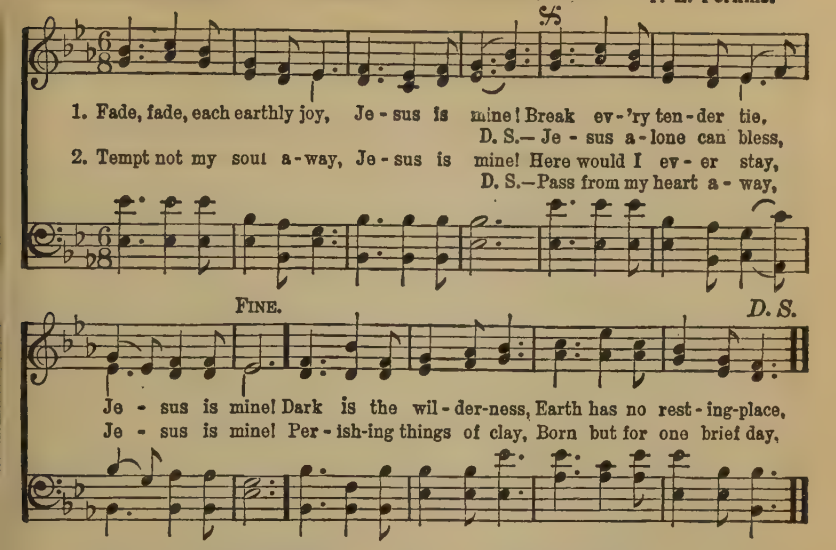
deem-er saved With His own precious blood.
of Thine eye, And gra-ven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toil be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

No. 196. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar. USED BY PERMISSION. JOHN R. CLEMENTS, OWNER. T. E. Perkins.

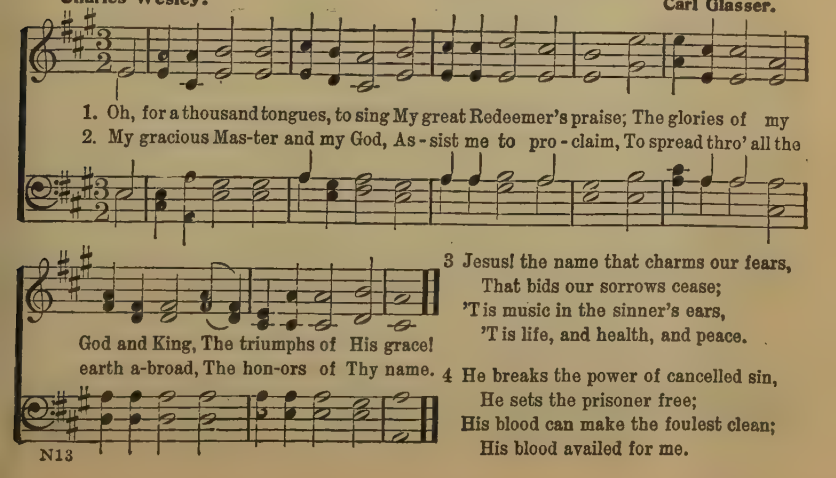


3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning light,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Savior's breast,
Jesus is mine!

No. 197. Oh, For a Thousand Tongues.

Charles Wesley. Carl Glasser.



3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music in the sinner's ears,
'T is life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

No. 198. Savior, Wash Me in the Blood.

William Cowper. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. **E. O. Excell.**

CHORUS.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. } Savior, wash . . . me
2. { The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way. } wash me in the blood,

in the blood, Sav - ior, wash . . . me in the blood; O
in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Savior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb; O

And I shall be whiter than the snow.

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

No. 199. There is a Fountain.

E. O. E. Arr.

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins,
D. C.—And sin-ners, plunged be - neath that flood, [*Omit* . . . . . .]

FINE.

D. C.

Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;

No. 200. Come, Thou Fount.

Robert Robinson. John Wyeth.

FINE.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
{ Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. }

D. C.—Praise the mount,—I'm fixed up - on it,—Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love!

D. C.

Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, h, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 201. Ye Christian Heralds!

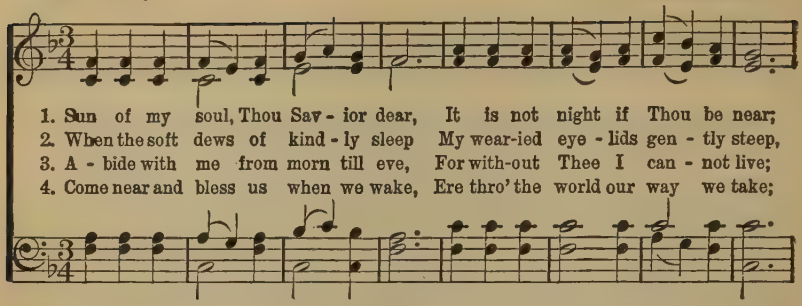
C. Zeunder.

1. Ye Chris-tian her - alds! go pro-claim Sal - va-tion thro' Im - man - uel's name;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flam-ing zeal your hearts in - spire,
3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more—

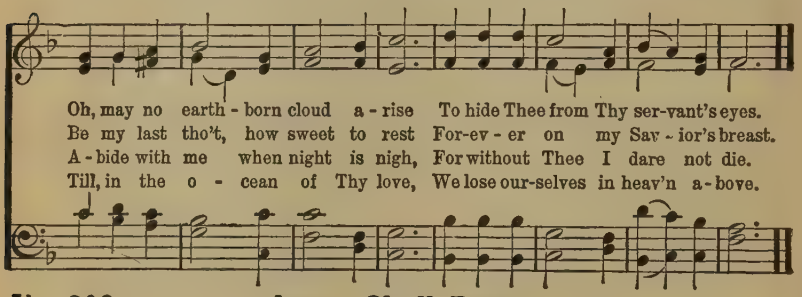
To dis - tant climes the ti - dings bear, And plant the Rose of Shar - on there.
Bid rag - ing winds their fu - ry cease, And hush the tem - pest in - to peace.
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall, And crown our Je - sus—Lord of all.

No. 202. Sun of My Soul.

John Keble. Peter Ritter.



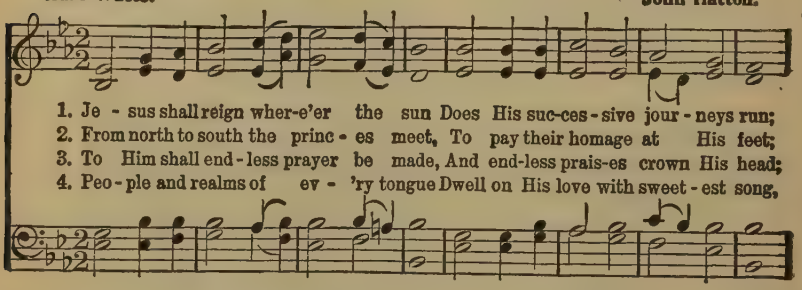
1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wear-ied eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;



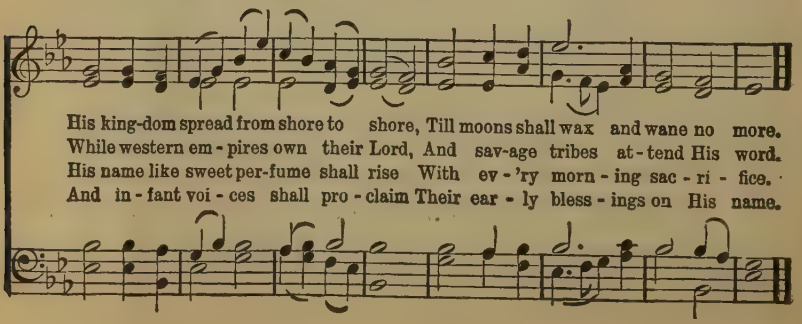
Oh, may no earth - born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Sav - ior's breast.
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
Till, in the o - cean of Thy love, We lose our-selves in heav'n a - bove.

No. 203. Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. John Hatton.



1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does His suc-ces - sive jour - neys run;
2. From north to south the princ - es meet, To pay their homage at His feet;
3. To Him shall end - less prayer be made, And end-less prais-es crown His head;
4. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet - est song,



His king-dom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
While western em - pires own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at - tend His word.
His name like sweet per-fume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
And in - fant voi - ces shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His name.

No. 204. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. **A. J. Gordon.**

1. { My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign; } My gra-cious Re-deem-
2. { I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my par - don on Cal - va-ry's tree; } I love Thee for wear-

er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

3 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

No. 205. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. **M. M. Wells.**

FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, Gen-tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land. } Wear-y souls for-

D. C.– Whisp'ring softly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

2. { Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in darkness drear. } When the storms are

D. C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.

e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

No. 206. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. Unknown.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall
4. "When thro' fiery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-fi-cient, shall

ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my
not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy
be thy sup-ply, The flames shall not hurt thee; I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-

ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
to thee thy deep-est dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
sume, and thy gold to re-fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine."

No. 207. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. (*Second tune.*) Anne Steele.

No. 208. Refuge.

Charles Wesley. J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed; All my help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 209. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

S. B. Marsh.

FINE. D. C.

No. 210. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. **John B. Dykes.**

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see: On - ly Thou art ho - ly;

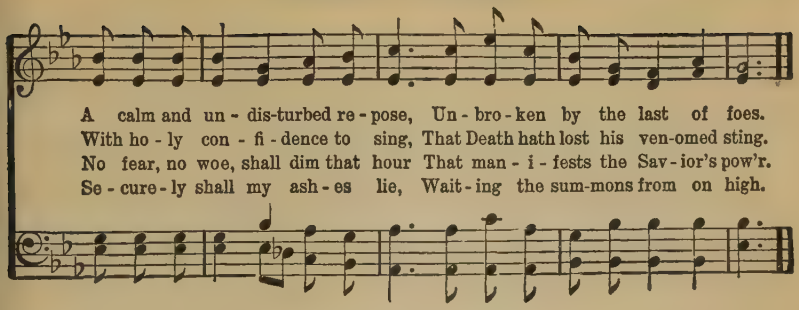
mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.

No. 211. Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. **Wm. B. Bradbury.**

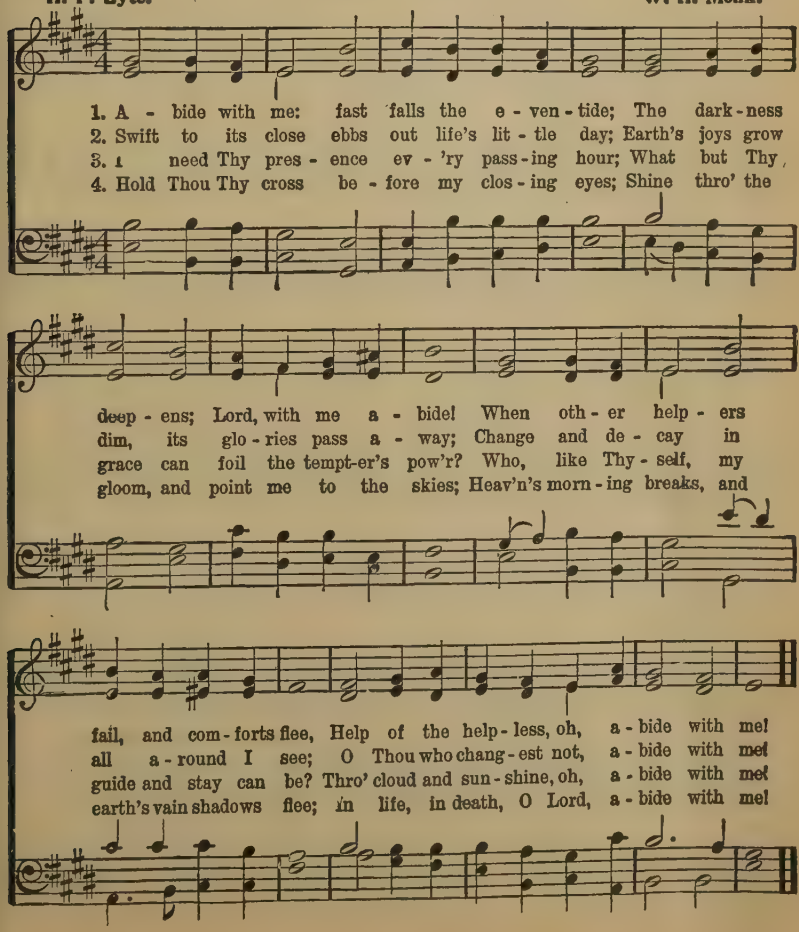
1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep!
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum - ber meet!
3. A - sleep in Je - sus! peace - ful rest, Whose waking is su - preme - ly blest!
4. A - sleep in Je - sus! O for me, May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be!

Asleep in Jesus.



No. 212. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. **W. H. Monk.**



No. 213. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. J. B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th' encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar-ish
fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those

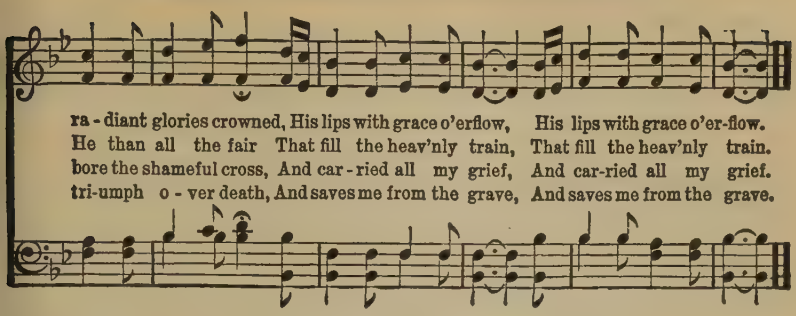
do not ask to see The dis-tant scene,—one step e-nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Re-mem-ber not past years.
an-gel-fa-ces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while.

No. 214. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.

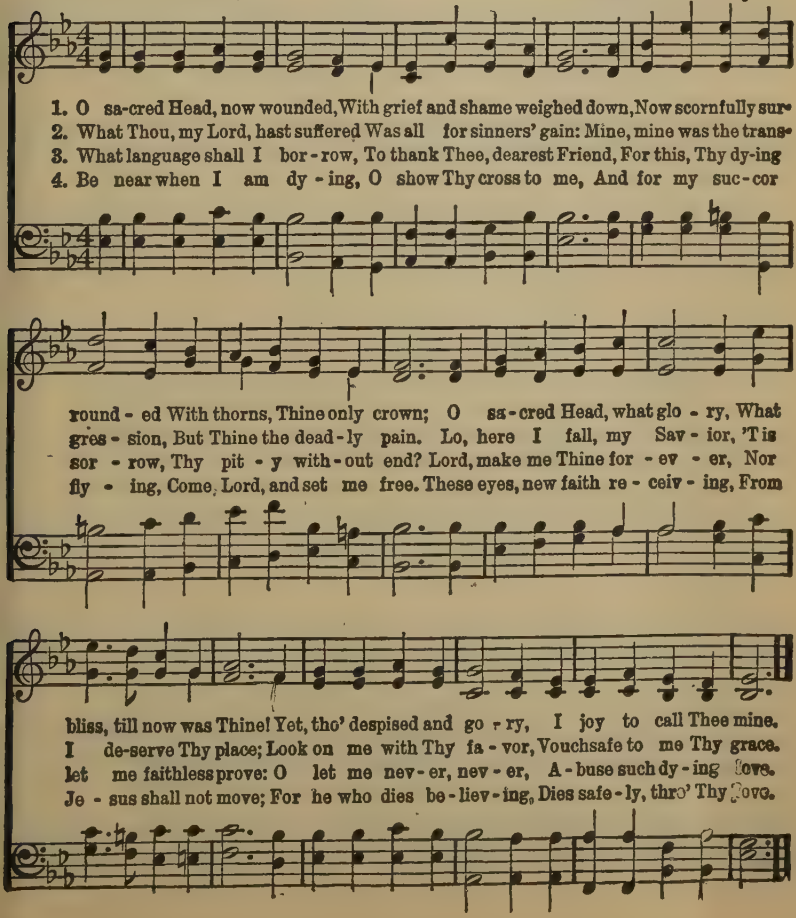
1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Sav-ior's brow; His head with
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair-er is
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re-lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me

Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.



No. 215. O Sacred Head, Now Wounded.

James W. Alexander, tr. **Samuel S. Wesley.**



No. 216. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. Mozart.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
Na - ked, poor, de-spised, for - sa - ken, Thou from hence my all shalt be:
D. S.—Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;

FINE. D. S.

2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

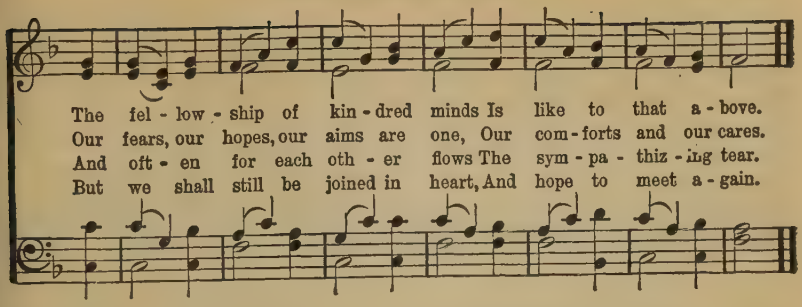
3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba, Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

No. 217. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

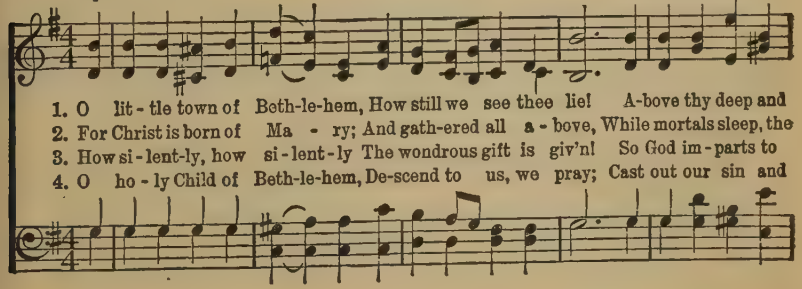
Blest Be the Tie.



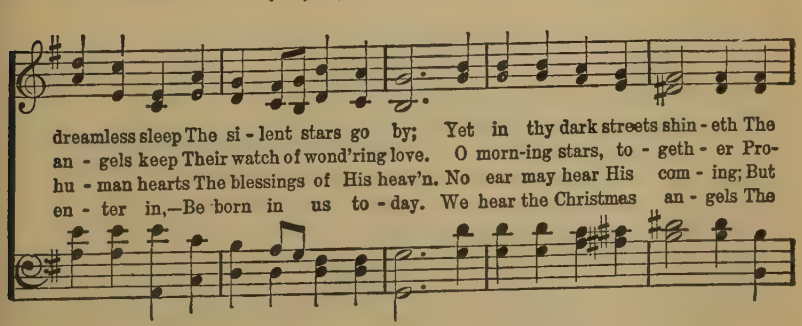
No. 218. O Little Town of Bethlehem.

Phillip Brooks. **Lewis H. Redner.**

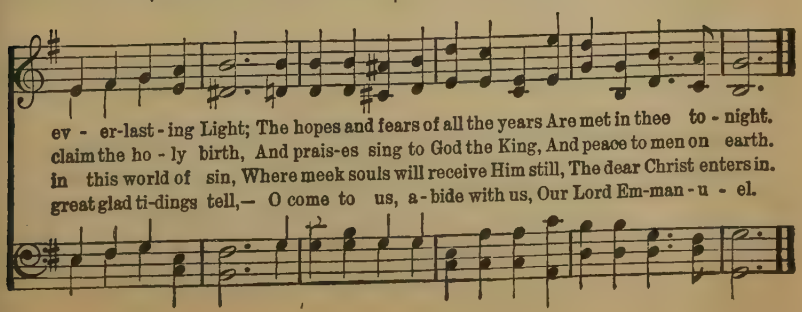
1. O lit - tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie! A-bove thy deep and
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gath-ered all a - bove, While mortals sleep, the
3. How si - lent-ly, how si - lent - ly The wondrous gift is giv'n! So God im - parts to
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth-le-hem, De-scend to us, we pray; Cast out our sin and



dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The
an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love. O morn-ing stars, to - geth - er Pro-
hu - man hearts The blessings of His heav'n. No ear may hear His com - ing; But
en - ter in,—Be born in us to - day. We hear the Christmas an - gels The



ev - er-last - ing Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
claim the ho - ly birth, And prais-es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
in this world of sin, Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.
great glad ti-dings tell,— O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em-man - u - el.



No. 219. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Thomas Hastings.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 220. Nearer the Cross.

F. J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. "Near - er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the
2. Near - er the Chris-tian's mer - cy - seat, I am com - ing near - er; Feast-ing my
3. Near - er in prayer my hope as - pires, I am com - ing near - er; Deep - er the

cross from day to day, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the cross where
soul on man - na sweet, I am com - ing near - er; Strong - er in faith, more
love my soul de - sires, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the end of

Nearer the Cross.

Je - sus died, Near - er the foun - tain's crim - son tide, Near - er my Sav - ior's
clear I see Je - sus, who gave Him - self for me; Near - er to Him I
toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share, Near - er the crown I

wound - ed side, I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.
still would be, Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.
soon shall wear, I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

No. 221. My Hope is Built.

Edward Mote. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. { My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and right - eous - ness;
I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name. }

2. { When darkness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His un - chang - ing grace;
In ev - 'ry high and storm - y gale, My an - chor holds with - in the veil. }

REFRAIN.

On Christ, the sol - id rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All

oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in Him be found;
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 222. Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. John Zundel.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!

Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
D. S.—Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart!

Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un-bound - ed love Thou art;

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

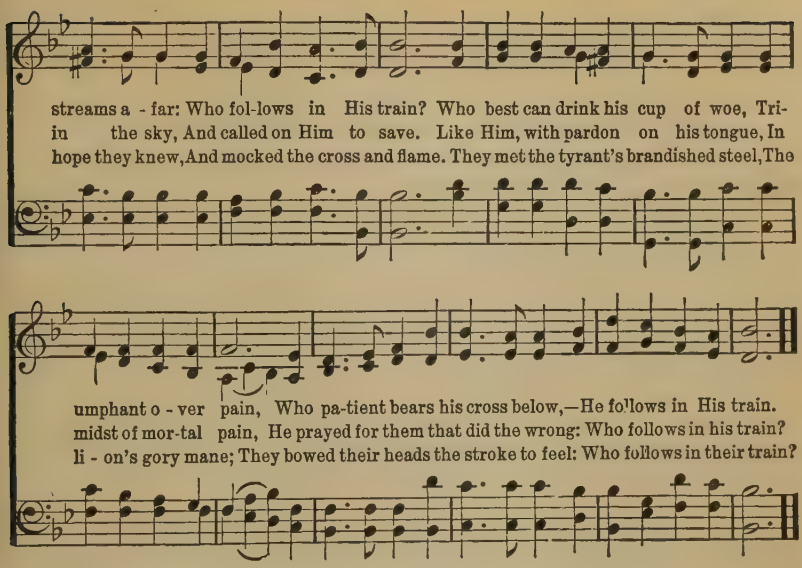
3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love!

No. 223. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. Heber. H. S. Cutler.

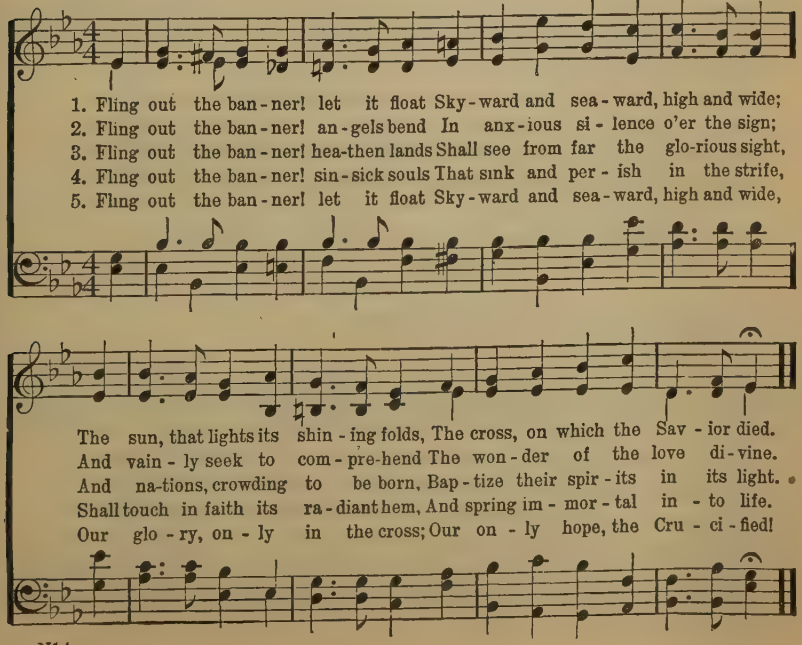
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; His blood - red ban-ner
2. That martyr first, whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave; Who saw his Mas-ter
3. A no - ble band, the chosen few On whom the Spir-it came; Twelve valiant saints, their

The Son of God Goes Forth to War.



No. 224. Fling Out the Banner.

George W. Doane. J. B. Calkin.



No. 225. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!

D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!

FINE.

D. S.

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 226. Guide Me.

W. Williams. Thomas Hastings.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar - ren land: I am
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun-tain Whence the healing wa-ters flow; Let the
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub - side; Bear me

Guide Me.

weak but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful hand; Bread of Heav-en,
fier - y, cloud-y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney thro'; Strong De-liv - 'rer,
thro' the swell-ing cur - rent; Land me safe on Ca - naan's side; Songs of prais - es

Feed me till I want no more; Bread of Heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.
Be Thou still my strength and shield; Strong Deliv'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
I will ev - er give to Thee; Songs of prais-es I will ev - er give to Thee.

No. 227. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Christopher Wordsworth. **Arr. by Lowell Mason.**

1. { O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most brigth: } On thee, the high and lowly,

Thro' a - ges joined in tune, Sing "Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri-une.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

No. 228. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,

And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known!

D.S.—And oft es-caped the tempt-er's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.

In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 229. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.

1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior and my God! Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a - broad. } Hap-py

2. O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move. } Hap-py

O Happy Day.

FINE.

day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way. He taught me how to watch and

D. S.

pray, And live re-joi-cing ev-'ry day;

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

No. 230. Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY JOAN H. WEBSTER. USED BY PER. OF OLIVER DITSON CO., Jos. P. Webster.

1. { There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a-far;
For the Fa-ther waits o-ver the way, To pre- [*Omit*.....] }

CHORUS.

pare us a dwelling-place there. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that

In the sweet by-and-by,

beau-ti-ful shore; by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

by-and-by; by-and-by,

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

No. 231. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

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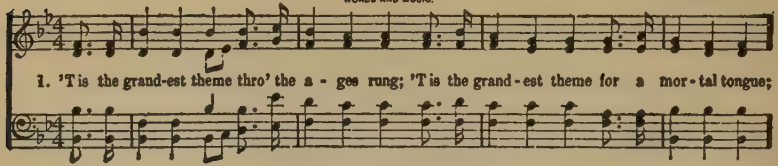
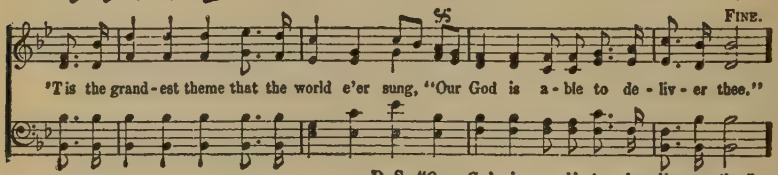
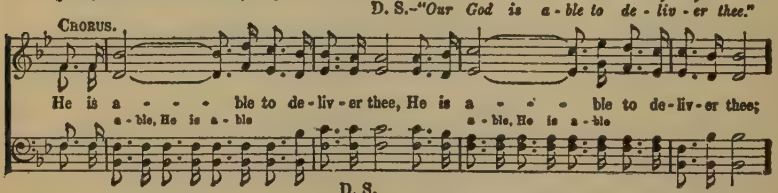
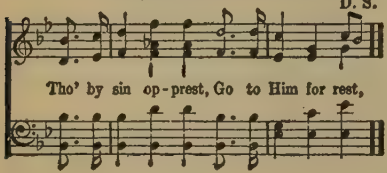






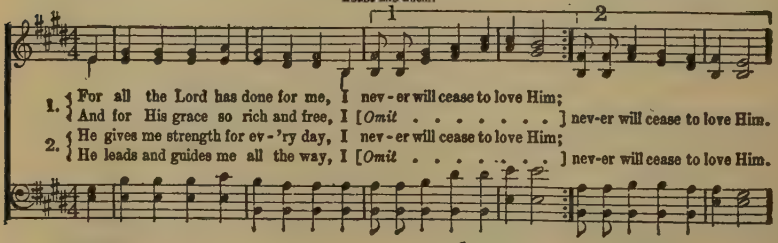


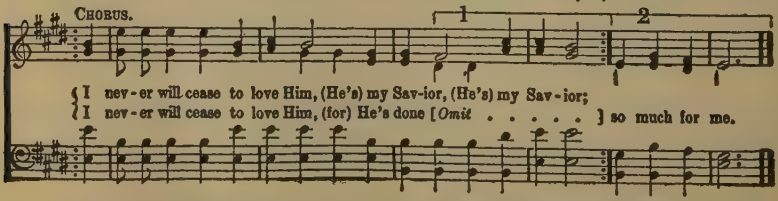
2 'T is the grandest theme in the earth or main;
'T is the grandest theme for a mortal strain;
'T is the grandest theme, tell the world again,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

3 'T is the grandest theme, let the tidings roll
To the guilty heart, to the sinful soul;
Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

No. 232. I Never Will Cease to Love Him.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.





3 He saves me every day and hour,
I never will cease to love Him;
Just now I feel His cleansing power,
I never will cease to love Him.

4 While on my journey here below,
I never will cease to love Him;
And when to that bright world I go,
I never will cease to love Him.

No. 233. To Galvary I Will Go.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY LIZZIE E. SWENEY. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Down in - to the foun - tain I would deep-er go; Down in - to the foun - tain, mak-ing white as snow;
2. Down in - to the foun - tain, deep-er, deep-er still, Till the grace of Je - sus all my be - ing fill,
3. Down in - to the foun - tain flow-ing from the cross, Let the might-y cur - rents sweep a - way all dross;

Tho' with sins of scar - let, and of crim - son dyed, I shall come up spot - less from the sav - ing tide.
Till the Ho - ly Spir - it works the change di-vine, Mak-ing "earth-en ves - sels" with His glo - ry shine.
Ev - er there a - bid - ing thro' His wondrous love, Wash-ing there the gar-ments for the feast a - bove.

CHORUS.

To Cal-v'ry I will go, The bless-ed Word I know, The precious blood of Je - sus cleanseth white as snow;

His voice is call - ing still, To "Who-so-ev-er will;" Down in - to the foun-tain I would deep - er go.

No. 234. Look and Live.

W. A. O. COPYRIGHT, 1887 BY E. O. EXCELL. W. A. Ogden. FINE

1. { I've a mes-sage from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! The mes-sage un - to you I'll give; 'Tis re - cord - ed in His Word, Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live,"
2. { I've a mes-sage full of love, Hal - le - lu - jah! A mes-sage, O my friend, for you; 'Tis a mes-sage from a - bove, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus said it, and I know 'tis true.

D. C.—'Tis re - cord - ed in His Word, Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."

D. C.

"Look and live"..... my broth-er, live, live, live, Look to Je - sus now and live,
"Look and live," my broth - er, live, "Look and live."

3 Life is offered unto you, Hallelujah!
Eternal life thy soul shall have;
If you'll only look to Him, Hallelujah!
Look to Jesus who alone can save.

4 I will tell you how I came, Hallelujah!
To Jesus when He made me whole:
'Twas believing on His name, Hallelujah!
I trusted and He saved my soul.

No. 235. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E.

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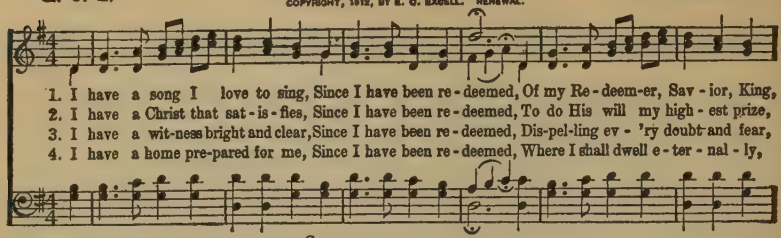
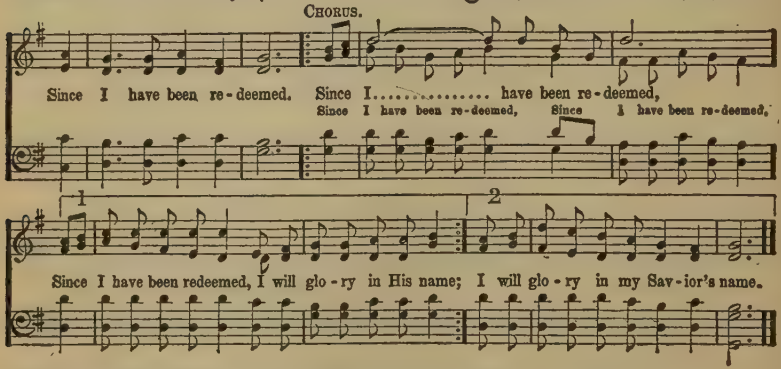
E. O. Excell.





No. 236. There is Glory in My Soul.

Grace Weiser Davis.

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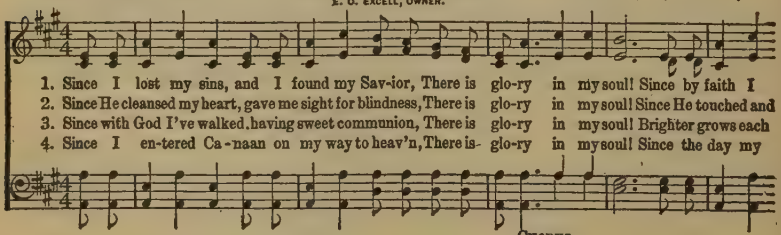

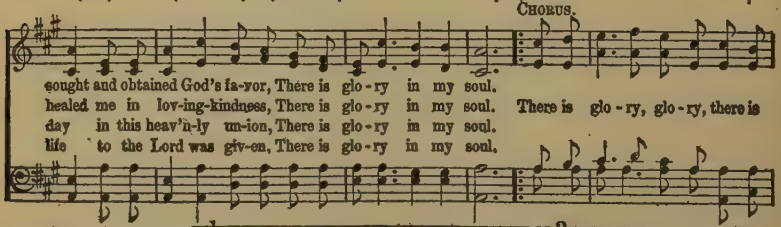

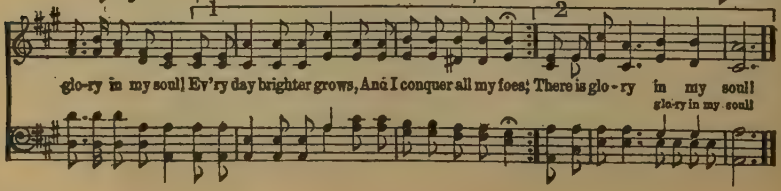

No. 237. I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. William G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger - ing and thirst-ing

Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,

CHORUS.

It sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho-ly word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.

'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 238. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and

fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

No. 239. The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. Smith. G. J. Webb.

1. The morn-ing light is break - ing, The darkness dis-ap - pears; The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far, Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Prepared for Zi - on's war.
2. See hea-then na-tions bend - ing Be - fore the God of love, And thousand hearts as- cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove; While sinners, now con - fess - ing, The gos - pel's call o - bey, And seek a Sav-ior's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur-sue thine onward way; Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich-ness stay; Stay not till all the low - ly Tri- umphant reach their home; Stay not till all the ho - ly Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

No. 240. Stand Up for Jesus.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

—*George Duffield.*

No. 241. Home, Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne. H. R. Bishop.

1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal - a - ces tho' we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
3. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz-zles in vain; Oh, give me my

humble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hallow us
mother now thinks of her child, As she looks on that moon from our own cottage
low - ly thatched cottage a-gain; The birds sing-ing gai - ly, that came at my

REFRAIN.

there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
door, Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more. Home, home,
call; Oh, give me that peace of mind, dear - er that all.

sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - er so hum-ble, there's no place like home.

No. 242. Was It You?

C. D. Martin.

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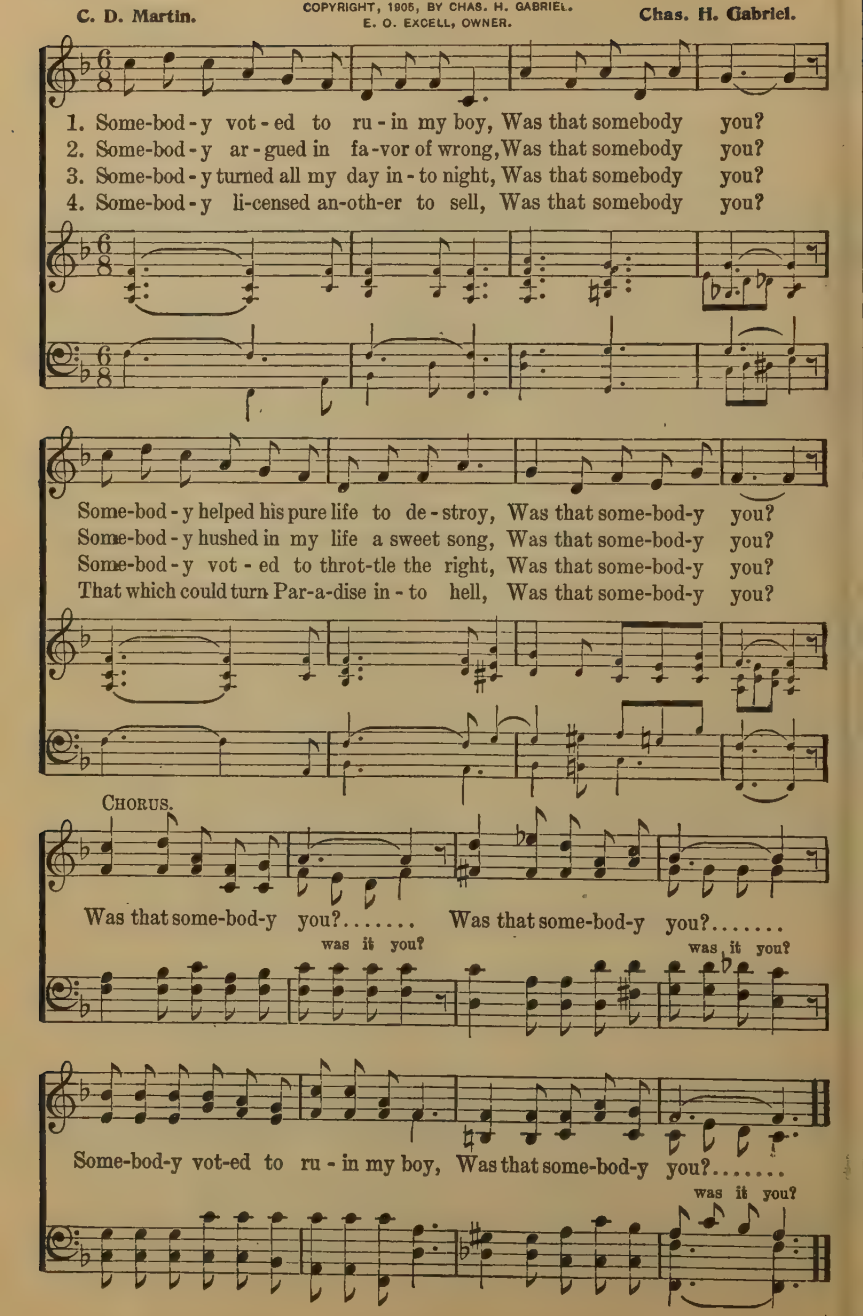
Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 243.

Somebody's Boy.

Floy S. Armstrong.

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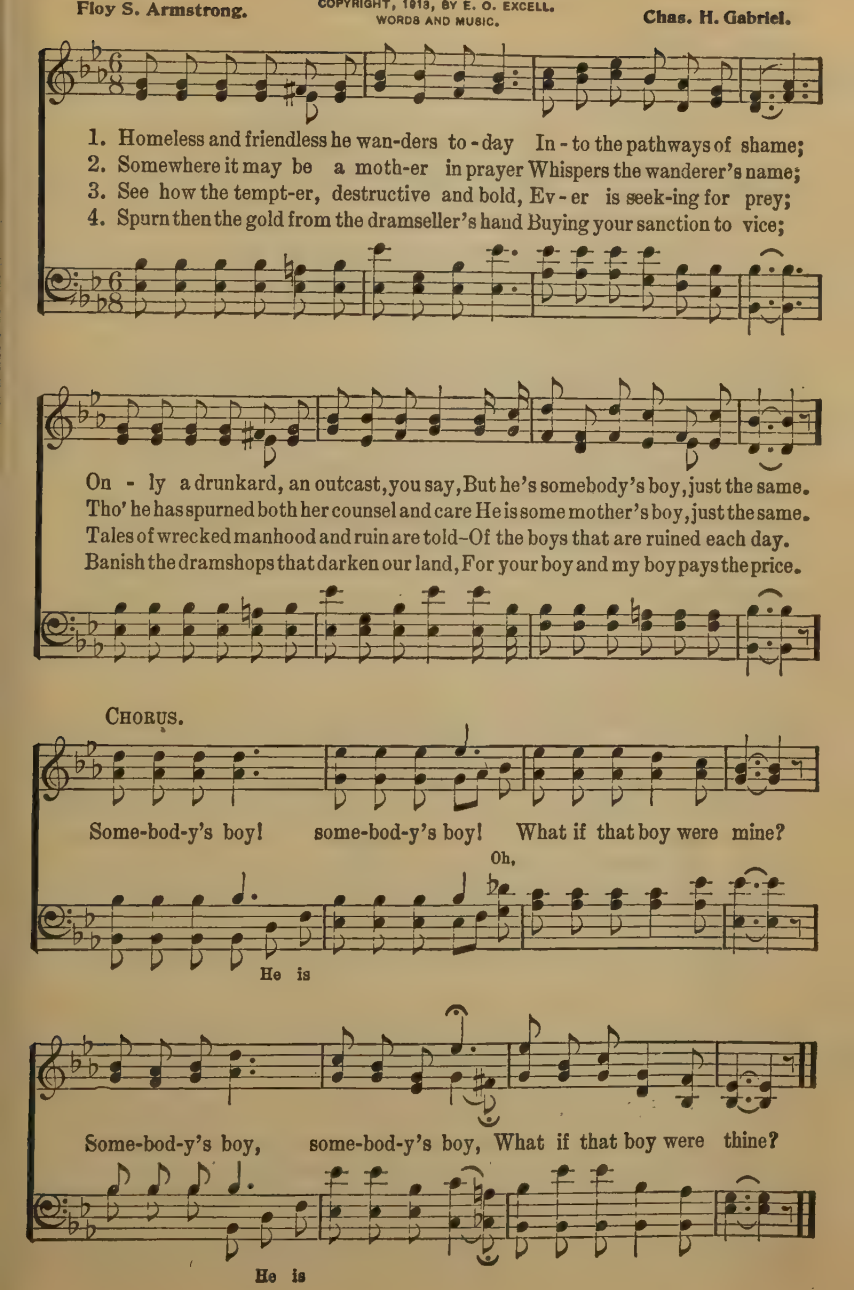

No. 244. Touch Not, Taste Not.

Dwight Williams. USED BY PERMISSION. "Maryland."

1. There's dan - ger in the flow-ing bowl! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
2. "Strong drink is rag-ing," God hath said: Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
3. Come, let us join each heart and hand, Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
4. Oh, has-ten, then, the hap - py time! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!

'Twill ru - in bod - y, ru - in soul! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
And thousands it hath cap - tive led! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
To drive the traf - fic from the land; Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
When joy - ful bells the notes will chime; Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!

'T will rob the pock - et of its cash; 'T will scourge thee with a cru - el lash;
It leads the young, and strong, and brave; It leads them to a drunkard's grave;
We need the strong-est, brav-est hearts To foil the cru - el tempter's arts,
Then raise the temp'rance flag on high, And lift your voi - ces to the sky—

And all thy hopes of pleasure dash,—Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
It leads them where no arm can save—Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
And heal his fearful wounds and smarts—Touch not, taste not, han-dle not.
Sing, glo - ry be to God on high—Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!

No. 245. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P.

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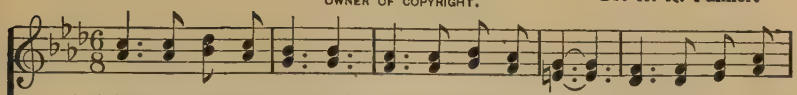
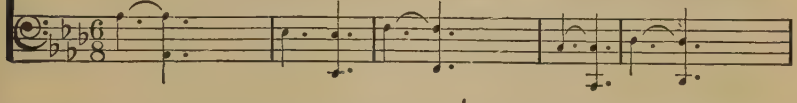
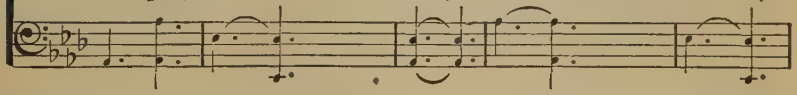
Dr. H. R. Palmer.



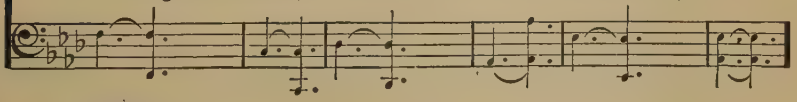
1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain; God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv - eth a crown; Thro' faith we will



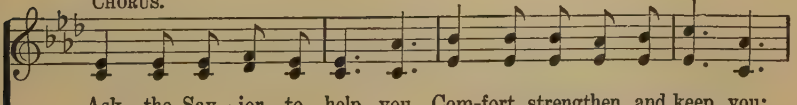
help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man-ful - ly on - ward,
rev - 'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear - nest,
con - quer, Tho' oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - ior,



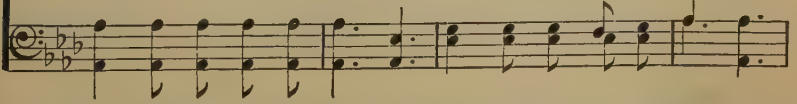
Dark passions sub - due; Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.
Kind-heart-ed and true; Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.
Our strength will re-new; Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.



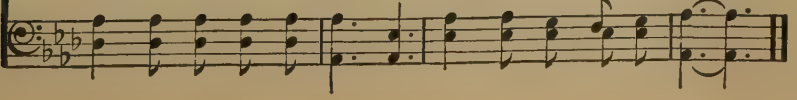
CHORUS.



Ask the Sav - ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;



He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you thro'.



No. 246. It Is Not Fair.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

P. D. Bird.

Moderato.

INTRODUCTION.

1. It is not fair that
2. It is not fair that
3. It is not fair that
4. It can-not be that

grief should so a-bound, That want and deg-ra - da-tion should ev - 'ry-where be
rum should blot out lives; It is not fair the de-mon should rob our babes and
rum should smite the will, Should pal-sy soul and bod-y—should blast and blight and
God's own work should fail, That soldiers should be cowards—should fal-ter, shirk and

found: Arm for the fight—our banners wide un-furled! . It is not fair that
wives; No, 'tis not fair so man-y to en-slave, . It is not fair, rise
kill; Rise, men, for war! put down this monster foe, . . It is not fair that
quail: Dare, men, a-rise! your faith and strength renew, . And ye shall win—for

rit.

rum should rule the world, . It is not fair that rum should rule the world.
up, O men, to save, . . It is not fair, rise up, O men, to save.
wrong should triumph so. . . It is not fair that wrong should triumph so.
God will be with you, . . And ye shall win—for God will be with you.

Male Voices

No. 247. Wine is a Mocker.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.

Edwin Sherrett.

BASS SOLO.

Wine is a mock-er, and strong drink is rag-ing, And who-so-ev-er

ORGAN.

is de-ceived there-by is not wise, And who-so-ev-er, who-so-ev-er,

rall.

who-so-ev-er is de-ceived there-by is not wise, is not wise.

rall.

QUARTET.

Wine is a mock-er, strong drink is rag-ing, And who-so-ev-er is deceived there-

Wine is a Mocker.

by is not wise, And who-so-ev-er is deceived thereby is not wise,
Who hath woe?

They that tarry long at the wine; They that tarry long at the wine;
Who hath sorrow?

They that tar-ry long at the wine;
Who hath con-ten-tions? Who hath bab-bling?

They that tar-ry long at the wine; They that tar-ry
Who hath wounds without cause?

long at the wine; They that tar-ry long at the wine.
Who hath redness of eyes?

Wine is a Mocker.

TENOR SOLO.

Look not thou up-on the wine when it is red, When it

mov-eth it-self a-right, Death lurk-eth there, For it bit-eth

QUARTET.

like a ser-pent, And it sting-eth like an ad-der, For it

bit-eth like a ser-pent, and it sting-eth like an ad-der, And

rit.

who-so-ev-er is de-ceived there-by is not wise, is not wise.

No. 248. They'll Thank Us By and By.

James Rowe.

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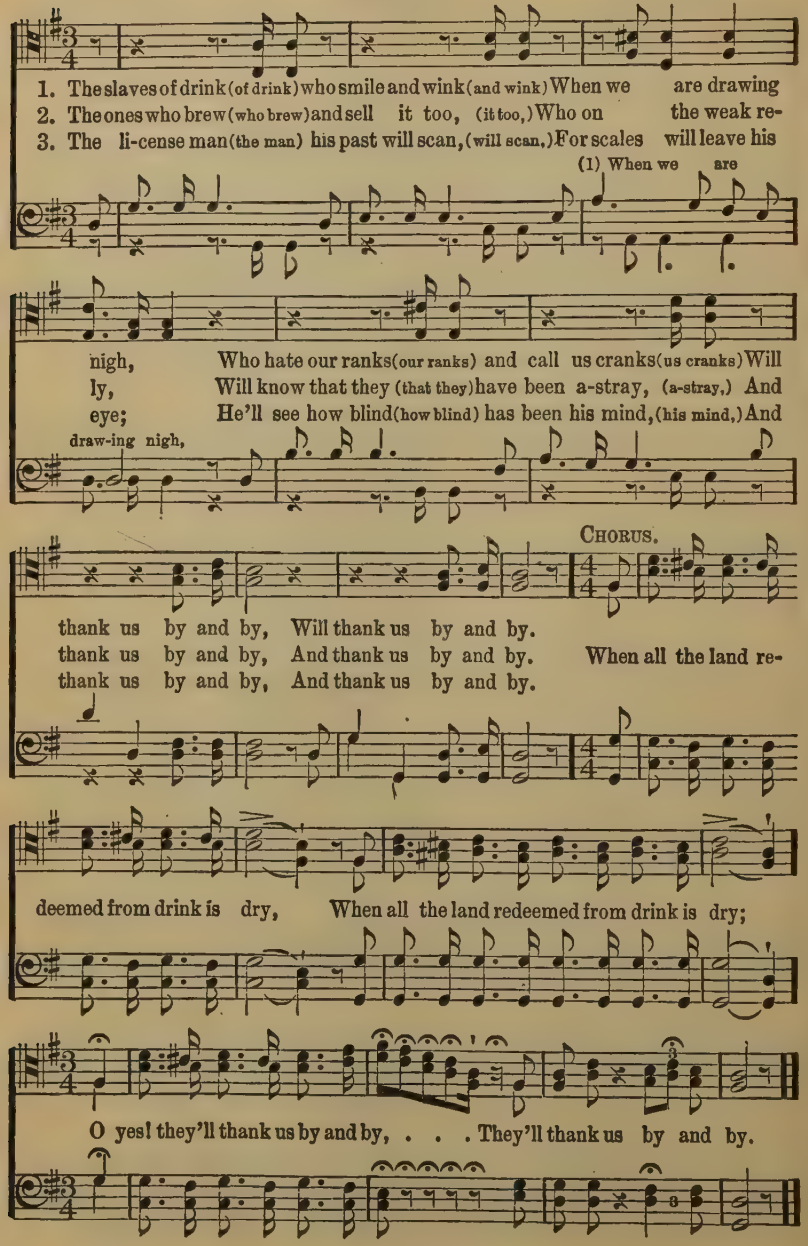
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. B. Herbert.



No. 249. The Walls of Jericho.

J. B. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. B. Herbert.

Deliberately.

1. The walls of Jer - i-cho fell down, As Israel's host marched boldly 'round,
2. They marched around for seven days, The walls stood si - lent in a - maze;
3. The liquor men are on the run, Their troub-les now are just be - gun;
4. Get read-y for the ju - bi - lee, We're march - ing on to vic - to - ry;

(1) They fell down, boldly 'round,

Led on by thrilling trumpet's sound, And ev - 'ry-bod-y shouted. (Shout.)
Then fell down flat, the Scripture says, When ev - 'ry-bod-y shouted. (Shout.)
It's our turn now to have some fun, Let ev - 'ry-bod-y shout it! (Shout.)
Rum's walls are tumbling, don't you see? Let ev - 'ry-bod-y shout it! (Shout.)

trumpet's sound,

CHORUS. *Very spirited.*

Old whiskey's walls have got to go Just like the walls of Jer - i - cho!

The rummies won't know where they're at; Their walls must tumble down, down flat.

* Quartet shout. A stirring effect may be produced by the audience joining in the shout at the end of each verse.

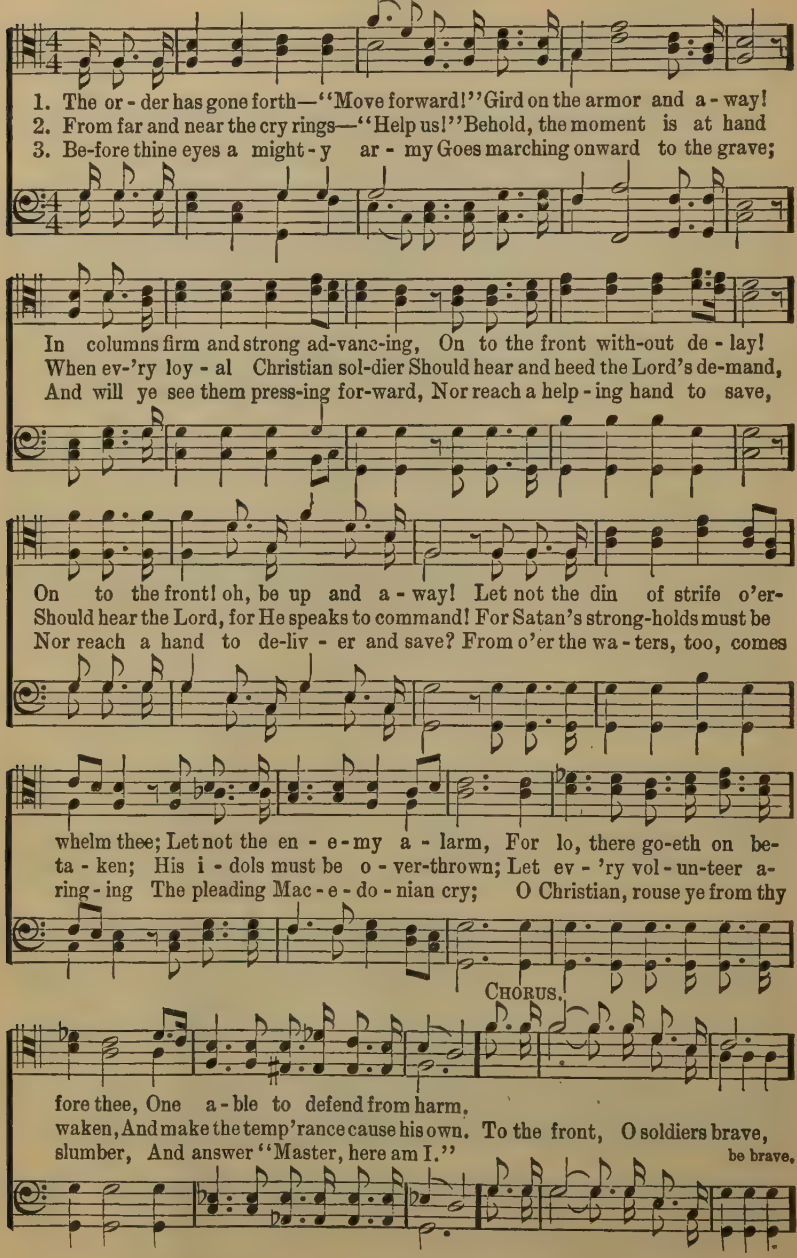
† With palms turned downward, stoop till the hands are near the floor for the word "flat."

No. 250. World - Wide Prohibition.

C. H. G.

WORDS AND ARRANGEMENT, COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Arr. by C. H. G.



World-Wide Prohibition.

There's a world from drink to save; Then fight for world - wide
to save; Then fight for world-wide pro-hi-bi-tion, Then

pro - hi - bi - tion, For world - wide pro-hi-bi-tion.
fight for world-wide pro - hi - bi-tion, For world-wide, world-wide pro-hi - bi - tion.

No. 251. Where There's Drink, There's Danger.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.

J. B. Herbert.

1. Write it on the liq-uor store, Write it on the pris-on door,
2. Write it on the work-house gate, Write it on the school-boy's slate,
3. Write it on the na-tion's laws, Trampling out the li-cense clause,
4. Write it o-ver ev-'ry gate, On the church, the halls of state,

2d Bass. *1st Bass.*

2d Tenor. *1st Tenor.*

Write it on the gin-shop fine, Write, aye, write this truth-ful line—
Write it on the cop-y-book, Where the young may oft-en look—
Write it on the bal-lot white, So it can be read a-right:
In the heart of ev-'ry band, On the laws of ev-'ry land—

rall.

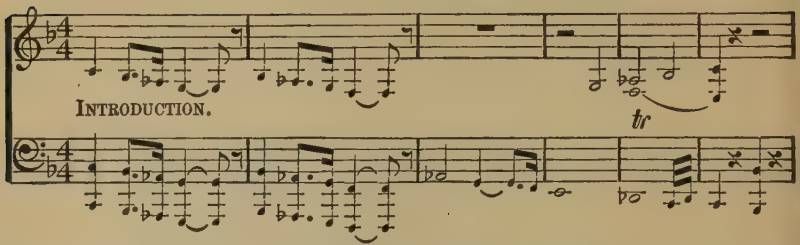
"Where there's drink there's dan-ger;" "Where there's drink there's dan - ger."

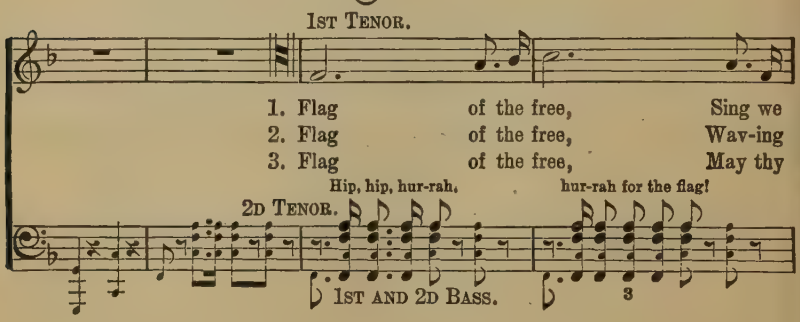
No. 252. *Beautiful Flag.

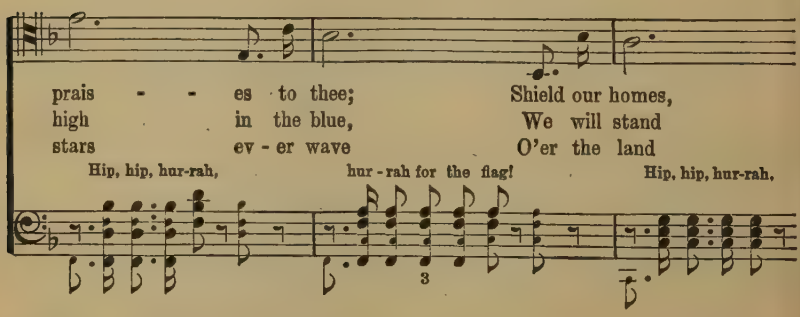
Words arr. by E. O. E.

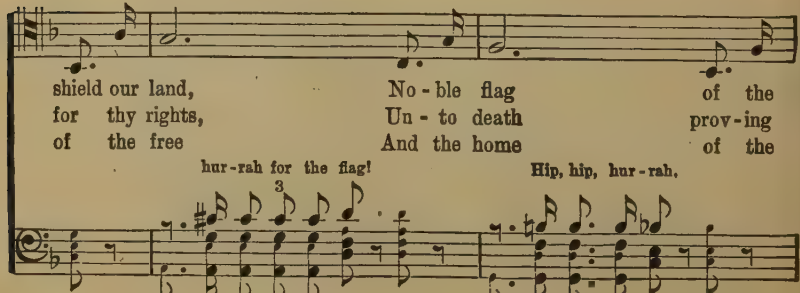
ARR. OF WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Rossini.
Arr. by. E. O. Excell.









*First and second stanzas Tenor solo with humming accompaniment to Refrain. Third stanza Tenor solo with vocal accompaniment, Hip, hip, hurrah, etc.

Beautiful Flag.

free. Em - - blem of peace,
true. Em - - blem of love,
brave. Em - - blem of joy,
hur-rah for the flag! Hip, hip, hur-rah, hur-rah for the flag!

wave in tri - - umph, wave.
wave in tri - - umph, wave.
wave in tri - - umph, wave.
Hip, hip, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

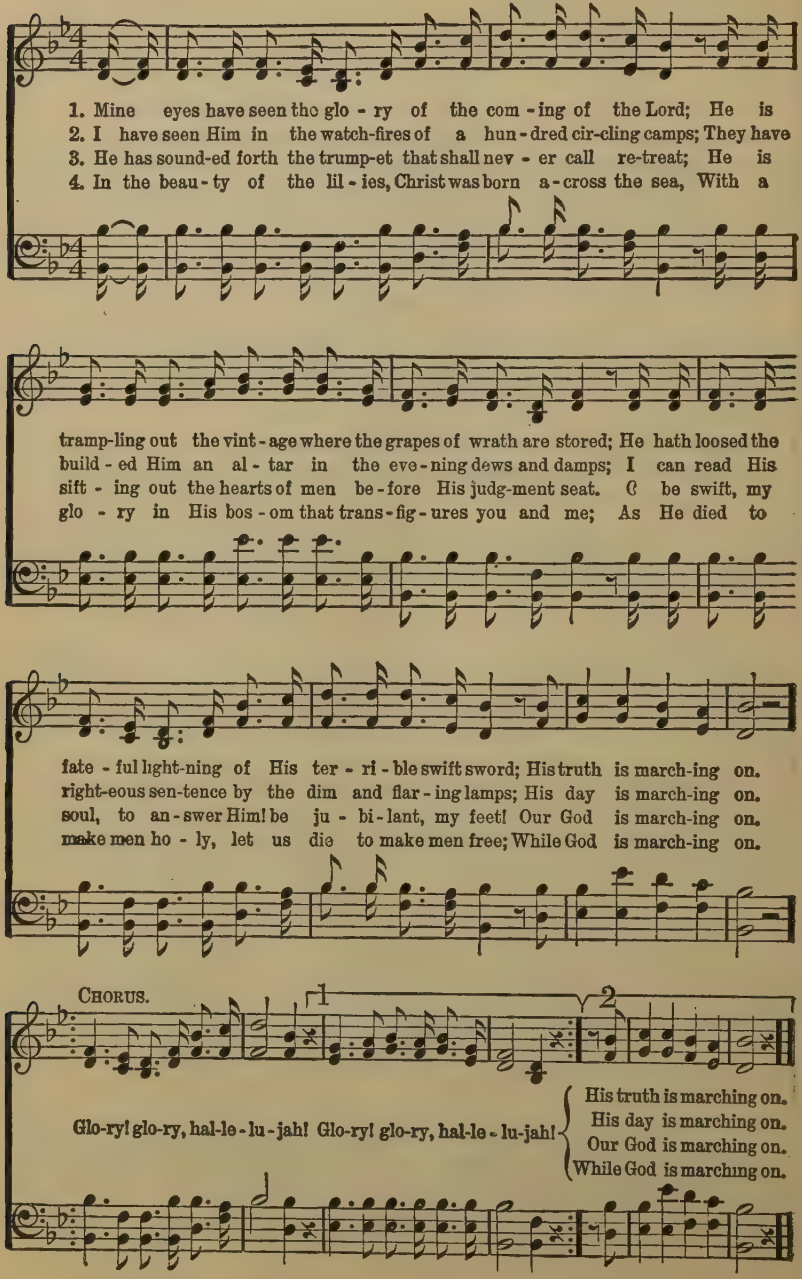
REFRAIN.

Flag of the free, hail, all hail, hail to thee; Wave o'er
Beau-ti-ful flag of the free, hail, all hail, hail to thee;

land, wave o'er sea, no-ble flag of the free. . . .
Wave o'er land, wave o'er sea, no-ble flag of the free.

No. 253. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. **Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."**



No. 254. The Red, White and Blue.

1. O Co-lum-bia! the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free;
2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form,
3. Then, sons of Co-lum-bia, come hither, And join in our na-tion's sweet hymn;

The shrine of each patriot's de-vo-tion, A world offers homage to thee.
The ark then of freedom's foundation, Co-lum-bia rode safe thro' the storm;
May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor the stars of their glory grow dim!

Thy mandates make heroes assemble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
With her garlands of vict'ry around her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
May the serv-ice, u-ni-ted, ne'er sever, But they to their colors prove true!

FINE.

Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
With her flag proudly waving be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
The Ar-my and Na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

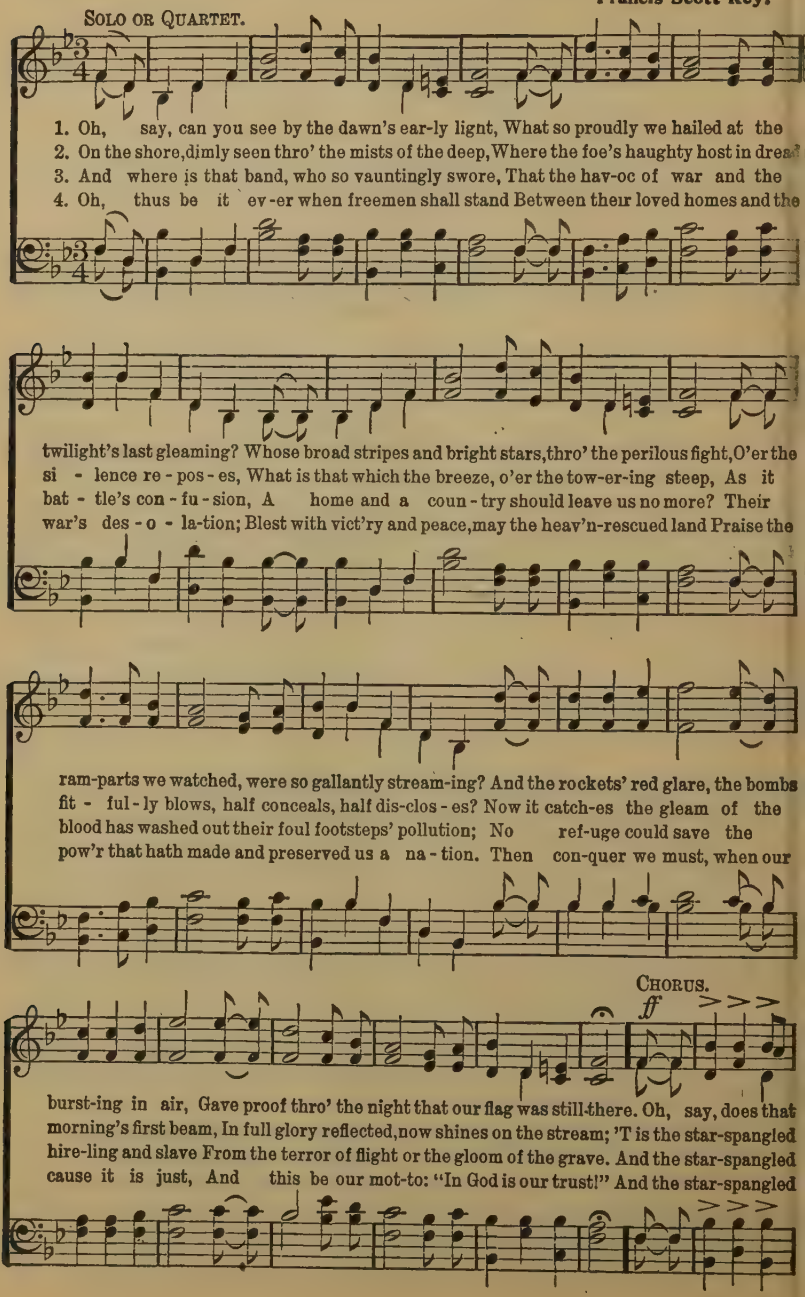
CHORUS.

D.S.

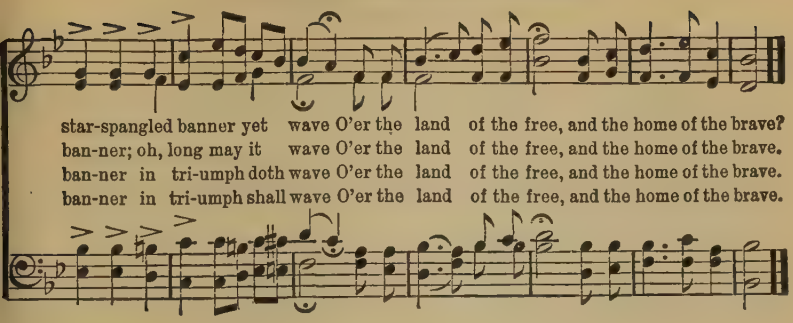
When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue;
The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue;
Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue;

No. 255. The Star-Spangled Banner.

Francis Scott Key.

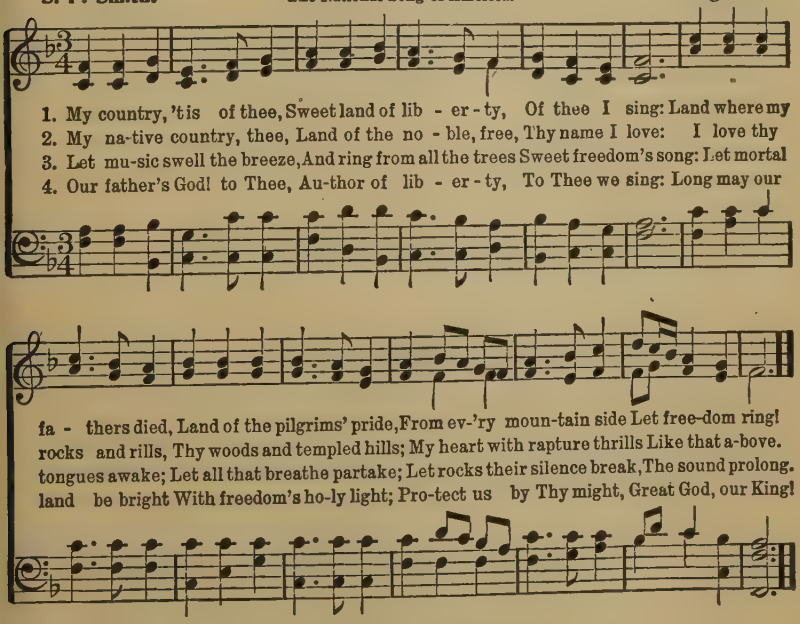


The Star-Spangled Banner.



No. 256. America.

S. F. Smith. The National Song of America. **English.**



No. 257. God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

1.

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King.

2.

Through every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our King;
Long may he reign:
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

3.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

No. 258. The Maple Leaf Forever.

THE NATIONAL SONG OF CANADA.

Alexander Muir.

Con spirito.

1. In days of yore, from Britain's shore, Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came, And planted
2. At Queenston Heights, and Lundy's Lane, Our brave fathers, side by side, For freedom
3. Our fair dominion now extends From Cape Race to Nootka Sound; May peace for-
4. On Merry England's far-famed land May kind Heaven sweetly smile; God bless Old

firm Bri-tan-nia's flag On Can-a-da's fair do-main; Here may it wave, our homes, and loved ones dear, Firmly stood, and nobly died; And those dear rights which ev - er be our lot, And plen-teous store a-bound; And may those ties of Scot-land ev - er-more, And Ire-land's Em-'rald Isle; Then swell the song, both

boast and pride, And join in love together; The Lily, Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine, they maintained, We swear to yield them never; Our watchword ev - er-more shall be, love be ours Which discord cannot sever; And flourish green o'er Freedom's home, loud and long, Till rocks and forest quiver; God save our King, and Heaven bless

D. S.—*God save our King, and Heaven bless*

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

The Maple Leaf for-ev-er. The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear, The Maple Leaf forever.

The Maple Leaf for-ev-er.

Responsive Readings.

No. 259. PSALM 1.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Hymn No. 184.

Walk in the Light.

No. 260. PSALM 5.

1 Give ear to my words, O Lord, consider my meditation.

2 Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King and my God; for unto thee will I pray.

3 My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

4 For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee.

5 The foolish shall not stand in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.

7 But as for me, I will come unto thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

8 Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.

Hymn No. 191.

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

No. 261. PSALM 8.

1 O Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas,

9 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Hymn No. 197.

Oh, for a Thousand Tongues, to Sing.

No. 262. PSALM 15.

1 Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3 He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

4 In whose eyes a vile person is condemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

5 He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Hymn No. 204.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

No. 263. PSALM 17.

1 Hear the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry; give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.

2 Let my sentence come forth from thy presence; let thine eyes behold the things that are equal.

3 Thou hast proved mine heart; thou hast visited me in the night; thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing: I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.

4 Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.

5 Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.

6 I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God: incline thine ear unto me, and hear my speech.

Hymn No. 226.

Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

No. 264. PSALM 19.

1 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

2 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

3 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

4 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

5 Moreover by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward.

6 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

7 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be made innocent from the great transgression.

8 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer.

Hymn No. 181.

Break Thou the Bread of Life.

No. 265. PSALM 23.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Hymn No. 187.

Jesus Calls Us.

No. 266. PSALM 24.

1 The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this king of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.

Hymn No. 1.

O Worship the King All-Glorious Above.

No. 267. PSALM 27.

1 The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

2 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

3 Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

4 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple.

5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

6 And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me; therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

7 Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

Sing No. 180.

Come, Thou Almighty King.

No. 268. PSALM 32.

1 Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

3 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

4 For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me; my moisture is turned into the drought of summer. Selah.

5 I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah.

6 For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found; surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

7 Thou art my hiding-place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah.

Sing No. 219.

Rock of Ages.

No. 269. PSALM 34.

1 I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

2 My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

3 O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

4 I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

5 They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

6 This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

7 The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

8 O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

Sing No. 203.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

No. 270. PSALM 51.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desireth truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

Sing No. 221.

My Hope Is Built On Nothing Less.

No. 271. PSALM 61.

1 Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.

2 From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

3 For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

4 I will abide in thy tabernacle forever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings. Selah.

5 For thou, O God, hast heard my vows; thou hast given me the heritage of them that fear thy name.

6 Thou wilt prolong the king's life: and his years as many generations.

7 He shall abide before God for ever; O prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him.

8 So will I sing praise unto thy name for ever, that I may daily perform my vows.

Sing No. 185.

We Praise Thee, O God.

No. 272. PSALM 63.

1 O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee; my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;

2 To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.

3 Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

4 Thus will I bless thee while I live; I will lift up my hands in thy name.

5 My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips:

6 When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.

7 Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

8 My soul followeth hard after thee: thy right hand upholdeth me.

9 But those that seek my soul, to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth.

10 They shall fall by the sword: they shall be a portion for foxes.

11 But the king shall rejoice in God; every one that sweareth by him shall glory: and the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

Sing No. 196.

Fade, Fade Each Earthly Joy.

No. 273. PSALM 65.

1 Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

2 O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

3 Iniquities prevail against me; as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

4 Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts: we shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even thy holy temple.

5 By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God ofour salvation; who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea:

6 Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power:

7 Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

8 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid of thy tokens: thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening rejoice.

9 Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

Sing No. 208.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

No. 274. PSALM 67.

1 God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us. Selah.

2 That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

3 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

4 O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. Selah.

5 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

7 God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

Sing No. 82.

Count Your Blessings.

No. 275. PSALM 84.

1 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

4 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee. Selah.

5 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

6 Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well: the rain also filleth the pools.

7 They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

8 O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah.

9 Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

10 For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, that to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

11 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

12 O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

Sing No. 222.

Love Divine.

No. 276. PSALM 91.

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness: nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation.

Sing No. 192.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

No. 277. PSALM 93.

1 The Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty: the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself: the world also is established, that it cannot be moved.

2 Thy throne is established of old; thou art from everlasting.

3 The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

4 The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

5 Thy testimonies are very sure: holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever.

Sing No. 210.

Holy, Holy, Holy.

No. 278. PSALM 95.

1 O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

2 Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

3 For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

4 In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

5 The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

6 O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker.

7 For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

Sing No. 1.

O Worship the King.

No. 279. PSALM 98.

1 O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvelous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gottten him the victory.

2 The Lord hath made known his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the heathen.

3 He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel: all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

4 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

5 Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

6 With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.

7 Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

8 Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together

9 Before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

Sing No. 182.

Jesus Shall Reign.

No. 280. PSALM 103.

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger forever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Sing No. 229.

O Happy Day.

No. 281. PSALM 119.

1 Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

2 Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

3 They also do no iniquity: they walk in his ways.

4 Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently.

5 O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!

6 Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.

7 I will praise thee with uprightness of heart, when I shall have learned thy righteous judgments.

8 I will keep thy statutes: O forsake me not utterly.

Sing No. 116.

Where He Leads Me.

No. 282. PSALM 122.

1 I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of the Lord.

2 Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

3 Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together.

4 Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

5 For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

6 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

7 Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

8 For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

9 Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

Sing No. 195.

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

No. 283. PSALM 138.

1 I will praise thee with my whole heart; before the gods will I sing praise unto thee.

2 I will worship toward thy holy temple, and praise thy name for thy loving-kindness and for thy truth; for thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.

3 In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.

4 All the kings of the earth shall praise thee, O Lord, when they hear the words of thy mouth.

5 Yea, they shall sing in the way of the Lord: for great is the glory of the Lord.

6 Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly; but the proud he knoweth afar off.

7 Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me: thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.

8 The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me: thy mercy, O Lord, endureth, for ever: forsake not the works of thine own hands.

Sing No. 214.

Majestic Sweetness.

No. 284. PSALM 142.

1 I cried unto the Lord with my voice; with my voice unto the Lord did I make my supplication.

2 I poured out my complaint before Him: I showed before Him my trouble.

3 When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path. In the way wherein I walked have they privily laid a snare for me.

4 I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me: refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul.

5 I cried unto thee, O Lord: I said, thou art my refuge and my portion in the land of the living.

6 Attend unto my cry: for I am brought very low; deliver me from my persecutors; for they are stronger than I.

7 Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name: the righteous shall compass me about, for thou shalt deal bountifully with me.

Sing No. 194.

Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

No. 285. PSALM 149.

1 Praise ye the Lord. Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the congregation of saints.

2 Let Israel rejoice in him that made him: let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

3 Let them praise his name in the dance: let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and harp.

4 For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people: he will beautify the meek with salvation.

5 Let the saints be joyful in glory: let them sing aloud upon their beds.

6 Let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hand;

7 To execute vengeance upon the heathen, and punishments upon the people.

8 To bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron;

9 To execute upon them the judgment written: this honor have all his saints. Praise ye the Lord.

Sing No. 180.

Come, Thou Almighty King.

No. 286. PSALM 150.

1 Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

2 Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

3 Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.

4 Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

5 Praise him upon the loud cymbals; praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.

6 Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

Sing No. 173.

All Hail the Power.

No. 287. ISAIAH 53.

1 Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

2 For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground; he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

3 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

4 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

5 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

No. 288. JOHN 3 1-6; 14-18.

1 There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews:

2 The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.

3 Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

4 Nicodemus said unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?

5 Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

6 That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

7 And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness; even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

8 That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

9 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

10 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

11 He that believeth on him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already; because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

No. 289. ISAIAH 55.

1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

2 Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

3 Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

4 Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

5 Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

6 Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

7 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

No. 290. MATTHEW 11: 20-30.

1 Then began he to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not:

2 Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes.

3 But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment, than for you.

4 And thou Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell; for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day.

5 But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee.

6 At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth; because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.

7 Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight.

8 All things are delivered unto me of my Father; and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him.

9 Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

10 Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

11 For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

No. 291. CHRISTMAS.

1 And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field,

2 Keeping watch over their flock by night.

3 And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them:

4 And they were sore afraid.

5 And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

6 For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

7 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

8 Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.

9 Now lettest thou thy servant depart, Lord, according to thy word, in peace;

10 For mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples;

11 A light for revelation to the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.

12 Now unto the King eternal, incorruptible, invisible, the only God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

No. 292. TEMPERANCE.

1 Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

2 They that tarry long at the wine: they that go to seek mixed wine.

3 Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

4 Be not drunk with wine. Be not among wine bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh.

5 For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty: and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

6 Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

7 None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.

8 Let us not judge one another anymore: but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.

9 The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

10 He that in these things serveth Christ is acceptable to God, and approved of men.

11 Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another.

12 For meat destroy not the work of God. It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.

No. 293. PROV. 3.

1 My son, forgot not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments:

2 For length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee.

3 Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart.

4 So shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and men.

5 Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding.

6 In all thy way acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.

7 Be not wise in thine own eyes: fear the Lord and depart from evil.

Sing No. 177.

Who is On the Lord's Side?

No. 294. MATT. 5.

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2 And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

3 Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9 Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Sing No. 113.

Faith of Our Fathers.

No. 295. The Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord: who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead and buried; the third day he rose from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrecton of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

Sing No. 302.

Gloria Patri. No. 2.

No. 296. 1 COR. 13.

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge: and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoice not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

Sing No. 176.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Order of Service. No. 1.

Prepared by Marion Lawrance, Chicago, Ill.

No. 297. The Names of Jesus.

Supt.—Stand up and bless the Lord your God for ever and ever; and blessed be Thy glorious name.

All Rise, Sing.—Music No. *214.*

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

Supt.—By how many Names and Titles is Our Savior mentioned in the Bible?

School.—Over two hundred and fifty.

Supt.—What are some of the Names given to Him hundreds of years before He was born?

School.—For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; . . . and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.

Supt.—God has highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name.

Minister.—He is the King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Officers.—Chiefest among ten thousand.

Senior Dept.—Son of the living God.

Young Men's Dept.—Lion of the Tribe of Judah.

Young Women's Dept.—The Bright and Morning Star.

Intermediate Dept.—The Light of the World.

Junior Dept.—The Good Shepherd.

Supt.—Which of all His names is the sweetest?

School.—JESUS.

Sing.—Music No. *183.*

Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, Blessed Jesus.

Supt.—Why was He called Jesus?

School.—Thou shalt call His name JESUS; for it is He that shall save His people from their sins.

Minister.—And in none other is there salvation: for neither is there any other name under heaven, that is given among men, wherein we must be saved.

Supt.—He is the Captain of our Salvation.

Officers.—The Author and Finisher of our Faith.

Senior Dept.—The Head of the Church.

Youny Men's Dept.—He is the Way, the Truth and the Life.

Young Women's Dept.—The Precious Corner Stone.

Intermediate Dept. — The Friend of Sinners.

Junior Dept.—The Man of Sorrows.

Supt.—But of all His names, which is the sweetest?

School.—JESUS.

Sing.—Music No. 183.

Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

Prayer.

Supt.—Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together.

Sing.—Music No. 136 or 173.

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

(*Be Seated.*)

Order of Service. No. 2.

No. 298.

1. Instrumental Music.

(*Go quietly to your places. As soon as the music stops, the doors will be closed.*)

2. Silence.

3. School Stands.

(*At signal of piano or organ, sing, without music, the first verse of "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."*)

4. Superintendent's Greeting.

Supt. — Good morning, teachers and scholars.

School.—Good morning, Mr. (*Supply the superintendent's name.*)

5. Responsive Service.

Supt.—O come, let us sing unto Jehovah.

School.—Let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

Sing.—Music No. 42.

If His love is in the soul,
And we yield to His control,
Sweetest music will the lonely hours beguile;
We may drive the clouds away,
Cheer and bless the darkest day,
If we keep the heart singing all the while.

CHORUS.

Keep the heart singing all the while;
Make the world brighter with a smile;
Keep the song ringing! lonely hours we may beguile,
If we keep the heart singing all the while.

Supt.—And seeing the multitudes, He went up into the mountain: and when He had sat down, His disciples came unto Him:

School.—And He opened His mouth and taught them, saying:

Assistant Supt.—Blessed are the poor in spirit:

School.—For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Sing.—Music No. 82.

When you look at others with their land and gold,
Think that Christ has promised you His wealth untold;
Count your many blessings, money cannot buy
Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high.

CHO.—Count your blessings,
Name them one by one;
Count your blessings,
See what God hath done.
Count your blessings,
Name them one by one;
Count your many blessings,
See what God hath done.

Supt.—Blessed are they that mourn:

School.—For they shall be comforted.

Sing.—Music No. 225.

What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Everything to God in prayer!

Supt.—What does Peter say concerning the preciousness of Jesus?

School.—"Unto you who believe He is precious." (1. Pet. 2: 7.)

Sing.—Music No. 35.

So precious is Jesus, my Savior my King,
His praise all the day long with rapture I sing;
To Him in my weakness for strength I can cling.
For He is so precious to me.

CHO.—For He is so precious to me,
For He is so precious to me;
'Tis heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
For He is so precious to me.

6. Show of Bibles.

7. Reading of Lesson.

8. Prayer.

9. Song.

10. Lesson Study.

11. Song.

12. Scripture Drill.

13. Reports.

14. Closing Word.

15. Closing Song.—See No. 76.

More Like the Master.

Order of Service. No. 3.

No. 299.

Instrumental Music.

Silent Prayer.

Supt.—What is the Golden Text of the Bible?

School.—For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Sing.—Music No. 222.

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Supt.—Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the children of God.

School.—For God sent not the Son into the world to judge the world; but that the world should be saved through Him.

Supt.—Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?

Minister.—Shall tribulation?

Teachers.—Or anguish?

Boys.—Or persecution?

Girls.—Or famine?

All.—Or nakedness?

Ass't Supt.—Or peril?

Sec'y.—Or sword?

All.—Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.

For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Sing.—Music No. 204.

I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
And say, when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

Prayer.—(*Followed by Lord's Prayer.*)

Announcements.

Song.

Lesson Reading.

Lesson Study.

Song.

Review.

Instrumental Prayer Hymn.

Benediction.

Order of Service. No. 4.

Prepared by P. H. Welshimer, Canton, Ohio.

No. 300.

1. **Instrumental.**—(*Selection.*)
2. **Song by School.**—Music No. 6.
   The Touch of His Hand.
3. **Show of Bibles.**
4. **Responsive Reading.**—(Ps. 19: 7-14.
   Song.—Music No. 147.
   Holy Bible, Book Divine.
6. **Prayer.**—(*Followed by Lord's Prayer.*)
7. **Reading of Lesson.**
8. **Lesson Study.**

(*Instrumental selection while classes are retiring to rooms.*)

9. **Reassembling of Classes.**

(*Instrumental selection while reassembling.*)

10. **Song.**—Music No. 31.
    Growing Dearer Each Day.
11. **Five Minute General Supplemental Work.**
12. **Announcing Names of Visitors Present.**
13. **Special Music.**
14. **Report of Secretary.**
15. **Announcements.**
16. **Song.**—Music No. 176.
    Onward, Christian Soldiers.
17. **Prayer and Benediction.**

No. 301. Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Charles Meineke.

Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it

was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, A - men, A - men.

No. 302. Gloria Patri, No. 2.

Gregorian.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

No. 303. Doxology.

Louis Bourgeois.

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 304. All People That on Earth Do Dwell.

Psalm 100.

1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with joy;
Within His courts His praise proclaim;
Let thankful songs your tongues employ;
O bless and magnify His name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

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The New Make Christ King